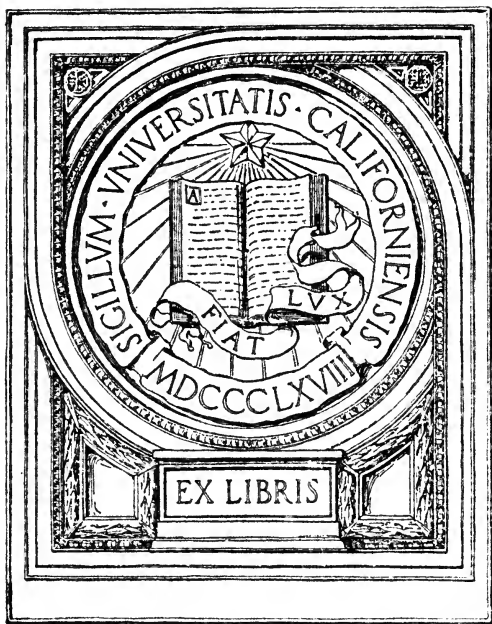


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# SNOB PAPERS

THE STORY OF AN OLD "FORTY-NINER"



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# SNOB PAPERS

A HUMOROUS NOVEL.

BY ADAIR WELCKER.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.

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"THE SNOB PAPERS," by Adair Welcker, will cause more hearty laughter and genuine amusement than any novel that has been published for a long while. It is one mass of perfectly irresistible drollery throughout, and so many intensely comical incidents are crowded into it that there is no room for anything but mirth. The action takes place in San Francisco, Oakland and the neighboring country, and hosts of droll characters are introduced, among them several remarkably lively young ladies and some ladies of uncertain age who are untiring fishers in the matrimonial sea. The hero is Junius Oldbiegh, a bluff old Forty-Niner, who has grown immensely rich at the mines and comes to San Francisco to mingle with the snobs and see life. He sees a tremendous amount of life, and through the efforts of designing females gets involved in many vastly amusing difficulties, from which he is invariably rescued by Thomas Geseign, a spruce, quick-witted and comical young man about town, whose shrewd sayings, delivered in his peculiar style of speech, are of the most convulsing type. The snobs and dudes of San Francisco are mercilessly ridiculed, and from one end to the other the narrative rattles briskly on, always sprightly, comical and interesting. All who read "THE SNOB PAPERS" will hugely enjoy it.  
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## “SNOB PAPERS.”

“THE SNOB PAPERS,” by Adair Welcker, is full of the most roaring fun, and there is not a page over which the reader will not laugh in the heartiest fashion. The work is a novel on a thoroughly original plan and altogether unlike anything heretofore published. The scene is laid in San Francisco, Oakland and the surrounding country, and the characters are so thoroughly human that they will be understood and appreciated everywhere. The people of those cities will enjoy the many local hits. The humor of the book is of the highest kind, which is not strained, for it is founded upon human nature itself. Junius Oldbiegh, an old Forty-Niner, having accumulated vast wealth at the mines, comes to San Francisco for the purpose of circulating among the snobs and being one of them. He there falls in with Thomas Geseign, a quick-witted young man about town possessed of a peculiar method of speech, and the twain become inseparable. The traps that are laid to capture Mr. Oldbiegh or extort money from him, especially by designing females, bring about hosts of highly ludicrous complications, and there are wholesale exposures of San Francisco snobs and dudes replete with satirical humor. The book is without a heroine, but nevertheless numbers of young ladies, attractive, romantic and scheming, figure prominently in its pages and give zest and spice to the comical narrative. Everybody should read “THE SNOB PAPERS,” for as a bright, breezy romance of excessive drollery it has no equal.

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# SNOB PAPERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A MINER'S EVENTFUL RIDE.

IT was a bright morning and the warm sun was just rising and was casting its flood of beams over the hills back of Oakland, on the smooth blue surface of the bay of San Francisco, on the bald head of Goat Island—bald as that of a married man—on the shining windows of the houses on Alcatraz Island, on the shipping, on the warehouses along the water-front, on the city of San Francisco, and coming further to the west, its rays fell in a perfect blaze on the white front of one of the old-time decaying hotels on the north end of Kearney street—a hotel that at one time had been a first-class house, but which had at last been given up to the poorer classes.

A chambermaid, walking with a lively step along the rickety porch which ran in front of the second story of the building, with a green tin slop-pail in her hand, suddenly stopped and stood in a listening attitude. Some one near her had broken out into a loud and heathenish "Haw! haw! haw!" The girl looked to the right, but saw no one in a violent state of cachin-

nation, and she was in the act of looking to the left, for such a person, when a sound of uncontrollable laughter was heard directly overhead.

She looked up and saw a great round red face beaming with smiles. It was evidently the face of a happy bachelor. The face was sunburnt and on each of the red cheeks were side-whiskers of auburn color, a nose, somewhat flat in the centre of the face, and two great round clear blue eyes were in the face, and these eyes were gazing directly at her with an intense stare.

The girl was a new girl, and the idea struck her that for some inconceivable reason the man leaning out of the window overhead was laughing at her. A woman will often get angry under such circumstances. She glanced rapidly at her dress, which was tucked up by pins, above her ankles, and at her shoes, with the shoe-strings dragging behind her; at her brown calico dress, with half the buttons on her bosom unbuttoned; and then she looked angrily at the face which was still glancing down at her from above, and said ferociously: "Is it me you are laughing at—is it?" "Haw! haw! haw!" was the only reply which the bachelor condescended to give. "Say, are you laughing at me?" said the girl, more angrily still. Another burst of laughter, and the gentleman, who was quite a stout gentleman, leaned further out of the window and glanced down upon the girl, with that sort of a look upon his face which is sometimes seen on the face of one person, who gazes at another while he is entirely oblivious of the presence of that other.

"Do you suppose you know what you are?" said



the girl, now in a violent state of passion; "you're an old fool! You haven't got enough brains for a musquito! Oh! you old baby's-face! You've got a laugh for which you'd ought to be arrested! I never see your like before, except when I see the monkeys at Woodward's; and there's where you ought to be exhibited with the other apes and baboons. There now!"

When the angry, rattling tongue of the girl ceased its abuse, the gentleman above, seeming to recognize her presence for the first time, gazed at her in a long, serious stare; and then, as if to keep some humorous idea out of his mind, he again broke out into loud guffaws, after which he mopped his perspiring forehead with a large red-bordered silk handkerchief, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"She's a widdyler!" said he, "a reg'lar two-forty widdyler! A downright screamin' widdyler; a widdyler! haw! haw!" He seemed intensely amused at the curious thought.

"I'll show you what kind of a widow I am!" said the girl, white in the face, as she took a rag from the pail, and squeezed the water out of it, after which she flung it at him with her full force. It missed his head and struck the window-pane, and the glass came tumbling in shattered pieces about the girl, ringing as it struck the porch around her. "Curse you!" said the girl, but the head of the man she cursed was no longer to be seen, for he had withdrawn it with wonderful rapidity into the room, and had not looked out since she had thrown the rag at him.

She went into a hall that opened upon a porch, the light shining upon her blonde hair as she went. The question may arise in the reader's mind was the hair real? The writer possesses no information on the subject. She turned out of this hallway into a dark passage at right angles to it; and just as she turned a stout gentleman in a white vest and a great brown coat, with enormous pockets in it; with one of the best-natured sunburnt faces in the world—a face that proved that there was a big heart under the white vest—and the same large light blue eyes, which proved him to be the same man who had been at the window up-stairs, caught sight of her as he came down the stairway from the story above. He followed after her, and when he turned around the corner into the dark passage-way, he found the girl there, holding her dress up to her eyes with both hands, sobbing.

“Say, wohnt’s the matter?” said he, putting his thick hand on her shoulder.

“Matter enough,” said the girl. “You insulted me; so go ’way, and leave me alone.”

“Old Junius Oldbiegh insulted you? Bluff old Junyers, who’d like to see himself shot dead as a dried mackerel before ever he insulted any woman! No, no, little one, it aren’t in him, and it couldn’t be did, nohow!”

“And you made me break the window!” sobbed the girl; “and it’ll take my whole week’s wages to pay for it, ter-hooh! ter-hooh!”

“No, I guess not; not yet; not ef I know myself; danged ef it do!” said the gentleman, who had desig-

nated himself in a proud tone of voice as "old Junius Oldbiegh," and he slipped a twenty dollar piece in the girl's hand. "So stop your slobbering, now," said he.

The girl looked at it. "Oh! that's too much," said she.

"Too much! What a critter it are!" said the gentleman. "Look a-here, young lady; look at me; do you know what *I* am? - I'm a wealthy snob. I've struck it rich. I'm worth a solid million; and I'm as big a snob for money as a *monopolist*! Haw! haw! Funny, aren't it? I'm just like a twin brother to a bonanza king, since I've struck it rich, and I s'pose I'll have to have a residence on Nob Hill, and be a snob. But the widdyars is already arter it like a thousand of wolves; thick and thin; a fightin', and a scratchin', and a screamin' for it; just a tusslin' and crowdin' in arter me! The way they're arter me *is* astonishin'; haw! haw! What a way they must love me! One especially! One very perticklerly! he! he!"

The girl stared at him in astonishment, wondering whether he was what he represented himself to be, or whether he was mad and an escaped lunatic.

"Where'd you get your money?" she asked.

"I'm a miner, and I've been diggin' away at my mine for fifteen years and it's panned out big at last, and I've come to town to be a snob!" said he, his face beaming with smiles. "Don't I look as if I might make a first-rate snob?"

"Well," said the girl, "if that's true, you better leave this house at once."

"Why?" asked the miner.

"Because," said the girl, "it's filled full of thieves!"

"Thieves! haw! haw!" roared the jolly gentleman, as he ran an arm into each of the deep pockets of his coat, and pulled out of one a bowie-knife and out of the other a pistol. "See them?" said he. "Gaze at them! Aren't they beauties? I call the knife the 'thief's inveterate disgust,' and this here pistol has a powder in it that kills thieves off. They can't stand the smell of it!"

"The kind of thieves you've got to look out for," said the girl, "have to be fought with something besides weapons like them. You better go to a first-class hotel."

"What's this? Ain't this an A No. 1, first-class, bang-up place to stop at?"

"What! this old rattle-trap?" said the girl, with a smile. "No, it ain't."

"Don't the nobs put up here? Don't the mining sharps and the corporation nobs put up at this shebang?"

"No, they don't," said the girl, with something of sauciness in her tone.

"Well, I'll be eternally bobbed! I've been took in by that queer chap with the yallar head; haw! haw! He's as bad—as bad as the widdy what writ me the note—only she ain't took me in yet. Not by a jugfull, haw! haw!" and Mr. Junius Oldbiegh broke into an intense fit of laughter, which was so violent at intervals that nothing was heard but a rumbling sound under his great white damask vest like the sound which

sometimes goes before an earthquake, while the tears came from his jolly blue eyes and coursed rapidly down his nose. After he had partially recovered himself, he poked the girl playfully in the ribs with his great forefinger, while he inquired :

“Are you a widdyer? A reg’lar two-forty widdyer?”

“Go ’way, you ugly old brute!” said the chambermaid, with a smile, who, by the way, was quite a pretty chambermaid, with her blonde hair, her muscular arms and her rosy cheeks—dressed, as she was, in her loose brown dress, her pretty feet peeping out from the unbuttoned shoes, with their red tassels on them. “How did you happen to get into this house?” asked the girl.

“Well, little one,” said her companion, “you see it was just like this. I was walkin’ away from the train on which I’d come to the city, with my blankets over my shoulder and a luggin’ away at my verlise, when suddenly, before I know’d it, my verlise was out of my hand, and as queer a lookin’ specimen as you ever see walkin’ off with it, as though I’d made him a present of it. I let out one long whistle, and then I called to him, ‘Look-e here, my son!’ says I. He says nothin’ but walked right along about four foot ahead of me, as stiff as a ghost which had been insulted by somebody or other. I kept tuggin’ arter him with my blankets, and then I sung out to him again. The critter commenced whistlin’ ‘Yankee Doodle’ just like a fife between his teeth, but he never looked round and kept on whistlin’ ‘Yankee Doodle’ and walkin’ ahead of me stiff as a musical ghost. ‘Well!’

thinks I, gettin' mad, 'ef *this* is the way they do business in the city now-a-days, it just beats me, darned ef it don't; I'll make a revolution,' thinks I, so I dropped my blankets, and the way I grabbed the young man by the back of the neck was astonishin', and I was just about to roll him in the mud at the edge of the sidewalk and give him a mud shower-bath, when he stopped whistlin' and he says, says he, 'My friend, go—slow. Don't waste—your energies. It's all right; don't fret yourself into a—rage. I'm your friend and know'd you when you saved the gal's life by a heroic effort, at the fire in Virginny City, and dragged her by the hair of the head forty feet through the—wild, roaring flames! It's all right—in the spring,' says he, winkin' at me with his left eye. 'I've been a miner, too, old pard,' says he, 'and who ever heard of one miner going back on—another? No man. A course they ain't; and if any fellow says he ever heard of such a thing, just let me know, and I'll polish his mug, black his eyes, bloody his nose and knock him clean—out of time. But,' says this young feller, what was luggin' my verlise, 'joking aside,' says he, 'the man what rode down in the same seat with you aboard the cars, he says to me he wanted me to look out arter you and take you to—the best hotel in town; and bein' a runner for hotels, I'm agoin' to do it.' I never was in Virginny City arter all; so when he spoke about Virginny City I know'd he was lyin'; but the man what rode on the car with me did say he'd look out for me, and that made me think he was tellin' the truth, and had only throw'd in the Virginny City business as an extra;

and what he said about miners sort of made me unsuspicious; so when he said he'd take me to the most smash-in', bang-up hotel in town, I thought it was all right. Another thing that made me think it was all right was this. I ain't been in town for seventeen year,—yes, and more, little one, and have lived in the mines all that time, and the mines are sort of rough, you know; and this is the biggest house I've seen for many a year, though I s'pose from what you say ther' are bigger ones. Besides, everything looks kinder changed to me; especially to see such a lot of women. The place is thick with 'em. Petticoats by the thousands scooting about in all directions. Besides this, when I was cuttin' tobacco for my pipe yesterday, into a newspaper, I asked a little fellow, who was sittin' alongside of me, what people was stoppin' at the hotel, and he took his pipe from between his teeth and he says, says he, 'Flood and O'Brine what owns all the mines, and Stanford and Crocker what owns the railroads, and Sharon,' says he, 'what owns the hotels.' So you see, little one, I thought it was all right. Well, I see you want to go on with your work, so I'll go down to the office and see if I've got any more letters."

In a moment the broad back of Junius Oldbiegh was seen descending the stairway, and his heavy boots made his steps sound loudly as they came down one after another on the brass plates that covered the steps of the stairway.

With a heavy, rolling walk, with which the largeness of the calves of his legs seemed to be in some manner connected, for they almost touched when he

was standing still, he strode up through the gate that opened into the place where the clerk of the hotel stood. The clerk was standing in front of a black-board on the wall, from innumerable nails in which hung brass keys. The old miner came up behind him and gave him such a slap on the back that the little clerk's pen dropped from behind his ear to the floor, while a cloud of dust came out of his gray woollen coat. The clerk, whose shoulder was aching with pain, turned around savagely, with the remark, "Who the deuce authorized you to come inside of this railing?"

"That's all right, my son," said the miner, with an extremely benevolent smile. "Ef you'll look on your books you'll find my board bill is paid up to date. Look for Junius Oldbiegh—that ar's my handle. So I guess I'm one of the privileged characters in this yer house."

"I'll show you pretty quick," said the little clerk, snarling under his blonde moustache. "Get out of here, and be lively about it; do you hear?"

"Saw, boss! saw, boss!" said Mr. Junius Oldbiegh, as he stroked the back of the clerk, and spoke in that soothing tone of voice which is so often used to drive away the angry passions of an angry milch cow. "Saw, boss!" said the old fellow, grinning good-humoredly, "that ain't the way to talk to old Junyers!"

"Get out of here!" said the irate clerk, seizing a pistol from under the counter, which he had no sooner touched than the old miner had grasped both of his



arms from behind, while he held him so firmly that no use could be made of his pistol by the clerk.

"Now," said the person who bore the name of Old-biegh with such apparent pleasure to himself, "this is no jokin' matter, so don't make a fool of yourself, for I'm not the man to be fooled with! If I hurt you, I didn't mean it! Thar, now, ain't that fair enough?"

"Well," said the clerk, "seeing you've apologized, I'm willing to let up on you; but if you hadn't apologized, I was so fearful mad, I'd blow'd a hole through you!"

"Come, boys," said the miner to the crowd which had gathered around the scene, "come up and drink the health of Mr. German."

"Jarmyn," said the clerk, sharply.

"Jarmyn," said the gentleman with the white vest. "Put it thar', Jarmyn," said he extending his hand as they walked up to the bar. "Shake on it, Jarmyn; for, as ther' warn't nothin' meant, no harm's done's the way I put it up."

Quite a crowd of curious figures and curious faces were reflected in the mirror behind the bar; and it was a beautiful sight to perceive the dignity and ease with which these many persons clinked their glasses, as the jolly miner asked the all-enthralling question "all set?" in a gruff voice; and then it was quite astonishing to note the grace with which these gentlemen in perfect time performed the difficult feat of raising their glasses in the air, holding them all in the air long enough to gaze a moment with one eye at the yellow liquid, the other being closed, when their arms

in unison brought the glasses to their lips, when all, together, with one swallow, in perfect unison, at the same moment that their "Adam's apples" rose and fell, cast the liquid down their throats, and immediately afterwards it was discovered that the glasses were empty! It was a sight worthy of the paint, oils and crayons of an artist. And to a benevolent and philosophical mind, it was quite pleasing to see the good humor that immediately spread over the countenances of the persons there present. For the time being they were indeed made happy. And to such a mind it would have been quite delightful to notice the fact that what at one time appeared to be the opening of a dangerous quarrel had thus terminated in perfect peace and good feeling.

In the course of time the little clerk became extremely friendly, indeed, and came up to Mr. Junius Oldbiegh, who was now sitting in one of those heavy arm-chairs, so often seen in third-class hotels, which are held together by twisted wires to prevent them from coming to pieces, when the guests tilt them back on their hind legs, while sitting in them, as Mr. Junius Oldbiegh was himself doing when the clerk came up to him.

Mr. Oldbiegh, with a broad smile on his sunburnt features—a smile which wrinkled up his features beneath his side chops, and almost reached his ears on either side of his face, was reading a letter.

"What's set you off?" asked the clerk.

"I've been a readin' this here letter from a widdy,er,

and I've been tryin' to make out whether I'd ought to answer it or not, she bein' a widdyer."

"Let me see it," said the clerk.

"No yer don't!" said the other, with a leer on his countenance, while he poked the clerk between the ribs with his thumb, a movement which seemed to be a favorite one with him.

"A widdier," said the clerk, playfully touching him in the ribs in return, for the clerk had since drinking his cocktail become very familiar and very friendly.

"What's she up to?" he asked.

"Well, that's just what I'm arter tryin' to make out. In the first place, she says she's willin' to be my house-keeper; and she says I must write an immediate answer to let her know whether to call on me. What's yer judgment on it?"

"Write her to call on you, of course."

"Do you think so?" said the other, opening his great blue eyes in wonder.

"Of course," said the clerk, "it's chivalry to do it."

"It's chivalry," said the other, pondering for a moment, not knowing exactly what the term meant, but believing from the tone of voice of the clerk that it was the proper thing. "Waal, sir," said he, "that's what I am; I'm chivalry from the socks up. Have you got a piece of paper and a pen what you'd be willin' to loan?"

The clerk brought him several pieces of paper, a pen and ink, and placed them on a green covered table near a window for him. After drawing his chair backwards and forwards a few times, Junius Oldbiegh

attempted to answer the letter, but could not make up his mind how to commence. After scratching his head and going through other curious performances, to get up enthusiasm, he tilted his chair back, put his heavy boots on the top of the table, took out his pipe and lighted it, puffed rapidly several times, and re-read the letter, of which the following is a copy :

“SAN FRANCISCO, BERMINGHAM HOUSE, {  
R. 34, (left entrance.) }

“MR. JUNYERS HALBY.—Deer Sur: How shall I cummens! Say? How shall I? Sens I see you fust (yisterday 7 a. m. three minits more or less), when I see you a gazin' out off the winder off the room were I suppos' you sleep, I was tuk all off a heap at fust sight, and my harte went ker-flipperty-flip, ker-flipperty-flop, all fer you. I see yer round fais as if though it would never stop smilin' and nothin' couldn't stop it fer nothin'—never! Wen I see you I was tuk of such a heap in my harte! It was feelins of delite wen I see your red fais and round head, a smilin' all over! Then I asked a dirty-faced boy wot was passin' who you be, an' he said you was Jay Guled. Then I learned, you need not ask me 'ow, you was a miner with a tremendyous bag off gold dust and a mind! So I said to myselve, I did, did I, he'll want a housekeeper, and miners like *widders*, which I am, I says, says I, and I says, says I, people does say I'm young and very harnsome, and if there's anything what miners does like, it's harnsomeness in a woman, I says, says I, which I be. And, says I, my landlord wants to get my rent, but he don't

get a postage stamp, says I, (but that ain't no matter, as blood don't come from turnups), and I says every *rich* mining man has a housekeeper! Be you married? It don't make no hods; it's so with them. Anser awful quick. I'm perspiring dreadfully for an anser.

“Yours affectionately, KATE BRUMLIN.”

After reading this note through for the tenth time, Mr. Junius Oldbiegh gazed sadly at a spider crawling down a web from the white painted boards of the ceiling to the blue and red fly-specked tissue paper that hung around the gas-burner in the centre of the room, and then a sweet smile crept over his features, for an idea filled with encouragement had struck him. He would take a drink first, and then proceed. He sung out to the barkeeper, who was standing by the window with his hands beneath his white apron, gazing with intense delight out upon the street at a white boy and a China boy who were engaged in the unprofitable occupation of punching each other's heads; he sung out to this person to bring him a whiskey straight. “That'll make the ideas flow like a man with a bull arter him,” said he to himself. “That'll bring um, or I'll eat my hat whole!” But the rumbling of the wagons over the street and the intense interest with which the barkeeper watched the fight prevented him from being heard.

“Billy!” said a voice behind him, “bring the gentleman what—he calls for. Billy—you monkey—don't you—hear? Bring it—quick, strong and plenty of it!”

On looking up, with an expression of astonishment,

Mr. Oldbeigh saw the man who had carried his valise.

"Haw! haw!" he roared. "Hello, my son! is that you?"

"Part of me," said the young man, in a rapid tone, with a wink. "It looks just like me;—don't it? Don't tell anybody—I said so, will you? Ever see anything more natural—to life? Give us yer fin, Roxy. You look like yourself, too,—very much. Strange, ain't it?"

The gentleman addressed as Roxy, beaming with smiles, arose and shook the young man's hand heartily in his rough grasp.

"Say!" said the young man; "hold up, when you've shook my arm out of the—socket; save the—pieces; for I consider them of great—value. Bring enough for two, Billy," said he to the barkeeper, who was passing. "I drink," said he, to his companion, "though you'd never—think it! I know I look like a young—minister! I can't help it. My pa brought me up so, and it's too late—to change!"

He drew a chair close to Mr. Oldbiegh and sat down with an impertinent look on his face which greatly amused the other.

"Say!" said the stout gentleman in the white waist-coat, "what air you, anyhow?"

"Me?" said the other, "I've been—everything—even a married man."

"Are you married, arter all?" asked his companion.

"Just got done with my—third wife. I married her when I was quite a—child. I loved her. Intense bliss—my soul full of poetry! Overflowing in my—ardor. She—ten years older than me. What a fairy creachaw

she—seemed! Oh! dear! my fond heart sit—still! I walked the streets like a maniac when she was cruel—wept with delight when she would be kind. A long-legged parson for a fiver joined us for better and—an awful sight worse! Think of it! For life! I took her home, and while joining our lips in a moment of intense bliss, her teeth—fell out! It took me quite by surprise—but I stood the shock, picked them up, and, with a sweet smile, handed them to her. Tried it again. Another kiss—more bliss—her hair fell off—a bald nob was left. Taken by surprise again—survived the shock. I was passionate—those days! Another kiss. Intense bliss! Two pads fell out of her bosom. Taken by surprise again. Quite so. I expostulated and told her to quit that sort of thing. I was furious, but mastered my fury, for I had taken her—for life. I was young and passionate—those days. Tried to kiss her again—but she wouldn't let me! Think of it! I was furious. 'Old girl,' said I, 'this has gone—too far. I thought I married you? It seems not. I have married—a blonde wig, a set of false teeth and two pads—what else, I cannot tell! I have taken them for better or worse, 'till they are parted from me—by death. Need I tell you I escaped—got a divorce and went—west."

"Give us your fin," said his jolly companion, as soon as he could overcome the rumbling sounds beneath his vest. "Hand me your paw; I like your style."

"And *I* like—yours," said the young man, as he shook his hand heartily. "I'm glad it's—mutual."

The speaker was a man about twenty-four years of

age, and was dressed in what appeared to be a green velvet jacket, and in pantaloons with yellow stripes which ran down the legs. Hanging from his vest was a long brass chain which ran to the lower pockets in either side of the vest. His shoes were rough and unblacked. His face, which was smooth-shaved, was so covered with freckles that his skin almost seemed yellow. His eyes, which were clear and bright, were of a light blue color, very similar to that of his large companion, but they were not as large as those of the other. His forehead was high, and his hair, which was light red, was as closely shingled as the hair on the head of a convict. On the table was lying his stiff, round hat, the front rim of which was broken, and for this reason he always wore it hind part before. On this hat was a band, and on this band in gilt letters, "Golden Chariot," the name of the hotel.

The barkeeper now placed two glasses on the table, one of which was composed of steaming hot Scotch. Noticing the fact that the miner looked at it inquiringly, the red-headed young man said: "My drink—did I say—whisky? Billy knows—better. I take it always, though it's against my principles—to drink."

"You say you've been married," said the other, handing his letter to the young man. "There's something wrote to a friend of mine what'll puzzle a married man, I think," and he began to puff his pipe as if there could be no doubt on the subject.

The young man threw his heels upon the table, tilted his black chair back and read the letter. After reading the letter he said: "Say! shall I tell you?"



"What?" said the other, as his large blue eyes beamed with good humor.

"That friend of yours isn't—good company for you. If you run with him you'll be corrupted, sure. He—he's—a sly dog. Take an old man's advice—drop him."

The rumbling beneath the spacious waistcoat commenced again. "But he wants me to answer it for him, and," said he, scratching his head, "I'm darned ef I know how to begin. I'll swar I can't git her goin' nohow."

"Easy, easy," said the young man. "Take a—drink—so. Ah! my glass is—empty."

"Let's go and get a drink," said the other.

"Just call—Billy; Billy will come—willingly. Take your pen—so. Take your paper—so. San Francisco—write it down."

"How'd 'Frisco do?" said the other. "It sounds more like old times," said he, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"It's more poetical," said the young man, and proves you're—young. Slap her down 'Frisco. Is this the 9th? Say, Billy, is this the 9th? So it is. Down she—goes. Catalina, my darling! How's that?"

"'Twon't do; never do," said the other; "it's too familiar for a man who's come to town for awhile to see the sights and be a snob, a reg'lar snob! haw! haw!"

His companion looked at him curiously. "Ah! I see your—go. Afraid to be—bled; go slow; quite right, and I admire you for it. Just like—me. I rode to the wedding of my second wife on the outside of a—hearse.

I borrowed it from a friend for the auspicious—occasion. It chimed in beautifully with my natural—melancholy. How's this? 'Madam, your letter received.'"

"That's the ticket," said the other; "you've started the wheels again' and my ideas is runnin' now. Give me the pen and let me plank down my thoughts."

He took the pen between his great rough fingers, and with his mouth open and his eyes staring fixedly at the paper, wrote slowly, his pen sticking often in the paper and spattering the ink before it, as follows:

"MADAM: Your letter received, in which you says you are a widdy, to keep me, while you are my housekeeper. No, you don't! I aren't got no house, mum, for you to keep, I am sorry to say, for I always like to oblige any lady wotsoever. I'm an old Batch, Love, what is in a city for the fust time in sixtean year, and I'm as rough as a Grizzly Bar; and I'd frighten any widdy to death all in no time at all!

"You say when you fust see me your harte went flipperty-flop and you was took all of a heap! I'm very sorry to have been the disagreeable cause of this here and would advise a doctore."

"How's that?" said he, turning to his companion.

"Good. Add fresh air. Advise sea-baths and the—mad whirl of society. That's the regular cure. I've tried it. When the sea water grew cold, too cold for me, then in my anguish an idea—struck me. I put salt in the bath-tub, filled her full, put a potatoe in, and when it swam got in myself with the potatoe—and

swam too. It cured me completely—and saved me from a fourth wife. Fact, I assure you.”

Mr. Junius Oldbiegh continued his letter as follows:

“Next. You say you made inquiries, mum, of a dirty-faced boy and other people, mum, about me, what told you I was a miner with a tremenders bag of gold. Yes, mum, it was correct. Right as a tricket. And when I’m in town, I’m goin’ to get the latest style of clothes, get my boots polished, wear a dandy hat, hire a smash-up kerridge and be a snob!

“Next. You wish to know am I married. Not a bit on it!—and never was; and a pard of mine once told me (he’d been to town) that all the women in town was in secret drivin’ at a two-forty rate to catch husberns! This I throw out for the benefit of widdyders, though I would not say a word to be unpolite to any woman, not I.

“Next. You desire to call on me. My anser is—

He stopped. “What’s your opinion?” said he, turning to his companion, who had been sitting with his head thrown back, watching the pretty chambermaid, who was polishing the brasses on the stairway which led down to the large waiting-room; and he had been still further amusing himself by smiling at her; and when he was unobserved by others, by throwing kisses at her; whereupon she would glance at him angrily, and then he would drive this anger away by looking at her with all sorts of curious and ludicrous expressions on his face, which made her smile, in spite of herself.

At the moment he was spoken to, he had his hat on the right side of his head, the rim over the right eye, while with a very solemn expression on his face, he stared at her with his left eye very steadily. This induced her to look at him sternly for a moment, when an enchanting smile came over her pretty face, which she tried to conceal by turning around and rubbing the brass plates violently.

"What's that?" said the young man. "Say it again, and say it—slow; There's plenty of—time. Go it now. I'm all ready." And he placed himself, with a comical expression on his freckled countenance, in a listening attitude.

"How'd you anser about lettin' her come to see me?"

"Let her come. Tell her so. Be a chiv. The deuce take the—consequences. The sweet first, the bitter afterwards. That's me. Things turn out—how? You can't tell. Never as you expect them—nothing does. And a man of brains—pshaw! it's nothing—gets out of all difficulties."

"Well, marm, you may come, arter all," he added, and signed his name, Junius Oldbiegh.

"Is that your name?" said the young man. "Why, I know you like the—book of Job. My father was a miner. He was—and I came from where you was once. I'm Tommy Geseign, sometimes known as ragged Tom, the—village scamp. I could be seen at all hours of the day runuing madly, running wild through the streets, my hair sticking through a hole in my hat, my shirt sticking through a rent in my trowsers. Myself, as I ran whistling innocently between two side teeth—

a patriotic air. Oh! how I suffah when I recall those innocent days! In those days my childish lungs softly drank in with delight the cowslip's sweet breath, the pansies' and daisies'—the breath of the wild flowers. Ah! how I robbed the nests of wild birds; how I fished in streams of silver. How I loved on the green banks—of the mountain-stream; and when I kissed her how we—struggled! How she—scratched! Delightful days—enchanting hours—moments of bliss never to return. Dick Bad, the boy with the redwood heart, was my chum, and silly Tom, the ugly fiend. Those happy days!—never to return!”

His companion looked at him earnestly for some moments, and then as his round, sunburnt countenance broke out into a smile of recognition, he exclaimed:

“Wy, bless my heart. It are Tom! And what a mischevyous young devil you used to be! What a terror you was for robbin' orchards! I'd a thought you was in the state's prison long ago. Whar' you been all the time?”

“Where? How?” said the other. “I've been everywhere—under the sun. I was beaten across the Pacific before the mast, in the forecandle, by a mate with a club in his hand—disagreeable! The forecandle smelled like—a fish-house. Cockroaches, big as horses, with sarcastic expressions on their upper lips. The butter walked around the table and wore a hairy moustache. The sailors ate salt junk and the bugs dined—on the sailors. Queer? Not at all. I'll bet they took the sailors for—salt junk.

“Back again. Was cuffed and buffeted by this cruel

world. Have been kicked and cuffed—ever since. I seem to have been born for a—foot-ball. Quite so. I've been darned—hungry. Jaws in like a balloon collapsed for want of grub. Grub! grub! how sweet the sound! I learned how to—starve. I know how now, so it comes—easy. I've seen hard times. It teaches a man, though, an awful sight. So long, old boy; see you later," and he got up and went behind the stairway.

His companion did not notice that Becky, for that was the name by which the chambermaid was called, had gone behind those steps but a moment before. He leaned back in the chair, looked abstractedly at the flies on the ceiling, after which he sighed heavily, remarked, "What a critter it are!" and then put on his broad-brimmed hat, went to the office, put his letter in an envelope and gave it to the clerk, Mr. Jarmyn, who put it in the tin mail-box by his mahogany desk. Mr. Oldbiegh looked at the octagonal-shaped clock hanging over the green office safe. It was half-past eleven. He walked down the broad stairway to Kearney street. It had been many years since he had been in 'Frisco, and everything seemed new to him. A mine upon which he had worked a number of years had proved to be very rich; and after selling out a part interest in it, he had concluded to return once more to city life for awhile.

He was dressed in the best clothes he had, but he concluded that while in the city the thing to do was to dress in the best of fashion. There was a large store not far from the Bella Union Theatre. Hanging in

front of this store, swaying in the wind, were a number of articles of men's wearing materials, and in the show windows, on either side of the doorway, white and red shirts, different colored calico shirts, colored socks and cravats. And on wooden and wire figures, in front of the show-windows, and on the sidewalk, were men's suits.

While he was standing before the store, gazing with open eyes at the goods displayed in front of him, a little man with a bald head and wiry black whiskers seized Mr. Oldbiegh by the vest and started to drag him into the store.

"You vant a soohd? Vell, I haf cot a soohd. Sblendid materials, foine ardigles. Ladest sdyle. Oh! so foine! So foine dey vas! Dey mage your eyes vorter! Dey vas sblendid, sblendid!"

The great broad-shouldered miner stood perfectly still and glanced down, with a look of astonished amusement, at the bald head of the little creature below him, who, while he continued to tug at his vest, continued to praise the goods in a mechanical see-saw tone of voice. The other waited for him to cease talking, and as he did not, he inquired good-humoredly, in his gruff yoice:

"When was you wound up, and how long are you going to run?"

"Vound up," said the little man, looking up. "A soohd, a be-youtiful soohd—and it vas sheap! oh! so sheap!"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "let me see it; but I want the best style, the very latest."

"Of goarse you do! A be-youtiful shentlemans—I mean a beyoutiful soohd! A foine and a handsome shentlemans! You vant the very ladest, and from New York; and I'fe got it—lader than any other house in down."

He led the way into the back part of the store, where a gas jet was burning over a counter covered with clothes.

"That ish ferry pad goods," said the merchant, feeling the quality of the long-tailed brown coat which Mr. Oldbiegh wore. "Such goods I would not haf in my store! Oh! no! no! I nefar woohd!—and the pockets are too big! Dry dem on!" said he, holding out a pair of pantaloons. "Stand pehind the gounder and put dum on by der gaz-light—you will find dum zo nize! zo nize!"

Mr. Junius Oldbiegh did his best to get his large boots into the leg of the pantaloons, while the merchant gazed abstractedly toward the street door; but it was impossible, and at last the pants were heard to rip.

"Dake dum oud! Dake dum oud! — quick!" shrieked the little store-keeper, in an agonized tone of voice, as he hurried around behind the counter just in time to see the enormous dust-covered boot coming out of the pantaloons. "Cootness cracious heafens!" said the little man, as he gazed upon the boot which was about half as tall as he was himself. "What a poots! what a poots!" said he, holding up his hands with horror. "It would split a pants of sheet iron! Dake dum orf!"



The miner took off his boots and stood in his bare feet on the floor, for he wore no socks. The yellow gaslight fell upon his feet and showed them to be quite dirty. "What a dirty feed!" said the little storekeeper, holding up his hands again. "Oh! tear me, they will spoil my beyoutiful pands! Pud dum on quick! pud dum on quick!"

Mr. Oldbiegh, after a great deal of labor, succeeded in getting on the pants, which fitted him like gloves, except at the bottom, where the legs of the pantaloons bulged out like two minute lady's dresses, when held out by hoops. The pantaloons were also too tight around the legs.

"Oh! dey are beyoutiful! so foine! and dey fit you like der baper on der vall! So foine! Here is a prawn coad, which will look so foine with dose gray drowzers. Pud it on! pud it on! Pud on der fest first! Now der coad! So foine! so foine!" said the little man, rubbing the coat tenderly with his hand. "Beyoutiful! and fits you as der baper on der vall!" Vork oud and see in the glass. See how foine you look in der ladest sdyle. Der coad was so foine its makes my moud vorter! Dake id orf! dake id orf! Dry on my foine shirds—ladest sdyle."

Mr. Oldbiegh took off his coat and vest and tried on some white shirts, which the little merchant held up. As soon as he had gotten one on, over his flannel shirt, he gazed upon himself in the mirror. The shirt was ready to rip, it fit him so tightly. The miner turned his back to the mirror and looked over his shoulder to see how it fit him behind. The tail of the shirt was so

short that in bending his body it had come out of his pants.

"Look here!" said he to the little man, "this shirt aren't got no tail to it!"

"No dail! no dail!" shrieked the little man; "do you want a chib to a man-of-war? Dot vas a peyoutiful, peyoutiful dail!—So foine!"

"It aren't no more than three inches long, nohow," said the other.

"Cootness cracious me!" said the little man. "How long do you vont it, dot dail? You ton't vont it to sweep on the folore! You ton'd vont it to hang down under your heels? You ton'd vont a dail like the dail of a skoy rarket? No, no, no, no! Dot dail is in sdyle. For der ladest sdyle it is too long. One inch is vorn now by der President? Der ladest sdyle, so foine!"

After inducing his customer to take a dozen of what Mr. Oldbiegh termed "biled shirts," the store-keeper brought out some brown silk socks, with red stripes running down either side, and some blue socks with yellow stripes running around them; and after this some patent leather shoes, with a slick black surface and very large steel buckles on them, were sold to him. When he complained that the shoes were too small, the store-keeper rubbed his hands with glee: "No-o-o, no-o-o-o!" said he; "der sdyle is to haf dum fid, a good dide fid."

Mr. Oldbiegh was completely fitted out when he had put on a high collar, which seemed ready to saw his side-whiskers off whenever he moved his head; and

when his head was crowned with a small helmet hat, a round hat with almost no brim, while surveying himself in the glass and while a smile played over his full cheeks and in his round blue eyes, Mr. Junius Oldbiegh broke out in a soliloquy of which the following is a verbatim statement:

"Thar' yer be, haw! haw! Well, I'll be darned ef I'd a know'd yer ef I'd met yer on the street—darned ef I would! And how them skin-tight pants do stand out at the bottom, like as ef my legs was stuck through the top of two steeples, haw! haw! All in the latest style, a coverin' my shoes clean out to the toes, darned ef they don't; and then that thar' coat, with its leetle bob-tails behind, and this yer hat all in the latest style, does fit me like a reg'lar snob, haw! haw! And then this yer collar, a sawin' my years clean off! Wy, w'at a snob I be; so oncomfortable, too, like any other snob, haw! haw! Wy, whar's ther pockets?" said he, bending up his elbows, and feeling in the place where he thought the pockets ought to be.

"It ain'd der sdyle! It ain'd der sdyle!" protested the merchant, as he rubbed his hands with glee.

"Look-e yer, my little pard," said the other; "for sixteen year, when I worn't to work, I've carried my hands in my pockets, and I've grow'd too old to quit a doin' of it!"

"Let me dell yer! let me dell yer!" said the storekeeper; "feel in der hind part of der goat! feel dere! teel dere!"

Mr. Oldbiegh felt in the four-inch tails of the coat and found two pockets. "Do I carry my hands in

these yer?" he inquired, looking sternly at the little man for once.

"Of goarse you do!" said the little man, smiling an affirmative smile, "of goarse you do! So foine! so foine! Say?" said he, suddenly, "will you sold dose old clothes?"

"Sartainly," said the other.

"Zay, how much?" asked the storekeeper.

"How'd five dollars do?"

"Fife thalers! fife thalers! A man must li-i-i-ve! A man must li-i-i-i-ve! Fife thalers! My wife woohd star-r-r-ve! My wife woohd star-r-r-ve!"

"Four!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Three and a kervorter! Three and a kervorter!" said the store-keeper.

"Done!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Aren't that fair enough?"

"Here's my card," said the store-keeper, as Mr. Oldbeigh started out. "Come akain! come akain!"

Mr. Oldbiegh started toward Market street. He surveyed his lower garments constantly to the full extent permissible by his standing collar, but was very uneasy because he had no pockets in which to insert his hands. At last he inserted one of his large brown hands in the tail pocket of his coat, and the pocket was completely filled by it. Although the coat still hurt him under the arms and his shoes still hurt his feet, this eased him so much that the smile which usually hung on his features came back to its place again. He was compelled to hold his head well back by the high rising collar.

He was passing along the sidewalk between the Washington street Plaza and the line of hacks and coupés that wait by the Plaza at all times. As he passed the first hack, with his head in the air, a sound was heard on the top of his stiff round hat as if several shot had dropped on it from the sky overhead, for a hack-driver, in accordance with a custom then much in vogue, had projected some shot from between his teeth at him; but as Mr. Oldbiegh had never known shot to rain from a blue sky on a clear day, he could not account for this curious phenomenon. At this moment he heard the man who sat on the driver's seat of the first hack inquire of the man who sat on the driver's seat of the second hack, "What is it?"

"I never, in all my born days, see one on 'em afore!" said the man addressed. "Ask the Colonel."

"I say now, Colonel!" said the man on the first hack, calling to the man on the third hack, "what is it?"

The person addressed as "Colonel" arose from a lounging posture to a sitting one, made a critical survey of Mr. Oldbiegh, and said in reply: "I think it's either a Irish pertater, or a unripe pumpkin out for a walk; reely I can't tell which!"

As the other hack-drivers thought that this remark was humorous, they laughed heartily.

"Oh! Brick!" sang out the little man on the first hack to the man on the fourth hack. "What is it?"

The young man addressed as "Brick," because Nature had clothed his head in red hair, was of English extraction, and he remarked that he thought it "was a vegetable, or a advertisement for a lost dorg," and

he advised them to look on its back for the advertisement, at which remarks the brotherhood of hackmen laughed all along the line, and a perfect shower of shot projected from between their teeth rattled on the top of Mr. Oldbiegh's round hat. Mr. Oldbiegh neither understood for whom the remarks were meant, nor could he tell from what quarter the shot came. The shot ceased to strike his hat in a few moments, for he had passed those persons who were possessed of the missiles, but the remarks continued all along the line. However, he remained oblivious of their meaning.

The last carriage was an open barouche, and by this carriage he stopped. The driver was a one-eyed man with sunken hectic cheeks.

"I say, my son," said Mr. Oldbiegh, surveying the two consumptive horses hitched to the hack, "what time do you go in?"

"They both make 2.20," said the driver, looking at him solemnly with his one eye.

"They don't look it," said the other, struggling to get his chin between the two points of his collar.

"A course they don't," said the driver, with contempt in his voice, "'cause they don't want to! It ain't their style. There's no deception about them horses: they're above it. If they'd a wanted to, they could look 2.10½; but it ain't their way. They're all for honesty and they're all for business. You see the off horse? Maybe you think he can't go? Yes, I s'pose you do. He took the gold medal at the fair last year. Look in his eyes and see the fire in them! You see the other horse?

He took the gold cup, and I have it on the table every Sunday for my little boy to drink milk out of."

The other looked at the two bony horses, with their heads hanging down, for some moments, as if he were hesitating about something. "Well," he said, at last, "will you make them go?"

"I don't say I'll make them go in 2.20," said the driver, again looking at him sternly, with his one eye, "but I'll make 'em go close onto it."

"All right," said Mr. Oldbiegh, stepping on the axle of the front wheel and climbing up on the driver's seat.

"You want to ride inside," said the driver.

"No, sir, I aren't afeared to ride on the outside of no wagon!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"All right," said the driver.

"All right," repeated Mr. Oldbiegh. "Now, one, two, three and start 'em!"

The driver turned his head around and with his one eye surveyed the large round features of his companion, half hidden in the stiff collar, which caused him to sit with his head thrown back. "Where do you want to go?" asked the driver, as he lazily touched one of the horses, which were going on a slow trot, with his whip.

"Whar's ther snobs?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"In Golden Gate Park," was the answer.

"Thar's whar we'll go," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

They drove slowly along, the horses' hoofs splashing the mud of Kearney street, the carriage at times running in the smooth car tracks, and at other times jolting and bouncing over the cobble stones in such a manner

that Mr. Oldbiegh's collar threatened to saw off his head in earnest.

After awhile Mr. Oldbiegh discovered the fact that the carriage driver was not a temperance man · so they drove up to a hitching post, and, after hitching the horses, went into a saloon together, and came out with solemn expressions on their faces. A little later this apparently dismal proceeding took place again; and the further they went, the oftener this funereal ceremony occurred. Just as they came out of a saloon on one of these occasions, Mr. Oldbiegh stumbled against two women, who were kissing each other. He apologized, taking off his little round hat and bowing almost to the ground. As they got back on the seat the driver said, in a sulky tone: "Say! why do you s'pose they don't wait till they get home, to be firin' off their blank catridges? They be always firin' them off on the street, and it makes a sight of mischief. It's a reg'lar nuisance! One of 'em give another sich a pop of a kiss onct that a new broke horse of mine had a runaway and there was a smash up. It's a reg'lar nuisance, and a ordnens should be passed agin it. I s'pose they all do it because they all kinder s'pose the one what kisses them is a man—that's the way I account for their always firin' off blank catridges," said he, sourly, looking with his one eye at his companion. "I see a boy onct got run over and killed—a little curly-headed shaver—because his ma had stopped on a corner and was a smackin' away onto the lips of another woman. I s'pose all the accidents on this account is awful."



They now went through the gate which opened into the park, and in a moment the wheels went rumbling with a dull roar over the broad, smooth road. They had passed the Conservatory, on whose glass roof and sides the sunlight was glittering, and had turned around one of the many curves of the road, when out of a road which came through the trees on the right shot a light yellow skeleton wagon, with a seat large enough for one person in its centre, on which sat a little man with a gray military moustache, a gray cloth jockey cap, and a large woollen overcoat. He wore a red and blue striped worsted comforter around his throat. The horse, which dragged the skeleton wagon was a large bay.

"Thar' he goes; thar' goes one on 'em: thar' goes a snob!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh. "Whop up! whop up! and walk away from him now with your 2.20's!" But before he had finished these remarks the bay horse was around a turn in the road, and the trees hid him from sight. "Why didn't you whop 'em up?" asked he with something of disappointment in his voice.

"You didn't give me no time," said the driver; "you hadn't ought to be so slow in singing out."

"Who was that?" asked the other.

"That was one of our rich monopolists and land-grabbers," said the driver, "with the despepsy. The rich men of San Francisco all has the despepsy, and so does their children, and they all come drivin' out heer to get cured on it."

"You don't say!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "What's the cause of it?"

"That's the queer part of it," said the driver, look-

ing at him with his one eye solemnly. "I sometimes think it's the way the church people blackmail them for subscriptions that worrys them into it. The doctors has been a studyin' away of their books for fifteen year but ain't found no passage relatin' to it yet. I guess they've give it up now as a bad job—all except one young chap, who kep' a studyin' so hard he went blind, but though he says he can cure it, the other doctors says he's a quack, because he kep' studyin' till he know'd more than all on 'em put together," and he smiled a sickly and semi-sarcastic smile as he finished these remarks.

By this time they were surrounded by two or three carriages, which were gradually beginning to go faster and faster. In a buggy to their left sat a couple of young gentlemen, each of whom had a gold-rimmed eye-glass in his left eye. One of them wore a green coat interwoven with thin gilt threads. This coat was heavily padded in the shoulders. He wore a watch chain, running from the centre of his vest to the lower pockets on either side of the same. The other was dressed in a similar manner, the only difference being that his clothes were of a pure sea-green. They both wore black hats which resembled elongated soup plates, turned upside down.

By the manner in which they held their eye-glasses in place, while they glared steadily at Mr. Oldbiegh, and because of the smile on their faces, it was evident that something in the appearance of that gentleman amused them greatly. As a lion would feel outraged if a jackass were to laugh in his face, so Mr. Oldbiegh,

for a similar reason, proceeded to look at them steadily and sternly for some moments, when he inquired of the driver what they were.

"Doods," said the one-eyed man, briefly.

"What do they do?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Mash," said the one-eyed man.

"I'll be darned ef I wouldn't like to mash the stuffin' out of 'em!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"It couldn't be did by no man," said the driver, solemnly; "that's what they is—they is stuffin', 'ceptin' a mite of skin and bone stowed away inside the stuffin'. If you want to see what a dood's made of—and it aren't a pretty picture to look at, neither—you've got to keep a unwrappin' and unwindin' and pickin' out the stuffin' for a hour, and then you may miss him by havin' took him out with the stuffin' without seein' him already."

At this moment the two creatures, pronounced by the driver to be "doods," ceased to gaze upon Mr. Oldbiegh, and one of them cut his horse with the whip.

"Whop her up! Whop her up!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, excitedly. "I wouldn't be beat by them varmin, not for a thousand dollars!"

The dudes were ahead of them now, and one of them kissed his hand tauntingly to Mr. Oldbiegh, while looking back.

"Whop 'em up! Whop 'em up!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh. The driver cut his horses with his whip, but the others continued to get further and further away. "Whop 'em up! Whop 'em up!" again shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, anxiously leaning forward in his seat, as if by that act to hurry on the carriage. One of the

dudes looked around again, and perceiving the fact that the driver was whipping up his horses, again kissed his hand to Mr. Oldbiegh. This excited that personage greatly, and observing the fact that the driver was loth to hurry his horses, he leaned back while he worked his large hand into the pocket of his pantaloons and drew forth five dollars which he slipped into the hands of the driver. The driver looked toward him, opened his mouth, and closed his one eye in a knowing way, and then lashed his horses until they began to gallop. They were getting up alongside of the dudes when Mr. Oldbiegh, after slipping another five dollar piece into the driver's hand, stood up in the seat, took off his hat, and shouted, "Hooroah!" but he soon found that he could not stand up, so he resumed his seat. They were now alongside of the dudes, who were lashing their horses. The old man waved his hat while he sung out, "Go it, you doods! Go it, you varmin!" The horses of both parties were now on a dead run, and the hind wheels of the barouche were swinging from side to side of the road, while they were all in such a cloud of dust that they could hardly see each other. Mr. Oldbiegh was in an intense state of excitement, and this excitement increased greatly when the dudes began to creep ahead. Mr. Oldbiegh suddenly tore off his standing collar, in order to watch their movements the more easily, and slipped another five dollar piece in the driver's hand, while he reiterated his shouts of "Whop 'em up! whop 'em up!"

Suddenly the dudes turned off on a road at right angles, while the barouche dashed on ahead. "They

gin it up, the darned varmin," said the old miner, mopping his fiery face with his red-bordered handkerchief. "What's the time made?" he asked.

"Two-fourteen," said the driver. "There's no use," said he, "tryin' to trot your horses when you're racin' with a dood, so I just put them into a dead run."

"Whar do you s'pose they went to?" asked the other.

"Oh, they've gone off to be up to some dirty work; that's their way. They go about the country doin' northin' of no good. They ain't like other people; I sort of think they ain't human. The queer thing is you never see them walking."

"No?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, inquiringly.

"No," said the one-eyed driver, "you always see them in black stockings and knee-breeches, with their gold-rimmed eye-glass, aboard a bicycle. I never see one of 'em a-walking afoot yit. I kinder think they sleep on the bicycle."

They went on out to the Cliff House, where Mr. Oldbiegh and the driver took lunch and drank several bottles of claret between them. They then started for home. Mr. Oldbiegh persisted in sitting on the seat with his back to the horses, and his feet with the buckle-shoes on them hanging down into the carriage. After riding in this position for half a mile to the intense delight of sundry small boys in a laundry wagon, he got into the carriage and sat on the back seat, with his arms spread out, holding to the sides of the vehicle.

As it was now getting on into the afternoon, a large number of carriages passed them going to the Cliff

House. In these carriages were richly dressed ladies, upon whom Mr. Oldbiegh smiled with an intensely benevolent smile, and to many of whom he courteously kissed his hand. It was not long, however, before a curious drowsiness overcame him; he became oblivious to all surroundings, and slept soundly with his head resting peacefully on his bosom. The driver drew his horses up at the point from which they had started, and as he did not know his place of residence, he called to Mr. Oldbiegh. As this did not wake him—for Mr. Oldbiegh seemed to have taken up his residence in the land of Nod—the driver climbed into the carriage and shook him. Mr. Oldbiegh half opened his eyes and smiled sweetly. “Whopped the doods, arter all,” he said, and fell again into the same peaceful sleep. The driver shook him. “Where do you live?” he asked. “Dogwood Ditch,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he again smiled with the same sweet smile, and again fell into the same peaceful sleep. “Here’s a go!” said the driver, looking at the crowd of upturned faces, which had gathered around the carriage; “a reg’lar fix; here’s a man what’s took a glass of beer and got out and out silly before he told me where he’s stoppin’ at!” “It ain’t got a license, with a number on it, has it?” asked a pug-nosed man, who, while standing on the steps of the carriage, had been studying the curious costume worn by Mr. Oldbiegh, with some degree of surprise on his face. “Ah! Jakey, shut up!” said the driver; “what’s the use a-talking that way when a man has got in such a go as I be?” “Did its ma know it was out, without tying a bell around its neck?” persisted

the person addressed as Jakey. "I s'pose you found it blowing down the street!" said another. At this remark the faces of many persons in the crowd became covered with smiles. "Tie it by the leg and stake it out," suggested some one in the crowd. "Or adopt it for yer kid and bring it up on the bottle," suggested another. "Go sell it to the butcher for pork sassingers," said another. "The beer what it's took will make it taste the more sweeterer!"

At this moment the young man with the green coat and yellow striped pantaloons came elbowing his way through the crowd. "Hello! Tommy," shouted several of the crowd, as they recognized the young man with "Golden Chariot" printed on the band of his hat in gilt letters. "Hello! Tommy, where'd you drop from?" said the driver.

Mr. Thomas Geseign did not answer, but climed up on the axle of the carriage and looked at Mr. Oldbiegh carefully. "Yes, it's—him," he said to himself, "but fearfully—disguised. The hoodlums have had him; he has escaped in their togs and a ladedah—coat. Poor old boy! How he must—suffah! He has it—bad! Nobby, drive ahead quick to the Golden Chariot. He yet may survive—if we take these togs off!"

The driver drove to the Golden Chariot, and on the road Mr. Geseign amused himself by soliloquizing over his silent and apparently dead companion in the following words: "Poor old—boy! Jolly old—coon! Fine old—cock! Noble old—roostah! He now is—at rest! He now sleeps—in peace! His like—shall we ever see it again? No—hardly nevah! Before he slept,

before his eyes closed, he was loved of all men—perhaps by the women! Now, who so poor to do him—reverence! Noble old—boy!”

The hotel was reached and the driver and one of the waiters carried Mr. Oldbiegh up to his room; and Becky, who followed after them, was assisted through the dark and gloomy passage-ways by Mr. Thomas Geseign, who, to prevent her from tripping and falling, had encircled his arm around her waist; and as the room was in perfect order, his gallantry induced him to see her back through the dark passage-ways again.

Now, for some inconceivable reason, for which the writer of this history has long sought an explanation, but for which he has as yet been unable to find any, the pretty chambermaid stopped suddenly in one of the darkest passage-ways; whether the pressure of the young man's arm produced faintness, or whether there was some other mysterious cause for this, as has just been said, the historian has been unable to learn. And it gives him much pain to say that the freckled-faced young man, in a most shameful and audacious manner, did thereupon take advantage of her situation in the following fashion. After placing his left arm around her shoulder, he attempted to kiss her lips. She turned her head away from him so that his lips were in contact with her right ear. “Now, leave me alone, you horrid thing, or I'll holler!” whined the young girl with the pink cheeks and blonde hair. But the “horrid thing” for some inconceivable reason did not leave her alone, and for a similar reason she did not shout. The “horrid thing” then got his face into such a posi-



tion that he was about to kiss her on the lips, when, like magic, her left ear was presented to him, and a few moments later her right ear again. Suffice it to say that he seemed to possess a knowledge of certain rules of strategy, which, your historian has since been informed by certain married men, are often applied in that kind of warfare; for a little later he certainly did kiss her squarely on the lips; whereat she told him that she never would speak to him again as long as she lived.

The waiter above mentioned tucked Mr. Oldbiegh comfortably under his bed clothing, and Mr. Oldbiegh tossed on his creaking bed to such an extent that an elderly couple in the next room, who were thereby kept awake and in a boiling state of rage during the whole of the night, solemnly resolved to leave the hotel the next day for a quieter lodging-house.



## CHAPTER II.

### MR. OLDBIEGH'S FURTHER ADVENTURES.

THE evening after the day whose events were described in the last chapter, a grand re-union of the hotel runners of San Francisco was to take place at the noted restaurant known by the name of the "Grotto." The "Grotto" was situated in a house, which, in the early days of California, had been a private residence; but as that locality was in time given

up to the ever-encroaching business portion of the city, after first being used as a hardware store and afterwards as a morgue, it was at last employed as a restaurant by the present proprietor, Signor Maccaroni, of whom an oil painting is to be seen on the wall just after you pass through the main entrance. In this picture he is represented in the interesting state of eating his dinner, and he gazes with a sweet smile on a pork chop which he holds in his left hand. And the word "Grotto" is now to be seen in gilt letters on a black sign which hangs over the sidewalk by weak wires—an eternal menace to the lives of those who pass under it on a windy day. A few feet of what may be sarcastically called a garden are still in front of the "Grotto," and in this garden is a basin, in which stands a fountain composed of oyster shells in the shape of a cone, and through the centre of this cone runs a brass pipe, through which percolates the economical stream of water which constitutes the most attractive feature of the fountain. A number of large-leaved green plants are also in this garden; and at whatever time of the day they are observed, they have upon them the same moist look. In a green tin basin, in the right window of the "Grotto," floats in undisturbed composure a man-of-war two and a half feet long, with a wooden sailor standing over the wheel a quarter of a foot high, while another wooden sailor, evidently belonging to the same knock-kneed, lantern-jawed and overgrown family, clings with a tenacious grasp to the main-stay.

The brotherhood of hotel runners had hired the

whole of the upper story of the "Grotto" for that night; and had the amount of wine, which was taken up to that upper story during the day, been noticed by a person of a logical mind, with a capacity for working out conundrums, he would have come to the conclusion that the coming night was doomed to be made hideous—perhaps shockingly so—before the dawn appeared; and after a little further reflection, this logical minded, statistical creature would perhaps have come to the conclusion that the persons thus making night hideous would in all probability be slightly hideous themselves before the above-mentioned dawn.

Let it be here recorded that on the morning referred to, Mr. Oldbiegh had awakened with a very weak stomach and with a throbbing pain in his head; and that when he got out of bed the washstand in front of him seemed to be pitching up and down like a ship out at sea. The very thought of breakfast made him sick.

He put on his new suit of clothes, but they fitted him so tightly about the stomach that they took away his breath. With an oath against the latest style of clothing, as soon as he caught his breath, and another for the snobs that wore them, Mr. Oldbiegh jerked the clothes off and put on some old ones. Mr. Oldbiegh walked out of his room and down the broad strips of cocoa-matting that covered the centre of the hallway. He was just about to start down the stairway when his attention was attracted by the laughter of some matrons, and the giggling of a number of young girls in the ladies' sitting-room on his right. Hearing a man's voice that was familiar to him, Mr. Oldbiegh walked

into the sitting-room just at the moment that Mr. Thomas Geseign started a young girl of sixteen off into an hysterical fit of laughter by gazing at her for a moment with a savage and blood-curdling look. As soon as Mr. Geseign saw Mr. Oldbiegh, he jumped up, grabbed him by the arm and dragged him into the room.

"Mr. Oldbiegh, ladies," said he; "we were barefooted boys at school—together. My best—friend. Mr. Oldbiegh, Mrs. Scroggins, Miss Letitia Scroggins, Miss Ju-liah Scroggins, Mrs. Oldwhistle, Mr. Oldwhistle, Mrs. Corporal Nodgers of the Presideo—her husband, a prominent army officer—Mrs. Dudkins—her husband, a surgeon."

Mr. Oldbiegh bowed low to the ladies and to Mr. Oldwhistle, the only other person there present, except Mr. Geseign, of the male persuasion. As Mr. Oldwhistle, who was a little lean, bony man, kept his mouth as tight as a drum and said nothing, it was plain that the laughter had been produced by some word or act of Mr. Thomas Geseign, who was evidently a great favorite.

Mr. Oldbiegh sat down by Mrs. Dudkins and entered into conversation with her. Mr. Thomas Geseign sat by the side of a young girl, in a pink dress, who persisted in making bewitching sheeps' eyes at him. After awhile he left her and came over and sat down by Mrs. Dudkins.

"How is hubby?" he asked.

"Quite well," replied the lady, smiling.

"The most wonderful of sciences is—surgery. The sublimest of—arts," said Mr. Geseign. "A surgeon,

who is skillful, can whittle a man into a horse—and yet he lives! Or a horse into a man—and yet he lives! Oh! wonderful creachaw! A surgeon is—if skillful—to be dreaded because of his power. I knew once a lady—fairy creachaw—enchanted being—a childish smile—so sweet—innocent ideas—so angelic—a man's ideal! The result? Can you think? A friend of mine—loved her. Was carried away! Loved her madly—to distraction! His life was all bliss. One sweet, smiling hour, surrounded by—roses. My friend went to see her monthly—then weekly—reduced it to daily! When the church bell struck seven each night, the front gate flew—open. My friend—entered. Beautiful affection of a pure heart!

“Sitting on the sofa—the poetical sofa—beneath the soft twilight, my friend learned to—kiss her! Rash creachaw! He doted on—kisses. The months wore away and the spring came again. He never missed his visits. The year rolled around—he kept those appointments. As he sat on the sofa—the poetical sofa—their lips still met softly! Oh, beautiful picture! Undying affection! Most exquisite scene—fit for a paintah! They had perfect—affinity.

“But a change came upon them. Oh, Fate, thou art cruel! A cruel creachaw! The old man and old woman up stairs in their bed discussed it together through the long hours of midnight, in a tone that was serious—intensely so. They resolved firmly the kissing should cease—the old man struck the bed with his fist—and that both should get married. Oh, harsh resolve—oh, cruel parents! He swore a rivulet of

oaths, as he rose on his elbow—they should be married. Logical idea—shrewd old roostah!

“Next night, my friend came again. Brushed out his moustache on the right side. Brushed out his moustache on the left side. Threw back his head and kissed her—partially. The kiss was half finished, but not completed, when the old man—came in. Oh, terrible moment! The old man kicked my friend through the front do-ah! But this had no effect—none at all—such is the power of love! The next night—my friend came again. Brushed his moustache out of the way, when the door opened and the old woman—entered. She said, ‘Let Sally’—the girl’s name—‘wipe off her teeth. They’ve not been cleaned this blessed day.’ My friend smiled sadly, and before her mother, to her horror, kissed the girl!

“The old man sharpened up the toes of his boots and kicked my friend again through his front do-ah! No effect—my friend was persistent. His mother was hard-headed; his father was stubborn; he was persistent. A scientific result. Next night—came again. Prepared to kiss the girl. Old man entered. Cut his ears off, and kicked him through the front do-ah, as usual!

“My friend had heard of Dudkins—wonderful surgeon! He went to him. Dudkins has a boy—little Billy—old for his years. Put him under chloroform—cut his ears off and placed them on my friend. My friend swore on a Bible he would return them. Went to see his girl, arrayed in Billy’s ears. Old folks saw his ears, were superstitious and fled the house. My

friend, being no longer under coercion, married the girl. Returned the ears—with thanks—to Billy. Billy wears them now. They become him and fit well. Surgical romance! Plot for a tragedy!"

"Oh, you funny wretch!" said Mrs. Dudkins.

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Mr. Thomas Geseign. "You are—kind."

"Isn't he just horrid to talk about my husband that way?" said Mrs. Dudkins, appealing to Mr. Oldbiegh. That person, who had been so much amused by the manner of his friend that, although he had attempted to throttle a couple of violent "haw! haws!" which had been rumbling under his vest, they had at last escaped like a couple of youthful reports from the crater of a volcano, replied that it was "Very horrid, arter all, haw! haw!" and that Mr. Geseign was a horrid young man with the ladies, in particular, as well as in general, "haw! haw!" and when Mr. Geseign made some facetious comment on these remarks, the "haw! haws!" rumbled and chased each other around beneath the white vest to such an extent that the aforesaid Thomas slapped Mr. Oldbiegh on the back in such a violent manner that the dust poured out from the coat into the atmosphere in volumes.

While Mr. Geseign was thus dusting his coat Mr. Oldbiegh happened to notice Mr. Oldwhistle. This person was gazing on the beaming countenance of Mr. Oldbiegh with an expression of intense contempt in his eyes; and about his face was a leering, hideous sneer. Mr. Oldbiegh's laughter stopped in an instant, and with his legs spread apart, and his large hands

against his sides, he stood looking at the little man, with an uncertain, inquiring, and puzzled look; but the little man's face bore the same expression of intense contempt and disgust, while he continued to gaze steadily on the countenance of Mr. Oldbiegh. The sneer began to rise and fall, like a miniature billow on the miniature features of the little man; and as it thus rose and fell it gradually increased in intensity. It was what those sweet creatures, the ladies, would probably call a "nasty sneer."

Now, it is a fact well known to philosophers and scientists that when a dog curls up his lip and begins to walk round another dog, and smell the other dog contemptuously, this action does not always produce a friendly feeling between the two dogs, "but on the contrary, quite the reverse"—as Mr. Geseign sagely remarked later in the day, when he used this comparison, while commenting upon the action of Mr. Junius Oldbiegh on this occasion.

Mr. Oldbiegh's round, good-natured features gradually fell like the mercury in a thermometer from one hundred and ten degrees above zero to a few degrees below that figure as he continued, with a fascinated gaze to contemplate the contemptuous features of the other. He made no remark for many moments, for he was too full for utterance in plain English, and his usually bright blue eyes had in them a leaden look; and his appearance intimated the possibility of an apoplectic fit. As it would, perhaps, be interesting to the reader to understand the great thoughts in Mr. Oldwhistle's little brain, which produced the feelings



of contempt, which nature had written in such vivid characters upon his features; they shall be described. And in the first place, let it be understood that Mr. Oldwhistle was a scientist, whose great ability had never been recognized in the slightest degree by the careless and frivolous world. Being naturally of a cynical disposition, this cynicism had been greatly intensified by the harsh treatment which the world had given to the man who had labored to benefit his race and ameliorate the condition of mankind. And in proportion as the world stubbornly refused to recognize his ability did Mr. Oldwhistle discover more and more the profundity of his own intellect; and, like other great men, the more clearly did he perceive the littleness of men in general and the pettiness of their thoughts and actions. Their petty actions were a source of great amusement to his deeper thoughts. And, like some other great men in another respect, he would not stoop to conceal his thoughts by the control of his features.

In Mr. Oldbiegh's actions he had seen another strong argument to prove the truth of the Darwinian theory. He had seen something so monkey-like in his hearty good nature that he felt satisfied that the first branches of Mr. Oldbiegh's genealogical tree must have had monkeys perched on them. Of this he was thoroughly convinced. These ideas, as they passed through his mind became more and more clearly depicted on his features, the longer he contemplated Mr. Oldbiegh. At last Mr. Oldbiegh attempted to speak, but a choking sensation prevented utterance. He made a despe-

rate effort to utter something, but as the choking sensation grew worse, it was some moments before he was able to do so; and during these moments he continued choking before the cool little scientist, whose amusement was increased by "these actions. At last Mr. Oldbiegh's tongue found speech, and as his rough sense of chivalry prevented him from destroying the little man, in the presence of the ladies, he invited him out for a drink. "No," said the little man, with another sneer; "I never make a beast of myself!"

"By which I s'pose," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'm took by you for a beast?" looking at him, while the perspiration stood out on his brow.

"I don't know what you are," said the little man, smiling sourly again. "Why should I? I never saw you before."

"Well, pard," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "will you have the kindness to go out for a cigar?"

"I don't destroy my constitution," said Mr. Oldwhistle, "with cigars. I don't smoke, chew, swear or drink. I hope I have better sense."

Mr. Oldbiegh was growing black in the face and the ladies were growing very fidgety. "Will you go out for some fresh air—if you ever indulge in it—I want to talk to you," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Thomas Geseign at this moment seized Mr. Oldbiegh by the shoulders and hustled him out into the hall, where he attempted to pacify him. The persons in the room, who had ceased all conversation, thereupon heard the following remarks, which seemed to come from Mr. Oldbiegh: "Little yaller dog! That's

what the little varmin is! A reg'lar yaller dog!" together with many poetical allusions to the same effect; while the soft voice of Mr. Thomas Geseign was heard in the attempt to pacify the outraged feelings of his companion.

Mr. Oldbiegh, with dignified tread, was escorted to the bar, where he drank a liquid of a light yellow shade of color, which Mr. Geseign told him "would set him to rights—all in no time." In order to encourage him, he first took a glass of the liquor full to the brim, and when Mr. Oldbiegh did the same a sweet smile gradually stole over his features, proving the truth of Mr. Geseign's assertion.

They now walked up to the clerk's desk, where Mr. Oldbiegh insisted upon shaking the clerk's hand. The clerk, being busy at the moment, did so very ungraciously. Mr. Oldbiegh was then about to go away, when the clerk handed him a letter. "Well, I'll swar; it's a woman's writing! Well, I'll be eternally ker-wholloped!"

"Nothing—more natural," said Mr. Geseign.

After the deep remark made by Mr. Oldbiegh, which the reader will find it difficult to interpret, he locked his large arm in the smaller one of Mr. Geseign, and led him over to a seat. Then sitting down by the green baize-covered table, he took out his pipe, cut his tobacco with a large jack-knife, loaded his pipe, scratched several matches on the leg of his pantaloons, and lighted his pipe; and after he had drawn in his stout cheeks several times and puffed the smoke out, he opened the letter with the same jack-knife, and

spread it before him on the table and gazed solemnly on its surface for some moments. Mr. Geseign took it up and read it. The following is a copy of the identical piece of feminine literature, which he read:

“SAN FRANCISCO, BIRMINGHAM HOUSE,  
R. 34 (left entrance)  
(No. 873 Howard street, July 13, —.)

“MR. JUNIUS OLDBIEGH.—Deer Sur!—I’m hay commin’! I’m hay commin’ to see you at two (o’clock) tomorrer! Yours fectionately,

“KATE BRUMLIN.

“P. S.—I’ll be thair. I’m hay commin’! Yours fectionately,

KATE BRUMLIN.

“2d P. S.—Don’t be out when I come. Yours fectionately,

KATE BRUMLIN.”

“Well, I’ll be darned!” said Mr. Oldbiegh, taking the pipe out of his mouth, after he had heard the above letter read. “She do seem to be a-comin’!”

“Her letter is tender—quite passionate and tendah!” said Mr. Geseign. “Sweet creachaw—such affection! Loves you—dearly! Sly old boy!”

“Do you a-suppose I know her?” said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly, as he held his smoking pipe at a distance from his mouth.

“You won’t say so—nevah!” said Mr. Geseign, “but you can’t—deceive me. If you would—you must arise quite early! You must arise with the roostahs—when they get up to crow! Sly old boy!” said Mr. Geseign, patting him affectionately on the back.

"Look-e here!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, turning around in his chair and grasping its arms, while he gazed solemnly on the countenance of the other, "do you suppose I've ever seen that ar' widdy'er afore?"

"She is coming—says she's yours—affectionately. Repeats the remark. You will plank down the coin, or she'll make it deuced—hot! Sly old boy!" This last remark irritated Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Geseign, perceiving this, pretended to believe the assertions of innocence made by Mr. Oldbiegh, and at his urgent solicitation promised to go into an inner room, which opened into his, when the lady called, in order to be convinced by the conversation that he had never met the woman before.

Just as this agreement was finished, Mr. Geseign handed Mr. Oldbiegh a neatly printed request for the favor of his company at an entertainment given by the "Convivials," a club, as Mr. Geseign informed him, composed chiefly of the United Order of Hotel Runners. Printed in a line by itself on the card were the words, "At the Grotto," and in the lower right corner the letters "R. S. V. P."

"What's them letters in the corner for?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"That," said Mr. Geseign, "is simply a fashionable—guy. It means reply if you please. It means the writer speaks—French. It means we are—bloods. It means we have lived—in Paris. It means English is for —us too common. It means—no Irish need apply. See you later." And Mr. Thomas Geseign went into an inner

room, where a number of persons were sitting around a table playing cards.

At two o'clock that afternoon Mr. Oldbiegh was lying in his room on the outside of his bed, and was gazing at some men tarring the roof of the house opposite, when three quick raps at the door caused him to spring from the couch. He went to the door, opened it a few inches, and saw a woman about forty years of age standing outside.

"Mr. Oldbiegh?" she asked.

"Yes, marm," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well, let me in," said she. "Now, close the door. I'm Miss Kate Brumlin."

"I thort you was a widdy," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I am," said the other. This astonished Mr. Oldbiegh somewhat, and as Kate Brumlin was panting from her trip up the stairs, all conversation ceased for a moment.

Miss Brumlin, as she called herself, or rather Mrs. Brumlin, as she should have called herself, was a well-built woman, of dark complexion. She wore a black dress, and a broad leather belt around her waist, which was fastened with a leather buckle. On her head she wore a large black hat, in which was an enormous green feather. Her black hair was held in position on the upper part of her forehead by a tightly drawn piece of veil. Her eyelids were almost closed over her eyes—in fact her eyes were almost invisible. The dark skin of her face was covered by white powder.

After contemplating this apparition for a moment, Mr. Oldbiegh went to the door of his inner room, with

a vague hope that Mr. Geseign had gone into it unobserved. Finding he was not there, he told his companion he must quit her for an instant, and was about to leave her alone, when she called him back.

"You can't leave me alone," said she. "I'm not to be imposed on. I won't be left in no man's room alone."

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what shall I do?"

"Stay with me. Stand by me. Stay with us," she said, pushing one foot forward and assuming a theatrical air. "Didn't you invite a fellow to come and see you?"

"What fellow?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh, in a helpless tone of voice.

"Me," said she, in a stern tone, as she attempted to open her eyes wide enough to look at him, but failed in the attempt. "Take a seat," said she, in a commanding tone, "and don't be a fool." Mr. Oldbiegh's eyes opened wider than usual, and he stood gaping at her with his mouth partially open. "Take a seat; do you hear?" she said again. Mr. Oldbiegh, after looking at her a moment longer, took a seat. She then drew up a chair close to his, and seated herself. He turned his head to the right, looked at her a moment, and then moved his chair away a few inches. She coughed, and drew up hers alongside of his. With the same solemn expression on his face Mr. Oldbiegh moved his chair away again. Again she coughed and moved her chair alongside of his. "Keep still," she said. "Stop your foolishness!" Mr. Oldbiegh did keep still, for the last time he had moved his chair against the foot of his bed,

and though she pressed him hard, he could move no further.

They both sat in silence for some moments, when she took her fan from before her mouth and smiled archly upon him. This little piece of playfulness, however, had no effect upon him, for his face continued to wear a most solemn expression. They both sat gazing at the wall in front of them for some time again, the eyes of Mr. Oldbiegh, in the meantime, wandering from one object on the wall to another. Again she turned the powdered face to him, lowered the fan, and while she smiled suddenly commenced tickling him under the chin with the first and second fingers of her right hand. Mr. Oldbiegh jumped up.

"What are you a-doin' that ar' for?" said he, excitedly.

"Sit down, pet," said she; "don't be a fool!"

"No more of that," said he, as he sat down; "just let up on it." There was a period of intense silence again for some moments, when the gentle Kate quietly slipped her hand in his. Mr. Oldbiegh looked into her half-closed eyes, which were barren of eyelashes. "Well," said he, "ef I won't just be eternally bobbed! This do beat cock-fighting! haw! haw! haw!" She smiled sweetly in return, and squeezed his large hand nervously. The laughter departed suddenly from his features; and then he broke out in another laugh.

"Say, pet," said she, "have you some wine?"

"What kind of wine?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Brandy," she replied.

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh.



"Then you will have to ring for it," she replied, as she got up and rung the bell in the wall several times. "Now, pet," said she, "I will wait in the inner room till the waiter has brought it."

"I don't know about this here," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I do," said she. "Sit down at once, and don't be a fool."

"Well——"

"Shut up!" said she, sternly. At this moment the waiter appeared at the door.

"Bring me a bottle of brandy," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Certainly, in a jiffy, sir," said the waiter.

"No, sir, in a bottle," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. In the meantime Kate Brumlin had gone into the inner apartment. The waiter now returned, and as he placed the bottle of brandy on the table at the far end of the room, his inquisitive eye caught the outline of a female figure through the crack of the door of the inner chamber, the door being partially open. At this, the waiter being unable to resist his natural impulse to laugh, did smile an extended smile on either cheek from his mouth to his ears, and until all of his teeth were visible.

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, surveying him sternly, "is there anything in this here room of mine to make you go a-grinning arter it that barbyrous way?"

"No," said the waiter. "No, the' ain't. The' ain't nothing. The' ain't nothing at all. No, the' ain't;" and he smiled another smile equally as extended as the first, after which he remarked that he was "only smilin' at nothing," whereupon he left the room.

"Well," said the woman, her dress rustling as she sailed into the room, "that wretch has gone at last! Oh! pet, how he frightened me!"

"What are you callin' me pet fur? Who give you license?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking at her solemnly.

"Ain't you my pet?" she asked.

"What should make me arter bein' your pet?"

"Oh, well, you are, anyhow," said she, as she poured out a full glass of brandy and handed it to Mr. Oldbiegh.

"No," said he, shaking his head gravely from side to side, "I'd rather stay sober this arternoon."

Kate Brumlin looked at him curiously between her half-closed lids for a moment. "Well," said she, "I'll taste it first," and she took a sip. "Now you'll drink it, after that, pet," said she, handing it to him with a smile on her marble face. His gallantry would not permit him to refuse. So he said, as he drank it off:

"Since you have a-tasted it, it's got to be drank; though I'd much rather not."

She then poured out a full glass for herself, and the glass had no sooner touched her lips than the liquor fell down her throat like shot from a shot tower. Mr. Oldbiegh looked at her in amazement. She poured out another glass and handed it to him.

"No, you don't," said Mr. Oldbiegh. Without making any response to this remark, the fascinating Kate put the glass to her powdered lips, and the liquor dropped down her throat again.

"Now, pet," said she, as she seated herself beside him and put her arm around his waist, "you want me

for your little housekeeper; don't you, now? That's a darling; say you do!"

"I say I don't!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, determinedly, "darlin' or no darlin'!"

The gentle Kate poured out another glass to the brim and handed it to him.

"I told you I didn't want none!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, doggedly.

She touched the liquor with her lips. "No gentleman will refuse now," she said, smiling, as she handed it to him.

"Say," said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he drank the liquor, "what are you arter?" She made no other answer than by that sharp, ringing, contemptuous laugh, so often uttered by masculine females in flyaway novels. She then poured out another glass, put it to her lips, and the liquor dropped down her throat once more. "What a critter it are!" murmured Mr. Oldbiegh to himself.

"Now, pet," said she, placing her arm around his waist, and drawing him close up to her again, "now, pet, you won't go back on a feller; you won't go back on your promise to take me for your little housekeeper?"

"What?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, thunderstruck. "I never so much as a-whispered I wanted a housekeeper. Not much!" said he. "No housekeepers fur me! I ruther think I'll keep a baching it!" and he started to rise, but his companion held him fast.

"Don't be a fool, pet!" said she, soothingly. "Who,"

said she, "is to take care of your shirts, but your little housekeeper?"

"I'll look arter them!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, determinedly.

• "Who'll brush the clothes of my pet?" she asked.

"I will, mum. I'll look arter them!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "darned ef I don't."

"Who'll darn his socks?"

"I will, mum; I'll darn um, or I'll fill the holes with putty, darned ef I don't," said he, more determinedly.

"Who'll wash his clothing?"

"I will, mum; I'll scrub like a Chineese washman afore I get any two-forty widdy to be a doin' it! darned ef I don't."

"Well," said his gentle companion, after dropping another glass of liquor down her throat, "are you going back on a feller, or are you going to stand by your word as a gentleman?"

"Well, mum," said Mr. Oldbiegh, rising and tearing himself from her embrace, "I aren't made no suspicion of a promise to have you or any other woman for my housekeeper; so ef it's all the same to you I'll just 'go back on a feller.'"

"Do you think I'm to be treated this way?" said she, walking to the door, which she locked, and took the key out.

"Give me that 'ar' key!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Never, you villain!" shrieked his companion, in a dulcet female note.

"Stop that 'ar' squawkin'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "the whole house will be here all in no time at all!"

"Look here," said his gentle companion, "one of two things is to be did by you; and I'm not to be fooled with, because I can put you into a tight fix so quick your head'll swim; see? You can just stand by your agreement, or you can pay me five hundred dollars, and I'll let you go."

"Well, I'll be eternally darned! I'll just be licked and eternally bobbed! This beats all the things I ever seen or heard on, or dreamed on, or heard a preacher preach onto! It beats cock-fightin'! It beats a snake story! and a fish story ain't no circumstance to you!"

"Will you pay what I demand?" said the other, assuming a theatrical air, as she threw her left foot forward.

"Darned ef I do? Not a darned copper!" said he, firmly.

"All right!" said the female as firmly, and she began to tear her dress to strips. After tearing her dress, she grasped Mr. Oldbiegh around the neck, and the harder he struggled to release himself, the more tenaciously she held on; and the more he ordered her to "stop her darned squawkin'," the louder she shrieked. In a moment the whole crowd of lodgers were at his door, hammering upon it, shouting, and demanding entrance; while several persons ran to the front windows of the hotel, and, with their heads thrust out into the street, blew with the full strength of their lungs several shrill police whistles; while over and above the whole din and hubbub rose loud and long the dulcet note of Mr. Oldbiegh's companion. A stout policeman, with a greasy coat and a hungry expression, soon worked his

way through the crowd of chattering and gesticulating females outside, and opened the door by falling against it with his shoulder. He jumped upon Mr. Oldbiegh and attempted to throw him to the floor; but Mr. Oldbiegh, feeling that somehow or other injustice was being done to him, and angered by such rhetorical flourishes as "ugly brute!" "wicked wretch!" "oh, the monster!" "horrid creature!" which came from the mouths of the many females around, he drew back his right arm and struck the policeman a blow below the waist, which landed him in a sitting posture in the corner, with an unhappy expression on his face. The policeman started to draw his pistol.

"None of that 'ar'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "ef you commence a poppin' at me you'll end in convertin' some of these yer women and children into corpses; that's all!" The crowd around the door precipitately fled, notwithstanding the fact that the women were intensely anxious to witness the further proceedings. "Now," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "ef I've got to be arrested and you aren't too sick at the stomach, go ahead and arrest me like a white man; but don't jump atop o' me like a darned Chineese heathen!"

The policeman got up and before Mr. Oldbiegh was aware of what he was doing, the spring locks of a couple of handcuffs clicked over his wrists. This outraged Mr. Oldbiegh very much; and the appearance of the contemptuous features of Mr. Oldwhistle in the crowd of females, who had come back to the door, angered him still more. When that little person-

age joined the women in calling him a "low wretch" and a "contemptible creature," his wrath knew no bounds; and when Mr. Oldwhistle came rather close to him, with the exclamation, "Yaller dog! Little Varm-in!" Mr. Oldbiegh sprang at him and tried to hit him with his cuffed hands. The little man succeeded in nimbly skipping out of the way.

Mr. Thomas Geseign had just arisen from the card-table, where he had succeeded in capturing the total stakes of some six or seven ruddy gentlemen, late of the rural districts; as he had nothing further of particular importance to engage his mind, he was about to go into the fresh air for the two-fold purpose of taking physical exercise and getting out of the company of the several persons with empty pockets and rueful faces, (for his knowledge of human nature had taught him that such persons are not always lively, sparkling and witty companions), when hearing the noise above, he looked up and saw the white waistcoat and burly form of Mr. Oldbiegh coming down the stairway, with his hands chained together in front of him. On looking more closely he noticed that a policeman seemed to have become Mr. Oldbiegh's constant companion, that he held Mr. Oldbiegh's arm with apparent affection, and that this policeman continually glanced back at the excited crowd of women who followed, and as often ordered them back; in the centre of this crowd Mr. Geseign noticed the excessively disagreeable features and the molasses-candy colored hair of that little scientific luminary, Mr. Oldwhistle.

Mr. Geseign was astonished beyond description; and rushing up to the policeman who had brass buttons on his blue coat, he exclaimed: "I say—Buttons—what is—the cause—of this fiendish tumult? What does—it mean? Tell me—I demand!"

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "this yer comes along of bein' found in the same room with a squawk-in' two-forty widdy; and since she's played her cards, I'm darned ef a man don't deserve to be convicted and hung up for murder for ever lettin' one of 'em into his room. A two-forty widdy, like this yer, is worse nor a grizzly bar, a darned sight; but, Tommy, ef you'll do your father's old chum just one little piece of kindness afore he's locked up, I'm not the man to forget a friend or a favor. All I ask is that you'll polish off that 'ar' little varmin a 'creepin' on behind, that 'ar' little yaller dog! Just clean the little critter out, Tommy! You'll find him hid away among these yer indignant females."

The crowd followed Mr. Oldbiegh to the entrance to the City Prison, where they were compelled to stop, and Mr. Oldbiegh was conducted through a dark asphaltum-floored passage-way, his heavy steps making hollow sounds in this underground place. They stopped in front of a wall made of heavy black iron bars, which, as it had lately been painted, had a smell of tar. The dim light of the gas which burned inside of this wall showed a gray-haired man, in his vest and shirt-sleeves, on the inside, with an enormous key in his hand. He turned back the big lock in the iron



frame door, and Mr. Oldbiegh walked through, when the heavy door was swung behind him.

Mr. Junius Oldbiegh was in prison! He was caged like a wild beast! The residence of felons! Worse than this, he was charged by a powdered widow with being one of the number! His eyes dilated with anger.

A long line of cells was to his left, the front faces whereof were composed of upright iron rods, and these cells were separated from each other by solid walls.

In the first cell were fifteen or twenty women with swollen faces, black eyes and rags around their heads. Some, with the hair hanging down over their faces, were dressed in rags. Others were sitting on the wooden benches and others lying on the floor, but partially concealing their bodies. "There goes an old guy!" said one, pointing to Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh was left standing in front of this cell, and when he looked into it (for although there was a screen in front of it, the cell was not wholly concealed), he noticed a withered and lean old woman, with wrinkles on her face and a cut under her eye, dancing a clog dance on the floor. A little torn straw hat but imperfectly hid her gray hair. She had evidently been a ballet-dancer in the days gone by; and when she noticed that Mr. Oldbiegh was watching her, she threw one foot forward and drew her dress up to her knee as she had done in the days of her youth and beauty. An old negro woman in the same cell was sedately stepping over the bodies of her prostrate companions, as she carelessly wandered around like a wild beast, chanting a wild chant in her native African dia-

lect as she walked. "Hello! Charley," said a bleary-eyed woman, lifting herself from the floor by grasping the bars of the cell and addressing Mr. Oldbiegh. "Hello! Charley! There's my Charley out there!" Mr. Oldbiegh turned away, not feeling complimented at being taken for her "Charley."

The officer now conducted him by a cell in which were fifteen or twenty male drunks, all lying in a loathsome mass, or sitting with their melancholy and repentant visages between their hands, or standing amidst the prostrate bodies of their companions. Another cell was passed in which ten or fifteen young men of that class known as "toughs" were deeply engaged in the popular amusement of blowing a mixture of cigarette smoke and bad breath from their lungs. Other cells were passed in which were little children, who were so young that they had about as much knowledge of the nature of a crime as they had capacity to explain the Binomial theorem. By their expressions, however, it was evident that some of them had a pretty thorough knowledge of the nature of an oath.

Mr. Oldbiegh was put in a cell opposite to one in which was an unpleasant looking Mexican charged with murder, who during the whole afternoon persisted in gazing steadily at Mr. Oldbiegh, and, as Mr. Oldbiegh thought, with a bloodthirsty look on his face.

The only person in the cell with Mr. Oldbiegh was a little man with a hawk's face—a face which had this appearance, because his nose was hooked. After sur

veying Mr. Oldbiegh, with his head on one side, like a bird, he said: "Ain't you Bill the Plug?"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, sharply.

"Ah! I thought you was. You look just like him," said the little man. After a short time he looked up into Mr. Oldbiegh's face again, and said: "You ain't Pete Simpson, the cracksman, are you?"

"No!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, shortly.

"You look just like him, too," said the other. The little man was lost in thought for some moments. "Say!" said he, at last, with the same bird look, "you ain't Wheeler, the strangler?"

"No, sir!" was the reply.

"Well, then, who the deuce are you?" said the little man, with astonishment.

Mr. Oldbiegh looked at him with anger in his large blue eyes. "Do I look like a darned murderer?" he asked.

"No," said the little man, timidly, "but you can't go by looks, you know. Say!—what is your profession, anyhow? I'm a sneak. That's my line. Are you a sneak or a cracksman?"

"No, sir, I aren't," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Not in the confidence line?" said the little man, looking up inquisitively into his face.

"Well, now, pard," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I dunno but you've struck onto it at last. Too much confidence of a two-forty widdyer!"

"Ah! you worked it together!" said the little man.

"Well, pard," said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a hearty smile on his features, "I ruther think she worked it as much

alone as anything I ever seen, darned ef I don't! She just beat cock fightin' all holler!"

At this moment Mr. Oldbiegh's name was called out, and he answered "Here."

"Miss Morthington wants to see you," said a turnkey in a blue flannel shirt, as he unlocked the cell door. "Just take a seat in that chair there."

A very pretty young girl of seventeen now came up to him.

"I'm Miss Morthington," said the young lady, "and I belong to the Sisters of Zion."

Mr. Oldbiegh did not understand her. "Whose sister did you say you was, little one?" said he, as he took a seat beside her.

"I belong to a religious society," said she.

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "And Zion's the town whar' you're located. I think I drove through Zion in early days in a stage coach. It's in San Diego county, ain't it?"

"No, no!" said the young lady, in a pitying tone of voice, and she added in a whisper: "Zion is Heaven."

"Well, I'll be bobbed! haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "I'd a oughter know'd that."

"Are you a Christian?" asked the young lady, sadly.

"Well, Miss—I beg yer pardon, mum—I didn't drop onto your name."

"Morthington," said the young lady.

"Miss Morthington," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "ef you mean do I b'long to any church, I'll have to tell you the truth—I aren't been inside of one, and I aren't seen a parson at his reg'lar business for twenty-two

year. But ef you mean do I believe in doin' what's right, just and proper, and in helpin' another man along the road what has fallen by the way, I say yes, every time; though I may have been very imperfect in acting up to my beliefs, I'm sincere in what I've said, and to do good is my catechism."

"But don't you feel the enormity of your crimes?"

"Why, bless your heart, little one, I never felt the enormity of nothing," said Mr. Oldbiegh, laughing heartily. "I'm not a walkin' murderer, a travellin' burglar, a robber, a thief, or such an eternal old villain as you seem to have took me for. I'm bluff old Junyers Oldbiegh. That 'ar's what I am. And this yer pretty little gal a-takin' me for a personyified old scoundrel, haw! haw!"

"Do you say your prayers?" asked the young lady, in a melancholy tone.

"Do I say my prayers, arter all?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly. "It's not a subject to be spoken of. Now, let me give you a piece of advice. You've got a pretty face, and I'll swear to it it's honest; but the trouble is you've got to runnin' with hypocrites, and nobody can stay honest as runs with them." As Mr. Oldbiegh concluded, he drew out his red-bordered silk handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Just at this moment the policeman who had arrested him came up and said: "I want you to go with me."

"Here," said the young lady, "is a bouquet from our pastor, Brother Slinkey; he wanted me to present it to you, for he inquired about you when he saw you

taken into the prison, and told me to tell you to think over the enormity of your sins and pray for forgiveness: and he sends his brotherly love with these flowers."

"You tell him," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "that as fur the enormity of my sins, it's the law of America that no man is guilty 'till it's proved on him. And as fur his love, since he don't know me, are you sure, little one, he loves me so dearly? Ask him to loan me two dollars. I'm in need of the money. Ef the flowers was from you, it would be a horse of another color. I'd put 'em in my trunk and keep 'em forty year; but you tell that 'ar' Slinkey I don't want no roses from him!"

It was with difficulty the young lady heard the last words, for the policeman was leading Mr. Oldbiegh away. He was conducted to the Rogues' Gallery and they were about to take his picture, when he discovered what was going on. He sprang from his chair like an enraged tiger, his eyes blazing with fire. The portrait of Junius Oldbiegh among a lot of rogues! It was a terrible outrage! As he stood with his head thrown back, he presented a picture worthier of a place in a gallery of art than in a gallery of criminals.

The officer called on the photographer to assist him, his object being to fasten Mr. Oldbiegh to his chair, but, although his hands were manacled, he threw the photographer to the end of the room. With the policeman he struggled desperately, upsetting a glass case full of rogues with distorted countenances in one of the rounds, and cutting his wrists during the course of the struggle. Although the policeman threatened to

kill him and struck him several blows on the head with his club, Mr. Oldbiegh kept up the fight with great bravery and danced around the room in an astonishing manner. After getting back his breath, the officer again attempted to fasten him in position. Another struggle ensued, during which Mr. Oldbiegh had the audacity to kick the policeman in the stomach three times in rapid succession. At last the officer fastened him in the chair, but Mr. Oldbiegh persisted in making such hideous faces at the photographer and the guardian of the peace that they postponed proceedings until another day, and he was conveyed back to the jail.

When he got there he found that Mr. Thomas Geseign had procured two men who, for and in consideration of twenty dollars to them in hand paid, had bailed him out. Being a free man, he went with Mr. Geseign to a drug store, in which a very particular friend of the latter was clerk, and this person put some lint and salve over the wounded wrists, and they thereupon returned to the hotel where Mr. Oldbiegh took a warm bath and put on a complete new set of underclothing. After this he sat in his room, smoking his pipe, and Mr. Thomas Geseign was perched on the washstand opposite to him.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he perceived a female face looking through the transom over the door, "please have the kindness to put a blanket across that 'ar' transom, or there'll be another widdy a-hoppin' through and a-tearin' at me!" After this had been done, Mr. Oldbeigh looked at Mr. Geseign gravely

for a few moments, as if studying his face. "Tommy," said he, taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you mind sleeping in this here inner room? For if anything happens, I want corroborative evidence!"

"Certainly, I'll sleep there," said Mr. Geseign. "The prospect—is cheerful. The view—pleasing to a poetical mind. The grand—old mountains—over the bay. The grand—old islands—in the bay. The grand—old shipping—on the bay. The ships—like things of life. The consumptive ferry—that wheezes—to Berkeley. The grand—old ruin—across the street. The grand—old woman—flirting at the window—another ancient ruin! Rincon hill to the right. Barbary coast to the left. A muscular Irishman—over the way. Beautiful prospect! Lovely scene—to a poetical mind. Come here," said Mr. Geseign, who was now looking down at the sidewalk. "Do you see that creachaw? Is his appearance fam-i-liah?" Mr. Oldbiegh looked in the direction indicated by the finger of his companion, and saw an individual standing in front of a cigar store across the street, dressed in a suit of clothes exactly similar in all respects to the one he had purchased the day before; and upon looking more closely at him, Mr. Oldbiegh perceived that he was a man he had seen about the hotel several times. "Your double," said Mr. Geseign. "To-day he has been taken for you—quite often. On your account, the women have hissed him, and called him—unpleasant names!"

"Well, I'll swan!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "ef that 'ar ain't my soot of clothes! The varmin has got on my snob hat, too! Bobbed ef he aren't!"



"He's out," said Mr. Geseign, "in borrowed—glory. He wears—your feathers. And they fit him—too quick. Especially—the pants. You—he thinks—are a guest of the State. Your meals are free. Your lodgings—he thinks—are prepaid by your friend—the State. You—he thinks—will pay—no taxes. You—he thinks—will pay—no water-bill. You—he thinks—the people will furnish with the latest style---of variegated clothing. You—he thinks—are favored—too highly—by the people. They provide for all your wants. You have enough—and to spare. Therefore—he thinks—he will take—your clothes. He is a philosopher. His thoughts are deep."

"I'll go and have him took up! I'll teach the critter to go a-philosophizing with my togs!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, starting to rise.

"No, no," said Mr. Geseign, patting his shoulder. "Let him alone; it was a kindly act. He is—unconsciously—your friend. If you would see him—punished, let him wear them. It will terminate—fatally—some day!"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what am I to do for snob togs? I'm in need on 'em to go to the 'Convivials' to-night."

"Come with me to little Neddy—my friend—a tailor. The ninth part of a man is therefore small—quite so. He will fit you out to kill—pathetic hearts. For you old maids will—sigh. For you mothers will grow—envious. For you maidens—sweet creachaws—will proceed—to languish. For you widows will—die!"

"If it'll kill off widdyrs, Tommy, and I wouldn't

mind addin' mothers-in-law, from the fearful tales what I've heard of them," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'll spend all I've got for it, and borry enough for grub!"

"Correct," said Mr. Geseign. "Come with me," and he ran his arm through Mr. Oldbiegh's, and they went to the clothing store, where Mr. Oldbiegh was fitted out in a handsome broadcloth suit; but although the clerk who waited on him wanted him to wear the black vest which went with the coat, he persisted in wearing his white vest. His companion next took him to a shoe store, where he bought some long pointed-toed button shoes, with green cloth tops. They were now on Kearney street. Mr. Oldbiegh was looking into all the shop windows as they walked slowly along, when suddenly he stopped in front of one in which hung a number of silver and gold watches, to which were attached pieces of paper on which the prices were marked. Mr. Oldbiegh's attention was attracted by all of these, but an expression of delight soon came over his face, and his eyes became riveted on a gold scarf-pin, the head of which consisted of a golden monkey with green eyes. Mr. Oldbiegh was so greatly pleased with the design that he entered the store and purchased it at once, and stuck it into the centre of his shirt-bosom. His eye was next attracted by the largest silver watch in the place, a stem-winder, about two and a half inches in diameter.

"That watch looks as if it had strength enough to go," said he.

"Yes, sir," said the jeweller.

He purchased it against the protests of his compan

ion, who wanted him to get a smaller watch. He replied that he wanted one that had strength enough "to go, and keep a goin'." The small one he bought, and forced Mr. Geseign to accept it as a present. It was a neat gold watch.

Although Mr. Oldbiegh's wrists were sore, and although he was feeling somewhat unwell on account of the excitement of the day, when the time came he accompanied Mr. Geseign to the "Grotto." On the road Mr. Geseign performed many fantastic and curious feats, which added to the amusement of his companion. Amongst other things, he seemed to take great delight in winking in the most audacious manner at the handsome shop-girls who were returning from their work. One pretty girl was coming toward him, and as she continued to approach, he gazed steadily at her feet. She glanced down at her feet often, and at the front of her dress; when they had passed by, Mr. Oldbiegh looked back and saw that the girl had stopped and was examining them carefully.

"Beautiful example," said Mr. Geseign, "of woman's—curiosity."

"I kinder think, arter all, you're a pretty hard case," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I deny—the soft impeachment; I repel it—with scorn!" said Mr. Geseign. "I am soft. When a child I was all—innocence. My mind—a mass of commingled simplicity—of purity and truth. In church—I never dozed. At Sunday school—I captured the cards. I never once traded them—for marbles, like other

wicked little boys. At the end of the year—for them—I obtained a hymnal.

“My childish lungs—for months after—on balmy mornings—might have been heard trilling ‘Old Hundred’—like a young—and religious—bird. All nature smiled.

“As a child, I never chewed that filthy weed—tobacco.

“I remember the day I took—my first oath: I had struck my thumb—with a hammer. The oath was—a mild one, quite mild. In time—I rose—in the scale. My oaths grew more manly—and solemn. I now used them—on minor occasions. One soft Sunday morning—early in June—I finished my training. I had learned—the latest one out. It shocked my nerves—it shook my frame. I survived—and here I am—to tell the tale!”

Mr. Geseign was dressed in his best that evening, and with a five-cent cigar slanting up from the left corner of his mouth he was happy. His shoes had their toes polished for the occasion, and Becky, after tying his blue silk cravat, had swept down his clothes with a new broom. He wore his yellow-striped pantaloons, and on his back he had a double-breasted blue coat, the tails of which were rather short and somewhat ragged, but the coat was well brushed. On his head was a “stove-pipe” hat of enormous size, the broad brim of which rested upon his ears. They reached the “Grotto.” Somebody up stairs was singing a song and accompanying himself on a banjo. The window curtain being up, the shoulders of a slim young man,

leaning against the sill, were visible, and by the light within a round red face, terminated by a gray goatee, might be seen. They walked up the stairway, and this personage, who had recognized the face of Mr. Geseign in the front garden, came to the head of the steps to meet them.

"Well, my young blue-blooded snob!" said this individual, addressing Mr. Geseign, "how are you, anyhow?"

"That's just it," said Mr. Geseign; "I'm about—five feet—eight. How—are you?"

"Hearty," was the reply.

"My friend—Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh—my friend, Mr. Barlum. Know each other; that's a good—fellow! Where's Sammy?"

"There he is," said Mr. Barlum, pointing proudly to a slender young man with long light hair and a sallow countenance, who, with his arms folded, was leaning against the window sill.

"The cheekiest young man in San Francisco," said Mr. Geseign, turning to Mr. Oldbiegh. "My friend—Barlum's boy. A cheeky—phenomenon!"

"I should say he was!" said Mr. Barlum, enthusiastically. Mr. Oldbiegh, on looking at the young man, perceived that he was calmly amusing himself by gazing at him with a cast-iron stare, and an expression of deep study on his face. "That boy of mine makes me feel proud," said Mr. Barlum, as Mr. Geseign walked away to shake hands with a group of gentlemen on the other side of the room. "I may say his edication is totally completed. I may say what he ain't up to it

ain't worth no man's while to learn, for it ain't worth knowing; if it was he'd a learned it. And now he's settled, he's one of the best young men in town. The other young men can't hold a Christmas candle to him. He'd scorn himself if he couldn't beat them. And as for cheek—though they are cheeky—I don't deny it, Oldbiegh, I don't deny it!—he beats them holler.

"There used to be no hole in San Francisco that boy couldn't creep through. When he was up to games with the other boys, the policemen were awfully fooled on Sammy. They used to think they'd caught him sometimes. But it was all a mistake. When they'd reach out to nab him, he'd always find a hole, and when they'd put down their hands, they'd find a leetle hole and Sammy gone."

"How old is the critter?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You wouldn't think it," said Mr. Barlum; "he's only twenty-one and a voter, though he's voted often before, because he's got the expression of a man of forty on his face, and he's learned things men of eighty actually never dropped onto yet."

"He has a quiet look," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Quiet?" said the other. "He's just got married; he's fearfully subdued; but a graveyard is nowhere to Sammy, when it's his desire to be quiet. And sly? That boy beats a weasel all to nothing. But he always was a good boy, when he was young. There was no petty larceny about him—no stealing—and he scorned lying. That boy never told me a lie in his life—not that I know of. The only rough business he ever done was merely in playfulness, such as neatly polishing off

an ugly acquaintance, or getting the policeman after his gang, and running in front of him and tripping him up. Now he's settled down to business; and in our profession, which is even a cheekier profession than a lawyer's, he's the acknowledged leader. Look at his face," said the father, his ruddy countenance beaming with a proud smile; "ain't it just covered an inch deep with pure and simple cheek?"

"That 'ar'd be my judgment," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Of course it is!" said the proud father; "and that boy can drink more beer, and keep smiling all the time, and never feel it, than any two hundred and forty pound Dutchman what's just out from Germany. Yes, he can!" At this moment the young man referred to took a banjo, which was handed to him, and while he beat time with his foot, rattled away on an Irish jig at tremendous rate. "Hear him! just hear him! He'd pull music out of the head of a salmon barrel!" said the father, with delight.

For some unaccountable reason the dinner had been delayed, and several waiters, who were in neat white aprons, and whose heads had a loud and distinct odor of bear's oil, were rushing to and fro nervously and excitedly, which caused them to stumble over the extended legs and large feet of the various gentlemen present, for which unfortunate occurrences the waiters profoundly apologized.

A little black-haired runner had suggested that while they were waiting for the dinner, Sammy should tune up the banjo which he had brought with him, by special request, and pursuant to a resolution passed in

due form at the last meeting of the club. The members of the association soon formed in a circle around the musician, and with their hands clasped beneath their coat-tails enjoyed the music immensely. It was not long before they began to keep time with their feet, and one grave-looking gentleman could not resist a violent inclination to dance a shuffle. As the others silently made room for him, he gradually worked his way to a position in front of the musician, where he shuffled away, with a solemn expression on his face, at such a rate and with such earnestness that the perspiration rolling down his neck took all the stiffening out of his collar.

The music enlivened the whole company, and as the first course was now on the table the crowd that drew up their chairs and sat down was indeed a merry one. As a proof of this, the decanter of claret starting from one end of the board reached the other and made the whole circuit with astonishing rapidity, and during its progress the wine had been entirely extracted by the "Convivials." And it was but a few moments before the members of the club at different parts of the table were clinking their glasses together, thereby making a music which was enchanting to their ears; and the music thus produced chimed in beautifully with the jolly merriment on all of the faces of the persons present, with one exception. Mr. Oldbiegh, whose countenance was beaming with good nature from top to bottom, and from side to side and lengthwise and crosswise and diagonally, had just raised his glass of claret to his lips when the good nature departed from



his face; he placed his glass upon the table, and turning slowly around to Mr. Geseign, who, while he sat on Mr. Oldbiegh's right, kept the company in a roar, he said: "Tommy, it's here. Yes," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a solemn whisper, "that 'ar' varmin'; that 'ar' little yaller dog is here. Look toward 'tother end of the table."

"I know," said Mr. Geseign. "Tony Olsen invited him."

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I can't eat hearty to-night. That 'ar' critter takes away my hull appetite."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Geseign, "drink—your fiery fluid. Banish—such thoughts."

"It can't be did, nohow," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a melancholy and dejected tone. "I can't get over the pressure of the varmin', Tommy," and true to his statement, Mr. Oldbiegh ate but little dinner and bore a gloomy and melancholy expression on his countenance the whole evening.

After the mock-turtle soup, one of the waiters brought in a massive piece of roast beef, the gravy of which was still frying and bubbling as the meat had just been taken from the oven; the delightful odor of the roast pervaded the room and sharpened up the appetites of the "Convivials" there assembled.

"How'll you take it, Mr. Rosby?" said the President of the club, who sat at the head of the table and carved.

"Rare," replied the first person on his right, addressed by the name of Rosby.

The waiter stepped forward to take the plate and hand it.

"Never mind," said the President, handing it himself; "we don't need no extras to-night. Pekey, how'll you take it?" continued he, addressing the next man.

"Rare," said this person.

"How'll you take it, Billy?" said the President.

"Rare," said Billy.

"Mr. Oldbiegh, how'll you take it?"

"Rare," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

The beef having started "rare," went rare until it came to Mr. Oldwhistle. Mr. Oldbiegh watched him earnestly, his mouth half open with expectation, and while he continued to watch him he nudged Mr. Geseign with his elbow.

"How'll you take it, Mr. Oldwhistle?" said the President.

Mr. Oldwhistle looked steadily at Mr. Oldbiegh a moment, and a sneer crept over his features while he continued to gaze at him. At last he said: "*I'll* take it well done!"

"I know'd it!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, aloud.

"Well," said the little scientist, in his bitterest tone, "have you anything to say against it?"

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I was only noticin' the nature of the critter."

"Hear! hear!" shouted several individuals who did not understand the nature of the conversation. The little scientist was about to reply, when the person sit-

ting next to him, after a good deal of trouble, succeeded in dissuading him.

"Speaking of roast beef," said the President, looking up at the company, by which the fact was noted that there was a cast in his right eye, "speaking of roast beef reminds me of turkey pie and also of a story about it, in which the hero was a little fellow with a red head."

"Silence!" cried several persons, rapping on the table; "hear! hear!"

"Well," said the President, "it was this way. I was stopping at a country hotel called the Forest House. The fare was none of the best, consisting of hash for breakfast, with a sprinkling of the cook's hair, which had become loose the night before, in her struggles with a young fellow with side-chops who was courting her, and perhaps a whisker or so of his throw'd in, and coffee composed of a combination of chiccory and beans; for lunch we had mackerel and potatoes cooked in milk, and at dinner beef steaks so thin and tough that they might have been converted into cross-cut saws, if teeth had only been filed into their edges. But on Sunday we always had a bang-up turkey pie; and the way the boarders went for that turkey pie would make you hold your breath. Well, one Sunday a little red-headed chap come to stop with us, and he looked as if he had a appetite like a man-eating shark; he brought a stout lady along with him who was his wife and had a appetite like a female shark, and she brought his mother-in-law. You, gentlemen, know how a mother-in-law can eat! Well,

she could eat for six days, go as you please! Old Joe Thompson—you know him, Billy,” said the President, turning to a man on his left, “and you know how he liked anything good to eat. Well, he sat at the head of the table and served the pie. He liked turkey pie very especially. The little man with the brick-colored roof sat at the foot of the table, to the left his wife, and beyond his mother-in-law, with the regulation mother-in-law appetite, all with their mouths just watering for pie, as was easy to see. They had been helped once and the third person beyond had been helped, when the wife warbles for another piece, and, immediately upon that, the mother-in-law sings out for a piece. Somehow or other the little red-headed man hadn't been helped yet.

“Old Joe kept serving the pie and cutting the pieces smaller and smaller and looking sourer at each person he helped. At last he saw the little red-headed man, whom he thought he'd helped but had forgotten, smacking his lips and licking his chops in a way that was dreadful; then old Joe saw his plate and noticed that he had passed him over. Old Joe was fearful sour and riled now, as there was only one piece of pie left, and that was too small to be cut. Holding his carving-knife in the air, old Joe kept looking at the little man a long time before he could speak without choking; then he broke out and said: ‘I s'pose you want some of the turkey pie, you red-headed scoundrel! Do you?’”

“Ain't that joke old?” said Mr. Oldwhistle, with a sneer.

"Yes, sir," said the President, "but it wasn't worth a cuss till I dressed it up."

"Oh! ah!" said Mr. Oldwhistle, "you made the joke, then?"

"Yes, sir, I made the joke," said the President, "but you didn't see the point. Come around to my office to-morrow, and I'll try to explain it to you."

"Well," said a small individual with curly hair, after a few moments, "but did the little red-headed man say yes or no when he was asked if he would have some pie; that's what I'd like to find out."

"Well," replied the President, "it's certain he did say something; but what it was nobody has ever found out, 'cause old Joe looked so mad while he was saying it that the other people were so scared they couldn't hear what the little man said. But this is known—though whether it had anything to do with the turkey pie I don't know—people say their dead bodies were found the next morning at the bottom of a cañon; the grass and bushes were ripped up for fifty feet around and their clothes were half torn from their bodies, and in the little man's mouth was his last will, in which he stated he died a natural death; but I s'pose he done this in his final moments to save the life insurance for his wife, of whom people say he was passionately fond."

"Ah!" said the curly-headed man, in a satisfied tone.

By this time the company had reached that stage of the dinner at which people cease, from necessity, to eat; so while they continued to tell stories, they continued to drink. They began now to call for toasts, and the

first person called upon was Mr. Oldwhistle, and the toast demanded, "the ladies." Mr. Oldwhistle had been notified the day before, and like other great orators he at once proceeded to commit his spontaneous and impromptu eloquence to paper, after which he committed it to memory. He now arose with considerable ease and started out into his speech; but under the effect of his wine, and beneath the searching glance of Mr. Oldbiegh's large blue eyes, he stopped, began to forget his impromptu utterances, stammered, turned red, and forgot what followed. There were several moments which were to him moments of awful silence, during which the atmosphere seemed to ring in his ears; but at the end of that time, as if to give himself courage, he pummeled the table with his little fist and proceeded as follows: "Women—women—oh yes!—women are delightful—in their manners, in their lives, in their morals, and in their actions. They are the flowers of humanity, and the poetry of existence. Where women are there is goodness; and every man when he's with a woman is happy in the extreme. Well may they be provided with wings, and when they have taken on the yellow golden hue of paradise, and their hair has taken the color of sunlight be angels! The transition is easy for women. If you keep in the company of a woman you will do nothing that is evil—unless you be naturally of an evil disposition," said the speaker, looking hard at Mr. Oldbiegh. "You can be sure of this—you cannot get into trouble by being too much in the company of women, for they will refine you. Women's minds are naturally just, and you'd be astonished to

find how many things they notice; and they are the most delightful of creatures—unless you are naturally vicious,” said the speaker, again looking at Mr. Oldbiegh with an impudent smile. Mr. Oldbiegh attempted to rise several times during the speech, but was held down by Mr. Geseign. “What sort of a time do you s’pose we would have without women?” asked the speaker, with a rhetorical flourish. A little “Convivial,” who had during the last twenty minutes been gradually sliding under the table, taking this inquiry to be directed to himself personally, spruced up and replied that we would have “a high old time, you bet!” “Well,” said the speaker, “how is it that women of this character, women who can do no wrong, are treated? Men of dispositions naturally corrupt,” said he, gazing at Mr. Oldbiegh again, “attempt to break their hearts, just for personal amusement, and impose upon them.”

Mr. Oldwhistle started to sit down, and as he started to sit down Mr. Oldbiegh started to rise, and notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Geseign pulled heavily on his coat-tails, and actually ripped the left coat-tail off, by the time Mr. Oldwhistle had resumed his chair Mr. Oldbiegh was firmly on his feet. His face was glowing with indignation, and in his indignation he had performed three rhetorical curves in the air with his right hand before he was able to speak. It was a beautiful sight to see Mr. Oldbiegh thus excited, standing in one coat-tail, and waving his arm loftily in the air! When he did speak, he said:

“Gentlemen, I aren’t in the habit of speakin’, for I aren’t no lawyer, nor no preacher, nor no orator; but,

gentlemen, when a piece of yaller soap rises up on its legs at this table to attack me, I rise to defend myself from the varmin' and yaller dog! And if I can't defend myself by talkin', let that 'ar' piece of yaller soap bring around its biggest friend to fight for it, and I'll punch the head of that 'ar' friend 'till he sees more stars than a astronomer! And if that 'ar' piece of yaller soap ain't satisfied, let it bring around the rest of its friends, and I'll whop them all for his sake, darned ef I don't!

"The varmin' he's spoke of women, and of their being absolute perfection. I aren't the man to say a word agen women, and I never will, but ef you only know'd what an awful kettle of fish one of 'em has gone and put me into, gentlemen—well, gentlemen, it's beyond the powers of description!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, wiping his perspiring forehead as he sat down.

The President of the association, perceiving signs that the quarrel would continue, induced Mr. Barlum, Jr., to commence playing on the banjo. He then called "order," and winking at several other members, they also called "order," and when Mr. Oldwhistle arose, loud shouts of "order," interspersed with a few cat calls and groans, induced him to resume his seat. The young man played several jigs, and was then called upon for a song, and sang "Old Folks at Home," and was loudly applauded. He then sang "Little Empty Cradle," and was slapped on the back by his neighbors

Mr. Geseign was called upon. Between Mr. Geseign and Mr. Barlum there existed quite a rivalry, and Mr. Geseign desired to be called upon once oftener than



his rival. In order to accomplish this end he resorted to the following strategic action. After tuning the banjo to suit himself, he played a very ordinary air on the instrument. He was then asked for a song. He sang a song which was just out; but this was not the song they wanted, for he sang one with which the members of the club were alone to be satisfied, and they never allowed him to arise from his seat until he had sung it. This song was named "Mrs. Lofty." With a laugh he said he had forgotten it, and sang another song which pleased them very much, commencing:

"Night came on a hurricane,  
The seas were mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid  
And spoke to Billy Bowline."

This, however, did not satisfy the "Convivials," so they called loudly for "Mrs. Lofty," and Mr. Geseign not only sang it, but was compelled to repeat the last verse.

Several toasts were responded to after this, and as the members continued to drink, at a late hour they might have been seen in various positions around the room. One gentleman was sitting in the corner with his outstretched legs wide apart. Several were under the table. Several more had their chins against their bosoms, their chairs tilted back, and their feet upon the table, while they tried to smoke the cigars which somebody had spilled on the wine-stained table, and

would ever and anon put the lighted ends in their mouths.

Mr. Oldwhistle was resting on his chair, with head hanging over one side, and his legs over the other; and his limp condition greatly amused Mr. Oldbiegh, who, with Mr. Geseign and one or two others, was still tolerably sober.

The members of the club, with the exception of the member in the corner and the members under the table, at last started for home. After they had gone a short distance, singing and shouting as they went, one member left the rest and turned into a side street, and a few moments later he was heard amusing himself by firing three shots from his pistol into the air. This member terminated his evening's amusement by winding up in a cell of the City Prison.

Another member found his way home, but before retiring to rest relieved his feelings by firing two pistol shots into the body of a neighbor's goat, which was gazing sadly by moonlight between the pickets of the fence which divided the two yards. Still another suddenly left his companions on a run, and did not stop until, after scrambling up a long stairway on Kearney street, he fell prostrate in front of the door of the studio of an artist named Mendell Welcker, and this gentleman, naturally mistaking him for one of his artist friends, dragged him to a lounge in the studio. The next morning when the artist went to breakfast he pinned a paper to the vest of the member of the society of "Convivials," requesting him if he was sober enough

when he left to read English to leave the key under the door-mat.

Still another member, who lived in a house facing on a street car track, was started between the rails by his companions, and told not to leave the track until he was opposite his house. After many violent exertions to keep between the rails, and attempting to rest by seizing posts along the road, every one of which, after whirling him around several times, persisted in throwing him to the ground, finally he did reach home; and after debating with himself as to the advisability of taking a rest before going into the house, he concluded at last to take the rest. He sat down on the ground, and after muttering to himself repeatedly the words, "High old time," decided that it would conduce to his ease to lie on his breast. He therefore assumed this position, and had the general appearance of a man eating grass.

Still another grave member of the club went home to the bosom of his family, which consisted of a talkative wife, and found himself alongside of his wife's bed in a prostrate condition, before she was aware of his presence. With an indistinct idea that the proper thing to do was to get into bed, he attempted to raise himself from the floor by pulling on the counterpane. In this operation he, of course, pulled the counterpane off the bed. He then attempted to raise himself by pulling on the blankets, but the blankets were also pulled off. As a last resort he strove to raise himself by pulling on the sheets. When they came off his good wife awakened and took in the situation at a glance. We

shall not describe the cruel manner in which she treated him, for fear that the fair reader will feel shocked that one of her own sweet sex could have had such a barbarous disposition. Believing that we have faithfully described these important transactions of the "Convivials," it is proper that we should throw down our pen and take it up in the next chapter, and in the interval regale ourself with a luxurious five-cent cigar—for we have no wife to prevent it.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### MR. GESEIGN'S TRAGEDY.

"WELL, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he sat up in his bed the morning after the entertainment given by the "Convivials," "well, Tommy," said he, as he drank his coffee and tasted his toast, "what a blessin' it are to be a bachlor! Say, have you learned anything about the case of me and that 'ar' widdyer in the courts?"

"I have," said Mr. Geseign, "visited the Temple—erected to police justice. The Temple—beautiful structure—where justice is meted between bunnmah and bummah, where the judge sits—in his rigidity—a holy terror to the youthful—offender. I have talked with the frigid—clerk. The frigid clerk tells me (I am his friend), confidentially, that your case—to use his words—'is slightly a stunner. It is,' says he—

confidentially—"the very deuce of a case." In such cases—he says—the jury—composed of doting fathers—and loving husbands—is bad material—for you. They consider women simple creatures—silly wretches—betrayed by harsh men; and the dear fathers—blind to all wiles—convict the harsh men without fail—every pop. Quite so.

"Justice—or no justice—your case, he says—confidentially—is hopeless. Ah! my friend—there is one escape from this—calamity. The woman—Kate Brumlin—offers to settle—for five hundred shinahs. You are now—in a box; you can thus creep out. The day of deliverance is—at hand!"

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly, "it can't be did. It's no use temptin' me. No, never!"

"What?" said Mr. Geseign, with a deprecatory motion of his hand.

"No use," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "it can't be did, no-how. Go 'way from me, Tommy; don't try to tempt me."

"Let me tell you," said Mr. Geseign, "reason; cast away sentiment. For one moment confer—with yourself. Picture the scene. You stand—in the court room—you sit—in the court room—a criminal! Fathers of daughters—husbands of wives—in the audience—condemn you. Twelve fathers—in solemn dignity—in twelve chairs—in the jury box—condemn you—unheard. Public sentiment is—against you. The learned gentleman—who prosecutes—eloquently calls you—a monstah! Then the twenty-four eyes—of the twelve indignant—fathers—frown on—the monstah! You

are—the monstah! The learned gentleman—eloquently—feels sorrow—that you belong—to his race. The twelve fathers—feel sorrow. Next—a dramatic—effect. The bashful Kate—poor creachaw—is borne in. Poor thing—how sad! Hollow cheeks—and pale—with chalk! Black rings—of Indiah ink—beneath her eyes. So haggard! The twelve fathers—gaze again—on the monstah! Cruel villain! Infamous hound! The black eyes—the pale cheeks—are his work! She—so weak and unprotected. The learned—gentleman—calls you names. Wonderful eloquence! The twelve fathers weep—profusely! The monstah is sent to San Quentin—by those fathers. In the Penitentiary you grow bald—by compulsion. Fearful experience! By compulsion your dress is—a uniform. You look—in your uniform—like a stout—garter snake! Dreadful! Oh—my friend—listen—to reason!”

“Never! It can’t be did, nohow!” said Mr. Oldbiegh, sternly. “Don’t tempt me!”

“Well, my friend,” said Mr. Geseign, you will suffer—in spite of—hallelujah!”

“All right,” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “I’m the man what won’t whine over it, even if they do turn me to a garter snake! If it comes, it comes, and thar’s the end on it!”

“But,” said Mr. Geseign, “think—reason.”

“It aren’t no use,” said Mr. Oldbiegh; “ef them twelve varmin’ are a-goin to send me to San Quentin because they ain’t got brains enough to know that any grown woman what walks the earth can purtect her-

self from any man, if she only wants to, I'll go to San Quentin, darned ef I don't!"

"True," said Mr. Geseign, "very true—the sentiment is true. But let some other man—practice it. To be a martyr is delightful—in theory; in practice—disagreeable!"

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "changing the subject, when I passed your room last night your door was open, and a lamp which was lighted was sitting on the table, and lying on the desk was a picture of the tallest tree I ever set eyes onto, all drawn in ink. The tree had a trunk about the size of a knitting-needle, and was about two foot high; and all the branches was straight, except where they started off at a sudden angle, and they all had the names of people written over them in red ink. Are you a artist?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign; "you did not comprehend—the tree. It is my ancestral—my genealogical—tree. I am—the top branch. Gaze on me—I am a blood! You see before you—a blood!—a thorough blood! And the blood—is blue—entirely blue."

"I s'pose by that 'ar'," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "you mean you're fond of fast horses?"

"Quite," said Mr. Geseign, "as any other blood. Oh!—blood! The beauties of blood! Proud word! It brings to my mind—my ancestahs. I see their shadowy—figures. I see them looming into the remote—past. One thousand years of ancestahs—all bloods! Think of it! Interesting thought—for you; but a sad spectacle for me—their only son. I see them—my twenty fathers—jolly old bloods! Affecting sight

—to me—their sole—survivor, stranded—in the land of gold—without a dollah!”

“How do you make out that ‘ar’?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Have you liquor—to soothe—my feelings—while I relate?” asked Mr. Geseign.

“Ring that ‘ar’ bell in the wall, thar,” said Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Geseign did so.

“Wait,” said he, as he went out, “I will fetch the melancholy—tree.”

When he came back the waiter had arrived with a bottle of whisky and two glasses. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign both sampled the liquor, and considering it to have the proper taste, Mr. Geseign winked at Mr. Oldbiegh, who by way of response closed one of his large blue eyes, while an owl-like and solemn expression covered his face.

“Tommy,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “before you commence, put a couple of pillows under my back, for I’m kind of weak to-day, somehow, though I can’t account for it; and my head aches for some reason, so put a wet towel around it, and close that ‘ar’ shutter to keep the sunlight out of my eyes.”

Mr. Geseign did as requested. Then, taking a seat and putting his feet up on the washstand, he upset the pitcher, which fell to the floor and was broken. This caused Becky, the blonde housemaid with the red tassels on her shoes, to rush into the room, with an angry expression on her visage.

“Charming creachaw!” said Mr. Geseign, as she



entered the room, "take a seat. Do not feel embarrassed by the appearance—of my friend."

"Oh! you wretch, what have you done?" said the rosy Becky.

"Becky—my dear—don't be cruel!" said Mr. Geseign, "or I shall proceed—to expire."

"You're an ugly scamp!" said the girl, as she began to pick up the pieces.

"Don't—don't!" said Mr. Geseign, in an agonized tone, "with your too tendah—fingers," and he got down on his knees beside her and began to help pick them up.

"You're always so awkward," said Becky, with something like a smile. "Now," said she, standing up, with the pieces in her brown checked apron, "will you ever do it again?"

"Nevah!" said Mr. Geseign.

She glanced at him a moment with a look of reproof, surrounded by a look of admiration, in her eyes, and left the room; and upon gazing through the crack behind the door Mr. Oldbiegh saw her shaking the handle of her broom menacingly at Mr. Geseign, who stood at the door, holding it half open.

"I am," said Mr. Geseign, as he resumed his seat, "a nobleman—in disguise! My first ancestah—here he's perched—in this tree—Sir Humphrey Bolding—was a Baron. Full blood. His nose was—Roman. His features—aristocratic. He came over—with William—the Conqueror—bosom friends—in the same boat! On a spree—and a tare—all the way. Never sober—jolly old cocks! When they landed—sobered

up—how they fought—dreadful! In the thickest—and the thinnest—of the fight—everywhere—all at once! Wonderful warriors—those days! My ancestah had four horses—shot under him. One—over him. William had two! My ancestah met a Saxon—a cruel giant. With one blow he killed him and cut his ears off. Presented them—to William. He wore them next his heart forever after—as a trophy.

“Sir Humphrey had issue—three boys: Sir Henry, Sir Gavalkine and Sir Beaumont. All three had—light hair. The eldest was quiet, religious and cunning. Would be—a monk. The second was ambitious. Would be—a monk. He threw the eldest—in a tower. Heated—an iron. When red hot he ran it—down his brother's throat. Was lord—himself by the operation. He never had—a child. In consequence he died—of grief. His brother had thirteen daughters—no sons. He paid the priests to pray—for sons—vast sums of shinahs. It wouldn't work. My ancestah was disgusted. The eldest daughter—inherited. As a female—she was cruel. She crushed the hearts of many males—for she was beautiful. I have—her features. She married—a strolling musician. He was proud to be—at no great expense—an Italian Count. Kept up the blood. My next ancestah murdered—his mother. He was in debt to the money-lenders—to a fearful extent, and wanted—his inheritance. And so my ancestahs kept on being born—all bloods. I am the last of the stock—a lonely and a noble—monument!”

“That accounts for them fellers at the ‘Convivials’

callin' you a blood. I understand it now," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"They all—know it," said Mr. Geseign. "The whole world knows it, but blood, like intellect, is nothing—without money. I am a brilliant young man and—I am a blood. I write poetry—of the grandest character. Poetry—by Thomas Geseign! But all is—unrecognized—and has been for years—for I am poor—while the rot—of other men's brains—is praised—to heaven!"

"You're right thar, Tommy; for I've seen the time when people wouldn't no more notice me than a dog, but now them what are a-beginnin' to find out I've got coin are a showing me more attention than is due to the Duke of Cackyack or the King of the Sandwich Islands. I didn't know you was a poetical writer, though."

"Oh! its easy—anything is—poetry—if you've got coin—to push it. Pay the big guns to say—it's poetry. Pay them—to praise it. And some men will be certain—to believe it. Others will fear—to deny it. And then come the sheep—to repeat their ideas. If I couldn't write such slush as the first poets of to-day—have written—pshaw! I wouldn't have the audacity to offer my services—to a Chinaman for one bit—a day! Coin!—coin! Beautiful coin! It will make orators—it will make writers—it will make statesmen—it will make gods! Be-youtiful chink!" said Mr. Geseign, slapping his leg in the intensity of his emotion.

"Did you ever write for the papers?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Shall I tell you my experience?" said Mr. Geseign, looking inquiringly at his companion.

"Bang away," said Mr. Oldbiegh, nodding his head approvingly.

"In the last six years," said Mr. Geseign, "my articles—which I have written—tragic—pathetic—comic and all—have been rejected one hundred and eighteen times by all the leading—eastern monthlies. By eastern weeklies—I have been rejected—often. And yet—some of these journals—publish idiocy—imbecility—and slush. By two drivelling California publications—I have been rejected. You might think I was a spring poet and had a right—to be discouraged—in those six years. No—I admitted—no such right. Instead—I tried—an experiment. I numbered the pages—of my MS. Page six was placed after page thirteen. When it came back—page six was still—at its post. Tried the experiment again. Placed page four after page seven, page five after page fourteen. Bucked a new tiger. MS. came back—undisturbed. I thus perceived that there was a close corporation—somewhere. I was not—discouraged. My ancestahs' blue blood was running still—in my veins. I felt it!

"Six years—of failure! I felt like a chicken—with its head cut off. Yet still I could flutter—and fluttered like hallelujah. 'Keep her up—old boy'—said I. I bucked—the old tiger—called Fate—once again. For thirteen nights—without intermission—I wrote! On the thirteenth night I completed—a tragedy. I called it 'To the Bitter End.' Filled with horrors—it was tragic. I collared a Hoodlum. I took him to my room.

—I read it, and asked him—how he liked it. He said he'd seen it played before—by Booth—and it was 'wrote by Shakspeare!' I collared a lawyer. Same result. I collared a preacher. Same result. I collared a bootblack. Same result. I presented it to forty-seven—actresses. None of them—wanted it. I took it to the theatre. A sarcastic stage-manager told me I lied—when I said I wrote it, and said—it was wonderful—and instead of playing it—tried to play me—by saying such a play hadn't been written—for centuries."

"Have you got any of that 'ar' tragedy?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I have," said his companion.

"Let's have some," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Geseign went into his room and returned with some dirty MS.

"Read her," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "turn her loose," as he poured out another glass of whisky, "and fix these yer pillows first, for my back seems to be gettin' weaker; and shut up them green blinds a little more, before you start into her; then I'll tell you whether it's natchral or not."

"All right," said Mr. Geseign, as he closed the shutters. "I will first—repeat to you—some passages. If then you like it—I will read it—through. Here's a love scene," and he read as follows:

SCENE II.—An open place in front of Mrs Stone's house in Berkeley; the full moon rises over the hills.

*Enter* GODFREY, R.

*God.* Before the night came here was she to meet me:  
Either some strange mischance hath fallen her,

Or else kind-hearted Night hath drawn her veil,  
 Before the time, to keep the hot-rayed sun  
 From off her face. Now come the little stars;  
 Through every crack of Heaven do they peep down  
 To catch a view of her o'er-lovely face!  
 But now she comes! I hear her steps  
 Making sweet music for th' enraptured air!

*Enter JOSEPHINE, L.*

*Jos.* And did you think that I would never come?

*God.* The hours did truly seem stretched out so long,  
 I might have named them never; but since now  
 I see thee here, the evil of that time  
 Does serve but as a contrast to these moments,  
 That like to sunbeams, frightened by the night,  
 Do swiftly flee away!

*Jos.* I had been here,  
 But that some envious demon held me back,  
 Now placing this, now that, across my path!

*God.* 'Tis strange, then, that the mighty fairy legions  
 Sallied not forth to guard thee 'gainst this demon;  
 For I know that these fairies love thee well;—  
 I've seen them oft, wrapt in a cloak of sunbeams,  
 Coming, unknown to thee, to steal sweet kisses  
 From off thy rosy lips; at other times  
 Bearing the hue from off thy lovely cheek  
 To paint their home, the cloud-placed rainbow, with!

*Jos.* You seem to be acquainted well with these  
 Same tiny beings from another world.  
 'Tis only through the gate of midnight dreams,  
 Be it now known, that we may enter in  
 The fairy kingdom; so these compliments  
 Are fancies only, born within a dream.

*God.* Speak you of dreams, my lovely Josephine?  
 Then I'll tell you that has reality  
 Stamped on its face. You know I've loved you long;—  
 Deny it not with those hard frowns; and yet  
 E'en they do well become thy gentle face;—  
 I've loved thee long and well, and now I ask  
 A greater boon than all—that hand of thine!  
 No answer now? Ah! in thy eye I see  
 The hard word "No" look forth; Oh! banish it  
 From that sweet place, where heretofore  
 Kind smiles alone a dwelling had!

*Jos.* Perhaps it was not there; or, if it was,  
 'Tis banished.

In answering thus, it may have seemed that I  
Have been too soon in so surrendering  
My hand to thee; if so, this my excuse—

*God.* You give excuse? No, no, 'twere better far  
To crush the silly laws! Oh! now is all  
My happiness complete!

*Jos.* And in the centre of this happiness  
I'm forced to tear myself away from you!  
But blessings rest  
Within the thought we soon shall meet again!

*God.* Oh! go not yet; the hour is not yet late!

*Jos.* Nay, but the moon is sinking o'er the hill;  
See how her poor, wan face looks thin and pale.  
I wonder hath she lost some one of those  
Her myriad, star-browed children, that  
She weeps while she majestically moves  
Through night's blue heaven?

*God.* If she is weeping, then I'll pity her;  
For, while I feel the sweetness of thy love,  
I cannot think but all the world is sad!

*Jos.* The tide of night hath nearly reached the top;  
Now must I tear myself away from thee!  
These hours were stolen from underneath the eyes  
Of my aunt, who does harshly watch my conduct.

*God.* Oh! not yet, Josephine! the stars  
That mark the minute places in the sky  
Have not been three times rounded by the hand  
Of stillness, that doth mark the hour of night!

*Jos.* Were I to mark the hours upon this clock,  
The morning light would guide me to my home.

*God.* The hours of time have shorter grown of late.

*Jos.* Oh! Godfrey, would that I might yet remain!  
But in this world is still a cruel fate,  
And I must tear myself away from thee!  
Good-bye, my love, good-bye!

[*Exit* JOSEPHINE, R.]

*God.* Gone! And is she gone? Oh! evening breeze  
Bear these my blessings after her.

[*Exit* GODFREY, L.]

"How's that?" asked Mr. Geseign, looking toward  
Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Natchral, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, smiling. "I  
couldn't a-made love no better myself!"

"Life," said Mr. Geseign, "I have pictured—fleeting life. Here it is:"

*Mrs. Ard.* How swiftly Time, upon unwearied wing,  
Is ever fleeing back into the past;  
The monster Future slowly creeps on toward us,  
While that poor sparrow, Time, affrighted flies  
Into the Past, that prison cage, which, closed,  
There's none so strong can ever open it.  
It seems but yesterday that Lily, here,  
Gave up her hand to her young, loving husband;  
And then seemed Josephine but still a child,  
That now is turned into a full-grown woman.

*Ard.* Life's but a breath, borne off by meanest winds;  
Or word, that writ upon the ocean's shore,  
The waves will wash away,  
A fleeting thing, that sleeps and wakes and dies;  
A dream that is dreamed and is over! [*Exeunt.*]

"It's natchral, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "You hardly see a man's legs appearing, as he comes down into the world, before you see him disappearing, as he goes up out of it! You're right, thar."

"Here's a description," said Mr. Geseign, warming up under the praise of his friend, "of a fellow—who got left—by a woman."

"Whop her out," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Geseign read:

SCENE II.—A bedroom in a hotel in New York. A door L. 2 E., through which enter BLACKWELL and MRS. STONE. A door R. C., which opens into a room behind the first. R. 2 E., a window with curtains hanging on either side.

*Black.* Thy niece looks colder on me every hour!

*Mrs. Sto.* Ha! is it so? and hath

Thy love not prospered?

*Black.* Prospered? I'd sooner woo the porcupine  
Than woo thy niece; for when I moved near her,  
She shot her scornful glances,



As swift as flames from out a mitrailleuse,  
And when I called her "rose," she called me "villain!"  
Then, when I spoke of love, she said my tongue  
Had stained that word, so that she ne'er again  
Could stand and hear it uttered, patiently!  
I then sent out my thoughts o'er all creation  
A-wandering to gather pretty names,  
Which, garnished with sweet accent, I did call her;  
But, all the while, she stamped with her small foot,  
Nor would she lend attention to my speech.

*Mrs. Sto.* And, like a craven, you gave up the fight!  
Oh! that I were a man but for an hour,  
Then I'd make such a wooing for these maidens  
As they have never dreamed of heretofore.  
Not with a mournful look would I gaze at them  
But with a glance that reached their very souls,  
And they did tremble till their knees waged war  
With one another!  
For every soft and silly sigh they gave  
I'd give a curse that so would frighten Love  
That, trembling, he would hide behind their tears!  
But come, poor coward, at thy work again;  
I'll be at hand to give thee my protection,  
If you are vanquished for a second time.  
I'll go call Josephine, and bring her here,  
That you may woo, and then I'll slip behind  
This hanging curtain, there to note your progress. [*Exit.*]

*Black.* Were I now one of these warm-hearted fools,  
This Josephine I'd call a flower, and send up tears  
To weep in my two eyes, for she, unlike the oak,  
Has no protection 'gainst the howling storms.  
I'd harp upon her child-like innocence,  
And then, perchance, some burning tears of mine  
Would warm the heart, till I did grow so soft  
I'd love the little birds, and fear to crush  
A creeping worm!  
But should I marry her, at first she'd weep,  
And pale her face would grow; but then we cannot  
Forever look upon the blushing rose;  
At times 'tis best to see the cold-faced lily.

"That 'ar's good, too, Tommy; it's natchral. What  
a darned galoot that 'ar' Blackwell was, anyhow! But  
that Mrs. Stone warn't the woman to fool with! I'll

just bet she was a two-forty widdy; warn't she, Tommy?"

"She was—quite," said Mr. Geseign.

"I'd a swore to her identity as a widdy," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Here's another—passage," said Mr. Geseign:

*Cath.* You'd hear my tale? 'tis not a pretty tale,  
Of how a lover woo'd, and prospered;  
But how he woo'd, and how, with cruelty,  
He crushed the rose when broken from the stem!  
I had a home once, like those ye may see  
When, hungrily, you wander Christmas nights,  
From the cold streets, to see the happy faces  
That pass the windows flit with looks of joy.  
Once my face, too, did through a window shine  
Lit by the soul's soft light, the light of happiness:  
That home is gone, for on a fated night  
I did present this hand to one who ne'er  
Laid aught of value on the gift I gave;  
But ever grew to hate me more and more;  
I know not why—I never did know why;  
But oft I noticed when his face was turned  
From me away, and bore a smile upon it,  
That smile swift vanished if he looked toward me.  
And angry hate sprang quickly to his eyes!  
And then, at times, he'd strike me in the face,  
And laugh to see the darkened spot come there!  
One night he took me to a gloomy street,  
And pierced me with a chilly-bladed dagger!  
Nay, but when he did think the breath was gone,  
He called me back, and wept so piteously,  
That though my mouth could not, my heart forgave him.

*Jos.* Forgive the man, that, in his cruelty,  
Did stab thee with a chilly-bladed dagger?

*Cath.* Aye, for my love was such a love that it  
Did call a thousand small excuses up,  
That plead for him with words so filled with music  
That they did claim my frowning soul, that judged  
Until it gave the sentence of forgiveness!

*Jos.* And where is he, thy cruel husband, now?

*Cath.* My ear has grown a-weary, waiting long

To have some bird-like message light on it,  
To whisper to me of his whereabouts.

Oh! I do fear that we will never, never meet again!

*Jos.* How strong is woman's love;—Oh! God, how freezing  
Is grown this dark night's wind;—in listening to  
Thy sorrows, had I e'en forgot the wind.

[*Storm increases.*]

*Cath.* I know a place that lends far better shelter  
Than this one does; then come and let us thither;  
We'll lie together, and may both keep warm

"I'd a-liked to have caught the husband of that 'ar' pretty little gal!" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "and if ever I do run across him, I'll wring his neck till his gizzard's busted, darned ef I don't!" and Mr. Oldbiegh arose and shook his fist. "What the pretty critters will go and throw themselves away for on such darned varmin is more than I can make out! Why don't they take a white man first, even if he is as ugly as a mud fence?"

"How's this?" said Mr. Geseign:

SCENE IV.—New York State. Open country, mountains surrounding.

*Enter CATHARINE and JOSEPHINE, who stop by a stream.*

*Cath.* Come, let us rest here on this mossy bank;  
This long day's walk hath made my limbs grow weary.

*Jos.* A pretty spot is this. Methinks that here  
The busy bee must spend his holidays;  
The humming-bird, that drinks from flower-made cups  
The ant, that does build up his mighty cities,  
Come here to rest. And then, perchance, they feast:  
For tables having a white lily's leaf,  
For napkins white rose leaves, and for their plates  
The golden buttercups.

*Cath.* A broken sunbeam for their knives and forks.

*Jos.* Aye, that was well; and for their food the bee  
Would fetch his honey.  
And when the dinner was removed, they'd have  
A silver cloud, brought from the sky above,  
To dance upon.

- Cath.* And for a sky they'd have  
A maiden dream of love, to hang o'erhead.
- Jos.* A pretty way is this to bid the hours  
That are unwelcome to depart from us.  
This silver cloud you'd have them dance upon  
Brings back to mind the falling clouds of snow  
When first we met;—thank God that I do now  
Feel its cold chill but in imagination:—  
Sweet Catharine, do you recall the hour?
- Cath.* Ah, well do I, and two conflicting feelings,  
Like night and day, do meet in memory;  
The one—the bright one—tells me then I met thee.  
The other, dark, does tell me of the storm.  
And as the night is but a shadow of the day,  
So is the suff'ring of that dreary hour  
A shadow only to the joy of thee!
- Jos.* Sweet friend, I thank thee; would that all my thanks  
Did bear a thousand blessings on their backs:—  
We have been friends in dark misfortune's hour,  
Let us be friends forever.
- Cath.* Though we have  
No other food, we'll live on that till death.
- Jos.* Last night I dreamed of those far off at home—  
At home, said I?—I never had a home—  
Of that far land, upon the Western shore,  
Of which I told thee.
- Cath.* Nay, you did not tell me,  
Except that once you had a few friends there;—  
But tell me now, while we are resting here,  
About those friends.
- [Enter GODFREY and a DETECTIVE.]
- Jos.* But who are these, that come with eagerness  
Peering out through their eyes. What! can it be?
- Cath.* Who?
- God.* Now are you found at last, my heart's sweet treasure!
- Jos.* Found, found, found!
- God.* Aye, found, my darling, after searching long  
And wearily for you.
- Jos.* Now is the odor of life's flowers of joy  
Borne to me by the breath of happiness  
Oh, 'tis too sweet to be a thing of earth!  
This happiness is far too sweet for earth!  
Some envious thing will soon be creeping in  
To murder it.
- God.* Oh, that I had a pen, the which could write  
The rose's breath, the drooping lily's hue;

Then would I place, 'mid breath of flowers that die  
 Upon the lonely prairie, while awaiting  
 For the return of its long absent mate ;  
 Or birds that wept out songs of melody,  
 And in a prison died ; the tales of these  
 Sweet moments.

*Jos.* Now let me make known to thee, Godfrey  
 My only friend, except yourself, on earth.

*God.* As thou hast been the friend of Josephine,  
 I know that thou art gentle, loving, kind,  
 And I do covet back the years now gone  
 In which I might have known thee.

*Cath.* And all joy,  
 That ye have felt at meeting, have I shared  
 With you. And now may Time, with each year, reap  
 A harvest of his greatest blessings for you—  
 Farewell ! [*starts to go.*]

*Jos.* Nay, but you shall not go !  
 You have  
 Been sister to me in adversity,  
 By your own wish ; and now, by my command,  
 You shall be sister in prosperity.

*God.* There, Josephine did speak my thought for me.

*Jos.* Then let us quickly to the Sunset State.

Mr. Geseign looked up when he had finished the above, and noticing the fact that his companion was asleep, he ceased to make extracts from his play, and with the sigh of a neglected genius took it back to his room and tossed it carelessly into a wooden box at the foot of his bed.

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## CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN GRUNYON.

AFTER depositing his MS. in the box at the foot of his bed, as was said in the last chapter, Mr. Geseign went down into the large kitchen in the back part of

the hotel and on the first floor thereof. In this room a number of persons in white aprons were at work; they wore white caps, and over the large range stood several such persons superintending the cooking. The steam from the stew in several large brass pots on the stove was rising into the air and mingling with the odor of fresh carrots, which arose from a table in a corner, where a man was cutting them in a wooden vessel with a chopping-knife. With this musical weapon he played a number of entertaining tunes, amongst them "Yan-kee Doodle" on the bottom of the vessel.

"Where's Becky?" asked Mr. Geseign, addressing this personage.

"Hey?" said the man, stopping in the middle of a sentimental tune.

"No," said Mr. Geseign, "it is hardly—hay—but Becky."

"Hanging clothes in the yard," said the man, going on with his work.

As it was about an hour before he would have to go to the Oakland boat, to attend to the passengers who came from the East on the afternoon train, Mr. Geseign strolled down the stairway which led from the kitchen to the little back yard of the Golden Chariot Hotel. Here he found Becky, with her dress pinned up, and by her side a large basket of white clothes, which she was hanging out upon the lines, which ran across the yard, while in her mouth she held a couple of clothes-pins. Mr. Geseign, with gallantry worthy of his blooded ancestors, proceeded to assist her to hang out the clothes. After ordering him to desist several times,

she at last yielded ; and while she took one end of the piece, he took the other end. Several pieces had been hung out in this manner, when a great misfortune happened to Mr. Geseign. He dropped one end of an unusually large piece of linen. Considering discretion the better part of valor, under the circumstances, Mr. Geseign took to his heels, but not before she had struck him over the head several times with a heavy bathing towel, and when he started up the back stairway, with the straw portion of a broom she hit him over the head several times before he reached the top.

Mr. Geseign next loitered into the reading-room, where he sat down at a table and took up an illustrated paper, and in a few moments his whole mind was absorbed in contemplating the features of a murderous barber, in light checked pants ; it was the picture of a man on the scaffold, with crape over his eyes, who was in the act of singing a dolorous Methodist hymn during his last moments, but who seemed by the expression on his face to find it quite difficult to sing to his own full satisfaction, because of the choking sensation produced by the disagreeable noose already around his neck. Mr. Geseign was just in the act of examining the picture of a gorilla, which was carrying off a child it had taken from its cradle, while the mother was seen in the distance running after the gorilla, with her hands in the air, when his attention was attracted by a stout Frenchman, who was sitting near one of the windows. This person at the same moment arose and came over and sat beside Mr. Geseign.

"I have seen," said Mr. Geseign, looking at him for

some moments, "your — benevolent countenance — before."

"You have," said the gentleman of French origin; "you have seen me about the police court."

Mr. Geseign nodded.

"I saw you with a stout man with a white vest on, who was arrested and charged with felony."

"Did you?—and I saw you," said Mr. Geseign.

"He's a friend of yours?"

"I've known him four days," said Mr. Geseign.

"It don't make no difference. How's he off for cash?" asked the other.

"Off for cash?" said Mr. Geseign, winking at the Frenchman with his left eye. "He's off—off like a shot—for cash. Where—do you want him—to go? He'll go—for cash."

"No, no!" said the other. "Has he got money?"

"A—wagon load," said Mr. Geseign, looking curiously at the Frenchman.

"A beautiful little pile," said the Frenchman.

"Make your eyes—water," said Mr. Geseign.

"I suppose," said his companion, "you'd like to go in for the pickings?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign. "In the safe deposit—I have three vaults—filled with diamonds. I crave—nothing more."

"But," said the other, "he'll want a lawyer?"

"Yes," said Mr. Geseign.

"Well, then, I'll tell you just what I'll do," said the man of French descent. "I'll make you a square offer."



"Oh! thanks — you overpower me!" said Mr. Geseign.

"I'm working for the law firm of Turlbridge and Monkey," said the Frenchman. "Now, if you'll get your friend to employ them as his lawyers, I get a third interest in the fee, and I'll go halves with you."

"You take me — by surprise," said Mr. Geseign. "Will you give me—one day—to consider?"

"Certainly," said the other.

"Thank you," said Mr. Geseign; "your kindness—I will nevah—no, nevah, forget."

"All right," said the Frenchman, as they shook hands heartily and parted.

Mr. Geseign next went down the steps of the Golden Chariot and walked leisurely along Washington street to the Oakland boat. On the boat he met on the lower deck Mr. Barlum, Sr., Sammy Barlum, the "cheeky phenomenon," and a number of the "Convivials." They talked over the late meeting of the club until they had crossed the bay, and until the people who had arrived on the Overland train from the Eastern States were on the boat. They then formed in line, Mr. Geseign being at the head of it—Master Barlum, Jr., assuming the next place, a stout runner the next, Mr. Barlum, Sr., the next, several tall and cheeky persons the next, and a very stout and cheeky runner at the end of the line, who swung his hands as he followed the others, and blew his nose violently between his fingers semi-occasionally. With the gilt letters spelling the names of the hotels which they represented on their hatbands glittering in the sunlight, they went solemnly

up the stairway which led to the upper deck of the steamer. Keeping no time, as they walked, but each one assuming that step which pleased him most, they wandered around the line of seats on the deck in Indian file, each calling out the name of the hotel he represented; and every few moments one would fall suddenly out of the line to pounce upon a victim. "Golden Char-riot!" sang out Mr. Geseign, in his most melodious tone of voice. "Danube Ho-o-otel!" sang out Sammy Barlum, Jr., as he seized upon a little German from the Vaterland. "Internay-shun-al!" sang out another. "Lick 'us'!" cried the next man, in a saucy tone. "Cos-s-s-mopolitan!" cried still another, in a hoarse voice. Mr. Thomas Geseign now opened the cabin door and the company marched into the large saloon, the stout man at the tail end swinging his arms so violently that he struck his fist against the brass lock of the door as he went in. While passing the red plush seats surrounding the white smoke stack, Mr. Geseign was suddenly stopped by a peculiar looking person who held a hickory cane across the aisle. Mr. Geseign looked at the man inquisitively. "Take a seat beside me," said that person, glancing at the letters on Mr. Geseign's hat.

Mr. Geseign gazed carefully at this person. He had a long, cadaverous countenance, sunken cheeks, shaggy eyebrows, a large nose and a sallow complexion. He wore a fur cap which, as it had a low crown, made his face look longer still. The cane which he held in his hand was a heavy one. Lying by his side was a circular cloak with a blue lining. His legs were crossed,

and the top leg, below the knee, was of wood. His vest was white, except where there were upon it yellow stains of tobacco juice. A neat gold chain hung from his vest pocket.

"You represent the Golden Chariot?" said this person.

"Yes," said Mr. Geseign.

"Shake, sir," said the other, holding out a lean, yellow hand.

"I shall—with pleasure—and pride," said Mr. Geseign.

"My name," said the other, gruffly, "is Captain Grunyon. My leg was shot off."

"How are you, Captain?" said Mr. Geseign, shaking his hand again.

"I went into the war with the Forty-fourth Tennessee," said the Captain, "with two whole legs. I weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. When I came out and took an inventory and found I was one leg short, as you see, I weighed one hundred and sixty. I leave you to explain it. Your name, young man, is—"

"Geseign," said that individual.

"Geseign?" said the Captain; "well, Geseign, I'm looking for a young fellow named Oldbiegh, who, I believe, is stopping at the Golden Chariot. Do you know him, Geseign?"

"Like myself—and better," said Mr. Geseign.

"Very good," said the Captain, in a gruff tone. "Junius Oldbiegh?"

"Junius Oldbiegh," said Mr. Geseign.

"The little imp!" said the Captain, smiling, as if

recalling something in the past, "what an outrageous, mischievous, villainous and everlasting monkey he used to be! Thunder and lightning! how the little villain used to rob orchards! It seemed like sleight-of-hand! Why, sir, he was an outrageous parody upon the good Sunday-school scholar, and I was his everlasting bosom friend and companion in all youthful mischief. Ah! we were a couple of birds!"

Mr. Geseign looked at his companion in prolonged astonishment. "You were boys," said he, at last, "and boys—genuine boys—are birds."

The Captain had with him a consumptive-looking little dog, with sunken, sore eyes. This animal was curled up on his circular cloak. The dog was so thin it could hardly walk, and its coat of hair was of a dirty yellow color. Noticing the fact that Mr. Geseign was looking at the dog curiously, the Captain said:

"The most wretched and unhappy dog in existence, at this moment, on the face of the globe. He never smiles. He's such a sickly, unhappy and wretched little skunk that other dogs won't notice him. He's nothing more than a sickly collection of rheumatic bones, wrapped up in a tissue hide, with hollow eyes; and yet the loathsome little beast has taken a liking to me, and being lame in his fore leg, as I am in mine, he hobbles after my lame leg in a way that touches my heart; and as all the members of his own race have deserted him, I'm blest if I don't share my last dollar with him!"

"Is he good for—say—to catch rats?" said Mr. Geseign.

"It may be owing to his present state of health, but I have not discovered that he is good for one solitary thing in the whole world," said the Captain. "He does not possess one redeeming trait. He is so infinitely good for nothing that for the very lack of redeeming qualities this little beast is the most remarkable dog that I ever saw."

By this time the boat had landed, and following after the crowd of passengers they soon were passing by a number of persons who incessantly cried, "Wh'ants a hack?" and this crowd was interspersed with talkative persons who cried, "*Express* wagon!" and with one individual who tried to seize the Captain's cloak, and another who wanted to carry his dog. The din of their voices was deafening.

"Which cars do we take?" asked the Captain.

"We'll go up in the hotel wagon," said Mr. Geseign.

They soon reached a large coach painted yellow, with a little iron railing around the roof, and on the side was painted the words, "Golden Chariot," and underneath the words was the picture of a golden chariot which was being drawn by six bay horses on a dead run.

The Captain hobbled up the back steps into the coach, and Mr. Geseign lifted the whining cur, which was making vain attempts to get up the steps, in after him. Mr. Geseign then climbed rapidly up to the seat in front, took the reins, shoved the brake loose with his right foot, and away they drove.

"Show the gentleman—to thirty-three—to Mr. Old-

biegh's room," said Mr. Geseign to a waiter, when the coach drew up in front of the Golden Chariot.

"Mr. Oldbiegh has just gone up to his room," said the waiter; "this way, sir."

The Captain threw his cloak over his shoulder, and with the dog under his arm followed the waiter up to Mr. Oldbiegh's apartment. The waiter knocked at the door and left the Captain standing there with the dog under his arm. Mr. Oldbiegh opened the door and looked at his visitor. The Captain with a gloomy look stood immovable as a sentinel at his post. As Mr. Oldbiegh continued to gaze at him, a look of recognition gradually overspread his features; and, at last, with a smile over his whole face, he stepped suddenly forward and took the Captain, dog and all, in his arms.

"Why, it's my old schoolmate, Jack Grunyon, arter all!" said he, his great blue eyes beaming with pleasure. The two continued to embrace each other so heartily that the sickly dog, being between them, yelped loudly in self-defense. The two old friends had a long talk over old times, and when Mr. Geseign came up-stairs, he found them with their arms around each other's backs, walking up and down the hall, the Captain's wooden leg making a thumping noise and the dog, with it's fore leg in the air, limping at his heels. The features of both the gentlemen were beaming with happiness. As Mr. Geseign came up, the idea struck Mr. Oldbiegh that his companion might be tired, so he invited him into his room, where they sat down. Mr. Geseign was asked if they couldn't have dinner in Mr. Oldbiegh's room, and he promised to see

the landlord and have the arrangements made, and was invited to be present himself. Mr. Geseign then went away and left the two companions alone together.

"Did you notice that 'ar' young man?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I did," said the Captain.

"Did you notice anything peculiar or extraordinary about him?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well," said the Captain, "he has a queer way of speaking, and his tone of voice is most peculiar."

"Did you notice anything else?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"No, I don't know as I did," said the Captain.

"That 'ar' young man," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "who is the smartest young man in America, and writes reg'lar tragedies, is a Lord, a reg'lar snob, and full blue blood, and he's the best natured young fellow in town, for a Lord; and he aren't ashamed to work for his living like a white man, though he are a Lord."

"What Lord? which Lord? whose Lord?" asked the Captain.

"A snob Lord," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "a reg'lar thoroughbred blue blood, descended from William the Conqueror, a chap who fought like forty fiends when he once got turned loose, a reg'lar blooded terror!"

"Speaking of fighting," said the Captain, changing the subject, "do you remember our last fight at school?"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I guess I do, for a man don't forget a good whoppin'—and the way I got whopped! haw! haw!"

"No," said the Captain, "I was whipped."

"No, you warn't," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "I was the one that was whipped."

"Blast it, no!" said the Captain, "you whipped me."

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a good-natured smile all over his broad features, "you just eternally larruped and whipped me."

"Blast it!" said the Captain, again, "no, you are fearfully mistaken; you punched my nose flat, so flat with the face that it did not begin to protrude for a week afterwards. I was so sore, Oldbiegh, that I did not dare to sit down for a month, and the first time I tried it I yelled like an Indian, and I was so weak that I felt as limp as a wet dish-cloth. You swept the playground with me like a whirlwind; and when recollection came back at three o'clock the next day, I was lying in bed at home cursing like a young fiend because I had hunted in vain to find one bone which did not seem to be broken. Blast it! I'll take my oath that you whipped me!"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, who had watched the earnest gesticulations of the Captain and the expressions on his face, "I'll just be eternally bobbed, darned ef I don't!"

"Certainly," said the Captain, "if you like. But I was most beautifully punished and intensely whipped. Why, Oldbiegh, I was the most despicable looking little wretch, the most hideous looking little brute, a wretched looking little monstrosity for months after. I can recall the expression of a hyena that beamed on my little countenance in those days for months after that whipping, blast it!"



At this moment a waiter came in and pulled out a table, which sat between the two windows, into the centre of the room, and took the red cover off and put a white cover on. He went out and soon returned with forks, knives, plates and glasses. In a little while the table was set and a little later, when a bottle of red claret was on the board, and a dish of broiled chickens, with heavy, delicious gravy, dinner was ready.

"Call Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, to the waiter; "do you know where he is?"

"He is down in the trunk room, helping Becky, sir."

"Tell him to come up," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Now," said he, when the waiter was gone, "now, Jack, you'll see the smartest and most wonderful man in the State of California. If he only had coin, there's no telling what he wouldn't be. Nobody could guess."

Mr. Geseign entered and the Captain surveyed him carefully from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Well, Junius," said the Captain, as he filled first Mr. Oldbiegh's glass, then Mr. Geseign's, and then his own to the brim with claret, "I've come to carry you back home with me to my ranch, and when I get you there, there you'll stay, so you can just pack up everything you've got and pay your hotel bill to date."

"I'm afraid I can't go now," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"That won't do," said the Captain. "As soon as I saw your name in the paper, I threw my wooden leg over my horse, took my canine friend under my arm, threw my cloak over my shoulder, and while I kicked my horse with my wooden leg, I flew like a witch on a

broomstick to the nearest station, took the cars, and here I am; and you shan't refuse me. No, certainly, blast it!"

"But," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I may be detained."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain, "throw business aside. You are not a villainous jail-bird to be held upon compulsion!"

Mr. Oldbiegh lost his color and did not speak for a moment. At last he recovered, and his sterling honesty induced him to look the Captain steadily in the face, as he said: "Mr. Grunyon—"

"Captain," said the other, correcting him.

"Captain Grunyon," said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking at him sternly, "I'm that 'ar'. I'm a darned jail-bird!"

"Blast it!" said the Captain, striking the floor with his wooden leg, as he picked up a chicken wing, "I say you are not!"

"But," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "Captain Grunyon, I am arrested at this moment, and I'm in the most awful fix ever a white man got into yet. I'll be just eternally bobbed ef I aren't!" and the perspiration began to run out of his forehead at the very idea of the fix he was in.

"Blast it!" said the Captain, as he thumped the floor again with his wooden leg, "I say you are not! You're not a jail-bird," and then he continued to nibble at his chicken wing.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "aren't I arrested along of a two-forty widdy?"

"Never mind," said the Captain, waving his hand, "I know the circumstances. You were trapped by a

venomous and toothless old night hawk. I met a few of the birds in my youth."

"Did you see," said Mr. Geseign, speaking to Mr. Oldbiegh, "the youthful Adonis—sitting in the office—to-day? Ladedah coat—Ladedah hat—Ladedah vest—Ladedah shoes—Adonis Ladedah—Ladedah creachaw?—oh! Ladedah!"

"I think I did," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"His career—is queer," said Mr. Geseign, "quite curious—and very romantic. He went to college—and drank—beer for—an education. He was hazed—hazed others **himself**, and studied—little. He met—in San Francisco—a lady. The Captain—describes her. He loved her—fiercely. He bought her—candy—a pair—of—gloves. Took her—to the theatre. His expenses—grew heavy. His father—was a parson. He wrote to him—for money—to buy—boots! A week later—for money—to buy—shirts. Later—for money—to pay—pew rent. His father—in church—took up—a collection. Late!—took up—another. More boots—more collection. The young man's lady—must have a seal-skin—coat. More boots—more collection. The vestry—grumble. The congregation—is furious. The young man—keeps calling—for boots. The church—is mortgaged—is sold. The young man—calls for boots once again. No—response—no echo—of boots! The lady—forgets him—loves another. She marries—a millionaire. Young man—feels degraded—and crazy. Becomes a—sneak thief. Effects of love. Beautiful story—by Thomas Geseign. I have more ready. Anything supplied—on short notice—from the grandest

tragedy — to sidesplitting comedy — by Thomas Geseign !”

“Well,” said the Captain, without noticing Mr. Geseign, “can’t you get this case put off?”

“It was put off—for two weeks—to-day,” said Mr. Geseign.

“Is that so?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“The solemn—truth,” said Mr. Geseign.

“Well,” said the Captain, “you’ll go now?”

Mr. Oldbiegh promised to go. It was therefore arranged that they would go the next morning, but not on the earliest train, as the Captain wanted to purchase some hunting-jackets, to get some guns which were being repaired, to buy some fishing-tackle, and to go and get a wonderful dog which a friend had promised to present to him. In order to make some purchases for his wife, he got up and left Mr. Oldbiegh, promising to be back by eight P. M. Looking at his large silver watch, Mr. Oldbiegh said: “You’ll hardly have time.”

“Yes, I will,” said the Captain, glancing at his wooden leg. “I can stump along like a moving whirlwind on it. There’s a tack in the end, and wherever I go, I leave such an impression in the sidewalk that people think top time is in again. By the way,” said the Captain, still lingering, “I was not a one-legged creature when you knew me last. I left it on the battle field where I suppose it is a whitened, grinning skeleton of a leg now. But we’ll talk of the war when we get out to the ranch.” And he hobbled through the door.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, clasping his legs, as he sat in his chair and gazed at that gentleman, who sat opposite to him, with his chair tilted back against the wall, "Tommy, how'd you like to go into my service? I beg your pardon, Tommy, I don't mean go into my service, but how'd you like to go round with me and be with me and have your expenses paid. You see, the fact of the matter is I've got money, and I see day after day the sharks are arter me, especially the females, and when a man is in such a fix he better look sharp, and I aren't got the knowledge to look arter it; so I want somebody to act as a kind of President of the corporation; and as ther' aren't nothing at all that you haven't seen and don't know, you are the man."

"You flatter me—when you mention—my acquirements. You make me—too utterly—utter—in the ways—of wisdom. Call me—Solomon—Solomon Ge-seign—and make me blush! But really—you are—mistaken. In this cruel city—I am—but an insignificant feather—blown on—the wind."

"No, you aren't, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "so don't be modest."

"Oh! allow me—but once more—the sweet privilege! Modesty—think of it! Bashfulness, its—twin sister! Oh! don't prevent me! I will—be modest. Oh! don't prevent me—I must be bashful! You wish me—to live—on your money and—do nothing—in return. Kind—and generous—friend! You are kind—overkind,—but I cannot—no, nevah!"

"Why, Tommy?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "aren't your services worth more than I'd pay for them? Don't I

need some one to go along with me what's had experience? Aren't this here logical argument?"

"Have you ever—before had—such a companion?"

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and I aren't run with snobs before neither; and if I talked the wrong language to a lot of miners, or in a Chinese wash-house, or done the wrong thing what wasn't fashionable, it didn't set everybody by the ears, as it does the snobs. I'm told if you eat with your knife, or-do anything unfashionable, every darned snob keeps a chattering about it; and they all keep chattering about it, like a set of darned monkeys, for six months to come. Now, Tommy, I want some one who's had experience to keep along with me, and tip me a wink at the right moment and prevent me from shooting off my mouth unfashionably; and from your experience, I'd rather have you than any other man. If you don't agree, I'll advertise in the personal column of the papers and take the first galoot who shows up."

After talking over the matter, at length it was agreed that Mr. Geseign was to throw up his present employment and act as Mr. Oldbiegh's travelling companion, for Mr. Oldbiegh had made up his mind to travel to the places of summer resort after his visit to Captain Grunyon, in case the criminal prosecution against him terminated favorably.

## CHAPTER V.

## A TOUR WITH MAJOR HAWKINS.

AT the moment that a distant bell struck eight, the Captain's wooden leg was heard thumping along the hall. Mr. Oldbiegh opened the door, shook hands with him again, and then they both took seats by the window. Mr. Oldbiegh produced a green pasteboard box from a shelf over the washstand, and handed it to the Captain. It was filled with Durham tobacco, and on top of the tobacco rested a couple of pipes.

"I've got my pipe with me," said the Captain, taking out of the inside pocket of his coat an immense meer-schaum, carved into the shape of a stout mermaid. The manner in which the pipe was colored showed that it had been used many years. The pipes in the box were large and of the brier root variety. Mr. Oldbiegh filled one of these. "During the war," said the Captain, lighting a match and holding it near his pipe until it went out, while he continued to talk, "the hardest trouble we had was to get chewing tobacco." He lighted several more matches, which also went out, while he was talking. "You ought to have seen me, after my first campaign, when I returned to my native village," said he. "My cap was without a visor, and the seams were ripped. I wore a blue overcoat with two brass buttons on it, and one tail gone; and there was nothing under the coat but my body. One of the legs of my pantaloons was gone below the knee, so I tied it with a piece of string, and drew the leg of my

boot over it. On the other foot I wore a shoe which had a piece of white cord for a shoe-string. My beard was long and my hair hung over my face; I was the most abominable, hideous and infamous looking scarecrow that dared to insult the sunlight with his presence. The birds, taking me for a scarecrow in reality, flew in flocks before me wherever I went. The children screamed with terror."

"I was reading in the newspaper to-day," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "that the child is the father of the man, and after studying it out, I'm darned ef he aren't."

"I think the remark is true," said the Captain, blowing a cloud of smoke above him; "and, furthermore," in a philosophical tone, "the child is the father, in the same sense of every other being."

"The child," said the familiar voice of Mr. Geseign, who had just opened the door and was still standing with his hand on the knob, "the child is the family—indicator. He is—the family thermometer. By the small boy you will know—the father. By the child you will anticipate—the mother. If the small boy—swears—so does—the father. If the mother calls her husband—a fool—so will—the child. If the family possess a secret—the child will—relate it. By their fruits—ye shall know them. A freak—of nature. I have here some tickets—to the minstrels. The dark creachaws—are good—quite so. You and the Captain had better go—and enjoy it—while you are—young. Oh! youth! youth!"

"Won't you go along?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I cannot," said Mr. Geseign; "other important affairs will absorb—my attention," and he departed.



"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "suppose we go."

"Certainly," said the Captain. "I'm intensely fond of minstrels; suppose we jog?"

"It's just about time," said Mr. Oldbiegh, dragging his watch out of his pocket and looking long and steadily at its face.

"Where shall we leave this venomous bulldog?" said the Captain, glancing down at the sickly cur, which was licking his only boot.

"We might leave him here," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "but I'm afraid he'd wake the whole hotel with his yelping."

"No," said his companion. "The little brute hasn't got sufficient constitution to yelp. She will sleep 'till we return."

"Oh! it's a she, is it?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

They left the dog in the room, locked the door and went down to the street. Kearney street was brilliantly lighted, and a crowd of people was ever moving in either direction along the sidewalks. A band of music was playing in front of the Bella Union; and as they had a few minutes to spare, the Captain suggested that they should take seats in the bootblack stand, which was situated near where the band was playing. Two Indian boys, with red shirts on their backs, one of whom wore a black leather belt around his waist, on which was painted in white letters the word "Champion," commenced polishing their three shoes. In a little while the one boot of the Captain was shining like a mirror, and the boy who polished it spent the additional time in brushing the Captain's clothes and his wooden leg.

They had crossed California street, when the Captain looked around to see where the music came from that he heard. He discovered, as soon as the noise of the cable road ceased, that it came from a little balcony above the door of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Oldbiegh asked the Captain what theatre it was. The Captain replied that it was the Adelphi.

"Why not go to that 'ar' theatre instead of Emerson's?"

"I'll show you," said the Captain, "if you'll walk this way," and he limped up to the door where a picture of a female most scantily dressed was discovered, who, while she stood on one foot, held the other high in the air. This picture was visible by the assistance of the gaslight which blazed in a large globe over the door. "I have never been inside," said the Captain, "but my old friend Hawkins, who served with me in the Forty-fourth Tennessee, has been, and if his description of the way the women dance the Can-can is true to nature, the show must be simply monstrous!"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, thoughtfully, "if we could only get a chance to see the show, without being seen; it's worth a man's while to see it, for the knowledge of human nature it gives him."

"Certainly," said the Captain, "it's the best show in town for the purpose of seeing human nature. The knowledge of human nature gained there, sir, is of inestimable value, and the benefits derived incalculable. If we could only get my friend Hawkins along,

the old soldier would point out to us all the sights about town!"

"Why not get him?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "What's to hinder?"

"By the way," said the Captain, "now I think of it, it's only three blocks from here to his house. But then it's almost impossible to communicate with him, for whenever I come to town, which is usually about three times a year, Jack and I generally get on the most terrific sprees together, and, as a consequence, his wife hates me like a dose of poison, and of late, when I've called for Jack, he has always been reported away from home by his better-half, who, when she sees me stumping toward the house, puts him in a closet and keeps him under lock and key until I'm gone, for he's the most outrageously hen-pecked and cur-like creature on the face of the globe. He has the most miserable, wretched, sneaking, mean and unmanly expression on his visage when in the presence of that woman; and yet he's as bold a soldier as ever faced the belching flames from a row of columbiads."

"Couldn't you just call for him at the door, without going in. You could send the servant to tell him to come out!"

"There are two objections," said the Captain. "In the first place, the servants all know me like a book, and they have orders to report my presence at headquarters immediately upon my arrival; so that would kill the whole scheme in its inception. In the second place, Mrs. Hawkins is monstrously jealous; and if jealousy-made people green, she would be as green as

a gourd and die of colic. For this reason she watches Jack with the eyes of a detective. It has come to such a pass that the man can't move until she has summoned the servants to watch him."

"Well, I'll be eternally bobbed." said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what a thing it is to be married, arter all!"

"Oh! it isn't that way in every case," said the Captain, thinking of himself. "I have a family of ten or fifteen, and I rule them with a rod of iron. But about Hawkins. Let me see. I remember; yes, yes, I did get a letter; and he said in it he was having a rope ladder made by which he could slip out of his library window. That's so! He must have it in working order by this time. You see, Junius, he and I have been corresponding on this subject. His wife wants him to write up the history of her family for his mother-in-law's golden wedding, which comes off some time next month. I told him in my last letter to claim that he couldn't write, if there was any danger of disturbance; since then he's been drawing caricatures of his wife's relations in the library with the door locked; and when he does slip out at night, he leaves the gas burning, and this throws her off his track. Now, it's just possible he's in the library, and if one of us was to take a stick and tap on the window, we might entice him out. What do you say to the scheme?"

"As you say," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well," said the Captain, "we'll take a drink and proceed to the attack."

They went into a neighboring saloon and each took

his favorite potation. They then started for the house occupied by the Captain's friend. This house was situated on the slope of Nob Hill, and a stone wall served as a fence and kept the earth from sliding. They went to the side entrance on a little alley which ran off from the main street. This alley was rather dark and the Captain had some trouble in finding the brass knob of the gate, and when he did find it he discovered the fact that the gate was locked. After discussing the situation at some length, Mr. Oldbiegh, remembering that his companion was lame, offered to climb the wall at the lowest point, and, following the Captain's directions, go to the library window and rap upon its surface, and, when the Captain's friend appeared, explain to him the object of his visit.

Accordingly, he scrambled over the wall with much difficulty, the Captain pushing him in the back with his cane by way of assistance. After getting up, Mr. Oldbiegh looked back and said: "I'm all here. What's the directions?"

"About six feet to your left as you face me," said Captain Grunyon, "you'll see a gravel walk. Follow that and you'll find yourself all snug at the back of the house. The first window from the corner is the library window and the point of attack."

"All right," said Mr. Oldbiegh, and after walking a few feet over the lawn he was on the gravel walk. Following this, he was soon behind the house.

With his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, Mr. Oldbiegh surveyed the back of the mansion long and carefully. Now, it so happened that, instead of thers

being only one corner to the back of the house, there were two; and instead of one window there were a couple, one next to each corner. Each of the windows was lighted up. That farthest from the street was the largest, but, as Mr. Oldbiegh understood the matter, he was to tap at the smaller of the two windows. Now, in this Mr. Oldbiegh was wrong, for the Captain had meant the larger of the two windows. In fact, he had forgotten that there was a smaller window, for the apartment which had this window in it had, until within a few days past, been used as a store-room, but upon the arrival of a new servant it had been cleaned out and given to her for her use. She was a thin, jaundiced person, with a large red head and sunken dark eyes. While Mr. Oldbiegh was standing with his fingers in his vest, gazing at the back part of the house, through the darkness, this interesting maiden was sitting in a chair in her room, by the washstand, staring abstractedly at the wall in front of her, and with a dreamy look on her face she awaited the tap on the window of her adored, for he had promised at the hour of nine to tap. Mr. Oldbiegh had, in the meantime, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting up on the top of a small barrel; and after standing there a moment, he tapped on the pane of glass. The red-headed woman, with a timid and retiring movement of her head, arose modestly and bashfully and went to the window. She threw open the casement and, like another Juliet, gazed out upon the night. It was a dark, still night; nothing was heard but the sigh of a zephyr and, perhaps, the sigh of a distant cat. Looking down below the

casement, she saw the top of Mr. Oldbiegh's head and the dim outline of his portly figure. Now, as the person she was expecting was a butcher of portly carriage and dignified appearance, she was happy

"Are you there?" she asked.

Mr. Oldbiegh, although somewhat surprised at being addressed, answered that he was. He did not dare to look up, for the reason that the barrel on which he stood was somewhat shaky, and for the further reason that an ugly dog was at that moment carefully investigating the calves of his legs, and playfully licking them, perhaps to ascertain their flavor.

"Do you know Captain Grunyon?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh, in a gruff whisper.

"I have heard of him," was the whispered reply.

Mr. Oldbiegh thought he discovered something peculiar about the tone of voice of the supposed gentleman overhead.

"Captain Grunyon is waiting outside," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"He is? What for?" asked the female.

"He wants you to come and go on a spree with us and have a little time."

"The baste he is!" said the voice up above, by which Mr. Oldbiegh came to the conclusion that the Captain's friend was one of those humorous persons of Irish descent with whom America abounds.

"Say?" said the voice.

"What?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"What a toime we'll have whin we get married. We'll have a foine toime, won't we?"

Mr. Oldbiegh opened his eyes in astonishment at first, but thought he had misunderstood the remarks of the supposed gentleman.

There were several moments of silence, during which the dog continued the investigation of his calves. Mr. Oldbiegh, in consequence, felt very uncomfortable.

"Are you there?" asked the voice overhead.

"I am," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

There were several moments of quiet again, during which the dog, having apparently become satisfied with the investigation of the right leg, had transferred its attention to the left.

"I'm quite happy up here; indade, I feel very pacable like," said the voice above; "are you happy down thayre, John?"

Mr. Oldbiegh began to think that something was certainly wrong, and in his uneasiness he moved his right foot. The dog uttered a low, grating growl.

"Is the darg thayre?" asked the voice.

"It are," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in an unsatisfied tone. Several moments of silence again on the part of all three, during which the dog continued to carefully investigate. Mr. Oldbiegh was growing exceedingly weary from the constrained position in which he was standing. "This is awful!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, speaking to himself, as he gazed down at the outline of the dog.

"Will you love me this way arl the toime?" asked the person at the window.



There could be no mistake now. Those touching words settled the whole matter. Mr. Oldbiegh heard distinctly what was said, and a complete realization of his situation flashed upon his mind. He had made a mistake; he was standing on a rickety barrel, with a female above him—perhaps a widow, and a bull dog below him, both ready to pounce upon him at the slightest provocation! It was dreadful! He looked about for some way of escape, but when he gazed to the right, the bull dog—for such it proved to be—sidled round to the right. He then looked to the left, and the bull dog, with a low, hoarse growl, waddled around to the left.

It was a fearful position! The perspiration rolled from Mr. Oldbiegh's brow. He drew his red-bordered silk handkerchief from his coat tail and wiped his forehead, whereat the dog was dissatisfied again.

"Say, John," said the voice up above, tenderly, "how do you feel?"

"Uncomfortable, darned ef I don't," said Mr. Oldbiegh, wiping his forehead once more. "I'll just be eternally bobbed, ef I aren't!" and in his nervousness he wiped his perspiring forehead so vigorously that one foot went through the head of the barrel, and he fell on his back, and the bull dog was upon him. When he arose three teeth were hooked in his coat tail.

"Oh! Lord!" was Mr. Oldbiegh's exclamation when he arose, and when he arose he arose running.

"Oh! John! John! John!" shrieked his late companion. "Are you dead, John? Are you dead?"

Another window in the upper story was thrown up

with a bang by the watchful Mrs. Hawkins, and she began to shout at the top of her lungs: "Thieves! thieves! Stop thief! stop thief!" But Mr. Oldbiegh was not in a position to stop for any purpose. Even his natural gallantry would not induce him to pause to reply. The cries of Mrs. Hawkins of "Stop thief!" mingled charmingly with the shouts of "Are you dead, John?" of the woman in the room below. Noticing the yells of "Stop thief!" for the first time, the red-headed female shouted indignantly: "He's no thief, mum! It's my John! My own John! He would steal nothing!"

By this time Mr. Oldbiegh was over the fence, with the dog still clinging to his coat-tail. The Captain, with great boldness, came forward and struck the dog a crack on the head with his heavy hickory cane, which stunned the brute. "Now," said the Captain, "we must run, for the police will be upon us in a moment!" And considering his wooden leg, he succeeded in hobbling down the alley with wonderful rapidity. They soon turned into another street and before long were safe from pursuit. Where they went after that is unknown to the writer; but this much is certain, they did not go to the theatre.

The next morning found them taking breakfast at Campi's on Clay street. The fact that their eyes were red showed they had liquor during the night, and a considerable quantity of it. As they went into the first saloon they saw after leaving the restaurant, it was evident they were going to keep up the good time.

They were very affectionate and like a couple of brothers.

Three o'clock found them attempting to work their way aboard the boat for Oakland, with tickets for San Rafael in their hands. After arguing with the gatekeeper for twenty minutes, the boat went off and left them, and they had to wait for the next one. The Captain swore all the oaths with which the army is familiar, and especially those peculiar to the Forty-fourth Tennessee; and, while he attempted to balance himself, said that if they did not go on those tickets he would not go at all. And his wife and family would not have the pleasure of seeing his countenance again in Oakland, unless he went on those tickets. Mr. Oldbiegh, however, was less obstinate, so he went and purchased the proper tickets.

When they got off the boat and boarded the cars, the Captain induced Mr. Oldbiegh to get on the rear platform with him. The platform was quite crowded. Mr. Oldbiegh and the Captain were standing together, the Captain leaning with his back against the car door. The Captain suddenly shouted in the ear of Mr. Oldbiegh, loud enough to be heard over the din and racket: "He's a soldier!"

"Who?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"My boy Jack," said the Captain.

"I warn't aware he was in the army," shouted Mr. Oldbiegh.

"He's not," said the Captain; "he never saw an army in his life; but he's a soldier, every inch. He's got all the qualities of a soldier. He tells the truth

every time, and he dares to speak his mind. He's a soldier." After these remarks, the Captain relapsed into silence.

Both the Captain and Mr. Oldbiegh seemed to be rather unsteady on their legs. By the manner in which Mr. Oldbiegh gazed at a small boy, who sat on the lowest of the steps, on the right side of the platform, with his feet dangling in the air, it was evident that he wanted the seat himself. Mr. Oldbiegh looked at the boy with an expression of contemplation on his broad features for some moments, and then, without saying a word, he reached down, inserted his fingers in the back of the boy's neck, grasped the collar of his coat firmly, lifted him up and deposited him in a standing position on the platform; then, without noticing the boy, he took the seat which had been thus declared vacant, and allowed his own feet to dangle in the air. The boy, with a stare of amazement on his youthful countenance, looked first at Mr. Oldbiegh and then into the Captain's face, but the Captain's face wore a blank expression.

Before the train stopped at the Point station, a man, who was used to the practice of jumping off when the cars are in motion, jumped off. Thinking that this was the stopping place, and in order to prove that he could do what any other man could, Mr. Oldbiegh also jumped off while the cars were in motion. The result was that instead of landing on his feet, as the other man had done, Mr. Oldbiegh never found out where he did land, but was conscious, after rolling through the dust for some moments, of being stopped by a hitch-

ing post. He was unhurt, except for a few bruises, when he arose, and after looking around, to find where he was, he saw the train, which had stopped, about one hundred feet to his left, and the Captain waving his stick and beckoning to him in a violent manner. Mr. Oldbiegh, perceiving his mistake, started for the train, but at the same instant the cars started. Mr. Oldbiegh started after them on a dignified trot, but soon saw he would have to drop all dignity of motion in order to catch the train, as it was going faster and faster. With his coat-tails flying and flapping in the wind, Mr. Oldbiegh was soon moving over the ground at a rate which would have done credit to an athlete. Several of those facetious persons on the sidewalk, who are always present on such occasions, called out: "Go it, old man!" One individual shouted: "Go it! I'll bet fifty dollars on you, old nob!" Another cried: "Keep it up, and you'll get there for breakfast!" while the Captain stumped around the platform, excitedly, and shouted at the top of his lungs.

It was quite an interesting sight to note the manner in which Mr. Oldbiegh held his wind and kept up the race, encumbered as he was by the heavy stomach which he had to carry, the large calves of his legs, which constantly struck against each other, and the huge tails of his coat, which caught much air, for he was running in the teeth of a strong east wind. However, he at last reached the hand which the Captain held out to him, and after much trouble scrambled up on the steps of the car. His face was now of a fiery red color; the perspiration rolled from his forehead, and he was un-

able to speak for many minutes, for he was puffing like a grampus. After reaching Broadway station, the Captain swore that the state of Mr. Oldbiegh's health was such after his run that a drink of brandy alone would cure him; and the Captain then discoursed in vivid language upon the beneficial effects of brandy and gave a catalogue of the diseases which he knew of his own knowledge could be cured by that liquid. They went to the French restaurant on the corner of Seventh and Broadway. The Captain told the proprietor, who was standing behind the bar, that they wanted a private room.

"This way, sare," said the proprietor, and he led them through the kitchen to the back part of the building. Here they found a row of rooms, in each of which was a table and a brown cloth-covered lounge. They went into one of these rooms. They left the door open. In a few moments a bottle of claret was placed on the table; also two large loaves of French bread, and two damp napkins, with red stripes running through them.

"Well, gentlemen?" said the waiter, as he stood with his hands on the table, leaning over it.

"Give us the most astonishing dinner ever produced in your house!" said the Captain; "and if you have got any frogs, trot them in."

"We have-e ze frog, sare," said the waiter.

"Trot them in then," said the Captain, as he threw his cane on the lounge and lifted his wooden leg up on a chair. At this moment a couple of beautiful hunting dogs passed the door. The Captain, who was a

great sportsman, jumped up and went out into the passageway to examine them. Mr. Oldbiegh now heard the Captain greeting some one heartily, and a moment later he came back, dragging a gentleman, with a short, bushy black moustache with him.

"Oldbiegh, my friend Hawkins, an escaped prisoner!" said the Captain.

"Yes," said the Captain's friend, "the old lady went off on an early morning train to see her mother, who is lying at the point of death, and I've come out to have a day of shooting with the old boy here. My wife has a great antipathy to the Captain, and I don't like to visit him when her mind's not engaged with other affairs, for fear of hurting her feelings; but, thank the Lord, her mind's fully occupied now!"

At this juncture a man with a long, silken, black beard passed the door, and went on to another room. The Captain's wrath was aroused at once.

"There are just two creatures that I despise!" said he, ferociously. "The one is a beast, who can't sign his own name so that it can be made out, and the other is a hound with a long, silken beard!"

The footsteps of the man in the hall ceased. He was evidently listening. This made the Captain express himself in a louder and more violent manner.

"The dogs wear it because they know women like hair; and many a girl has gone to the bad through a silken beard. They are mad on the subject, absolutely mad, sir! A man with long hair on his mug is capable of committing any atrocious act. The women go wild over the hair. But that's a bad sign. It don't matter.

Scrape the stuff from his face, and you always find features underneath worthy of a convict, worthy of the worst rogue in San Quentin."

The footsteps were heard to approach, and in a moment the man was standing in the doorway.

"Were you referring to me?" he asked. The Captain looked at him, his eyes peering sharply under his shaggy eyebrows, but said nothing. The man asked again if he had been referring to him.

"No, sir," said the Captain, sternly; "I was referring to the mop on your chin!"

"Oh!" said the person in the door, "I understand the situation. You are drunk, sir."

"What's that!" said the Captain, jumping up so suddenly that he struck the table with his leg, and caused every dish to clatter.

"You're drunk, sir," repeated the man in the door, in a steady tone of voice.

The Captain attempted to hobble toward the door, but Mr. Oldbiegh and the Captain's friend held him in his seat.

"I am the editor of the *Daily Advance*," said the man in the doorway, "and I intend to write you up and have you on the first page of to-morrow's edition!"

"Oldbiegh! Hawkins! Blast it! Let me go!" shouted the Captain, as he struggled to get at the man. But after making the last remark, the man had departed.

The editor of the *Advance* went at once to the man at the bar in the front room, and quietly asked who the persons were in the private room. The proprietor



was about to answer when the violent ringing of the bell of the apartment they occupied announced to him the fact that they desired his immediate presence. He started off rapidly, when the editor called him back and told him that he must have the names. The man, without reflecting, said :

“ Captain Grunyon, Mr. Hawkins—and I don’t know the other man’s name.”

“ It don’t matter ; I heard his name. It’s Oldbiegh,” said the editor, as he departed.

When the proprietor reached the private room he was ordered by the Captain not to let any more men come into the back part of the house. “ Or ladies ? ” asked the proprietor.

“ They can come — unless my friend Oldbiegh is opposed to it.”

“ Well,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “ not unless it’s a chalk-face critter, with closed-up eyes. Ef she comes, I won’t see her on no account. Darned ef I do ! ”

They were about through dinner and had lighted the cognac in their saucers,—or, rather, were attempting to light it,—preparatory to putting it into the little cups of black coffee which were placed in front of them. Mr. Oldbiegh could not succeed in getting his liquor to burn. “ Let me show you something,” said the Captain, and he took Mr. Oldbiegh’s cup and poured out part of the coffee. He then spread a napkin over the top of the cup, and using the napkin as a sieve poured the cognac through it into the cup until the cup was filled. He took the napkin away and applied a lighted match to the top of the cup. The liquor burned

at once. "There," said the Captain, "that's the way I do it!"

At this moment the dinner was interrupted by the appearance of a very pretty young lady of about twenty-one years of age at the door. She was dressed in the costume of a widow.

"Hello, boys!" she said, greeting the company.

Mr. Oldbiegh looked at the Captain with an expression of profound surprise on his face.

"Good day," said the Captain, gruffly.

"Are you going to come to our theatre to-night?" asked the apparent widow. "The Melodeon; it's on the corner of Sixth and Broadway, up-stairs."

"Perhaps we'll be there," was the reply. Thereupon the pretty female vanished.

After smoking their cigars and drinking their black coffee, the three friends started for the Melodeon. It was arranged that Mr. Oldbiegh, he being a bachelor,—upon the harsh theory that bachelors have no reputations to lose,—should go ahead and get a private box. His two companions would then pull their hats over their eyes and hurry to the box, in order not to be seen by any chance acquaintance. The Captain and Major Hawkins—for it turned out that the Captain's friend was entitled to that rank—went to a livery stable while Mr. Oldbiegh was getting a box, and left the dogs there in care of the owner of the stable with whom the Captain was on intimate terms. When they arrived in the neighborhood of the theatre again the two gentlemen pulled their hats over their faces, knowing well—even though somewhat under the influence

of liquor—that if they were discovered, there would be quite an interesting dialogue during the whole of some night between themselves and their respective spouses. The Captain and his friend had quite an extensive argument as to the best method of making the charge past the chance acquaintances who have been mentioned. The Captain was for marching straight to the front for some sixty feet, and then for making an oblique movement for the door in double time. The Major was for moving cautiously up to the door, and then for going up the steps in double time. “Fall in!” said the Captain. peremptorily, at last, and he started ahead with the Major close in his rear, and he carried out his plan, as he thought, with success.

Now, we are sorry to be compelled to record the fact that this beautiful martial movement in the end proved a failure; but it was a failure which was not owing to any lack of knowledge of the rules of strategy on the part of the Captain. Had the movement been executed during the warlike times of the middle ages it would have proved a complete success; but in these degenerate days the existence of the printing press calls for the existence of the editor, and the existence of the editor calls for that small boy who is porter, reporter, and bill collector all in one. The enraged and outraged editor of the *Advance* was in possession of one of these valuable boys, and in addition to the boy's other duties, he imposed upon him that night the duty of following Captain Grunyon and his companions wherever they should go; and he was ordered to make a sly inspection of whatever they did, of what they

said, and of how they acted. He was faithful in the performance of his duties, and watched the three friends keenly as they went into the Melodeon, whereupon this knowing youth exaggerated his countenance into a broad grin. He would have followed them in, but as the financial condition of the *Daily Advance* was not founded on the most solid basis, he had not been supplied with sufficient coin by his chief.

The assistant editor was therefore compelled to await the reappearance of the three gentlemen on the street. This he did with his hands in his breeches pockets, for the purpose of keeping them warm; and he kept off melancholy thoughts, during the long time that he waited, by whistling the liveliest of the late popular airs.

In the meantime Mr. Oldbiegh and his companions were comfortably seated in a box with white walls, with a window, over which hung red curtains. The rumbling sound with which the reader has grown familiar, was heard, constantly under Mr. Oldbiegh's white waistcoat, and when the negro minstrels cracked their ancient and dilapidated jokes, the "haw! haws!" which he uttered were almost incessant. And when some one in one of the front boxes entered into a violent quarrel with the black middle man on the stage, whereupon two men dressed in policemen's clothes broke into the box, whereupon a pistol was shot off, whereupon a man was thrown out of the box and onto the stage, Mr. Oldbiegh was greatly excited; but when he discovered that this man was composed of rags, he

was as greatly amused, and burst out into loud, good-natured "haw ! haws !"

"We can remember the whole scene as distinctly as if it were yesterday !" says our muse, who was there. We, the scribe, were not there. Mr. Oldbiegh's round blue eyes beamed with good humor, while the tears trickled down his nose and jumped one after another to the floor.

By eleven o'clock the Captain and Mr. Oldbiegh were quite tipsy, and the Major was gradually approaching the same state. When in this condition the brilliant idea struck the Captain that he would hire the orchestra after the performance, and take them with his friends out home, and let them serenade his wife and family. Mr. Oldbiegh, by this time, being no longer in a talkative mood, did not express himself in regard to the probable success of the scheme, but the Major, in broken sentences, attempted to dissuade him ; this only made the Captain resolve more firmly to carry out the idea. As soon as the performance was over, the Captain, by liberal pay, induced the orchestra to go with him out to his place. The whole company, consisting of the orchestra—the members whereof bore their instruments with them—the Captain and his two friends, went around to the stable where the dogs had been left. The place was locked up, but after knocking on the door with his cane first, and afterwards with his wooden leg, the Captain induced a sleepy individual, who appeared in his stocking feet, to open the door. After further dressing himself, he obeyed the Captain's command to harness up horses to his largest

barouche. With a lantern in his hand, he went to the back part of the stable and dragged out from a number of vehicles a large barouche. It was soon harnessed up, the dogs were thrown in, the musicians got in, and the person who expected to drive the barouche came forward.

"No," said the Captain, "I'll drive." The stable-keeper looked as if this did not suit him, but said nothing. "Come, Oldbiegh, you must sit up here on the driver's seat, by my side," said the Captain. "Gee long!" cried he, and the horses started.

The light of the lantern falling on the outside pocket of the Major's coat showed the yellow neck of a bottle protruding therefrom. Had it fallen on the pocket of the coat on the other side, it would have shown a similar neck protruding from that pocket. Mr. Oldbiegh was sitting with his hand clasped firmly to a little silver-plated railing on the edge of the seat. His head rested on his bosom, and his eyes were closed. He soon startled his companions by suddenly shouting: "Whop 'em up!"

"All right," said the Captain; "hand up that bottle first, Jack."

The Captain, in order to take the bottle in both hands, for he feared he would drop it if he took it in one, placed the reins in Mr. Oldbiegh's clasp. After turning one or two corners, they came to a street larger than the rest. This road, which was about six miles long, terminated where a fence crossed it, which bordered the Captain's land. After handing the bottle back, the Captain took the reins and soon whipped the

horses into a gallop, whereat Mr. Oldbiegh seemed to awake from his stupor and was greatly delighted, and expressed his enthusiasm by shouting, "Whop 'em up!" which the Captain immediately proceeded to do. In the meantime the bottle circulated rapidly amongst the persons behind them, and by the time it was empty they were all friendly, affectionate, and in a high state of glee. This glee they expressed by singing divers songs at the top of their lungs, each singing that portion of the song which pleased him best, all of which greatly astonished the many persons in the houses all along the road, who were awakened from sleep by the music. In a little while the Major took a fiddle from one of the fiddlers and standing up in the centre of the jolting carriage proceeded to show the singing musicians how he played "The Arkansas Traveller." They paid no attention to him, but he still continued to play. As he invariably fell back into his seat in a sitting posture by the time he had gotten two-thirds of the way through, he would get up and play it all over, with the set determination to play it continuously to the end before he would quit.

The Captain tied the reins to the side of the carriage preparatory to taking another drink. While he was doing so the reins came loose and fell to the ground, and the horses, becoming frightened, were soon tearing along at the top of their speed. "Whop 'em up!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, awakening from his stupor again. The musicians were fairly shrieking like demons by this time, and the Major was sawing away on "The Arkansas Traveller" as if he were mad; while mingling

with the other sounds and shrieks were the cries of "Whop 'em up! whop 'em up!" from Mr. Oldbiegh. They went over the last three miles in very short time, as novelists say, "in less time than it takes to tell it," when the horses finding a fence in front of them came to a dead standstill.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, after the company were on the ground, "I've brought you here all safe, so fall in!" After getting them in line, with the Major on the right and Mr. Oldbiegh on the left, he said: "Now, boys, before starting, brace up, because you are going to pass in review before the old lady, and she's the most critical woman that walks. Brace up! Left face!"

The Major turned ninety degrees to the left, and the others followed his example. "Forward, guide left!" said the Captain, and he limped along near the head of the moving column. As Mr. Oldbiegh's shins struck constantly against the bass viol, which the musician in front of him carried, he fell several feet in the rear. Noticing this the Captain shouted, "Close up in the rear!" In a little while the sound of many feet was heard on the front steps of the house. After trying to insert his latch-key in the handle of the door-knob, the Captain accidentally found the key-hole, opened the door, and the company were soon standing in the dark in a large hall, which ran through the centre of the house. The Captain soon found his way into his wife's room and struck a light.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked his wife, sternly.



"Come s-s'renade yer! Come in, boys!" sung out the Captain.

Before his wife had time to protest the musicians were all in the room. The Captain formed them in line at the foot of his wife's bed and ordered them to play! They played a piece through, entitled "Yankee Doodle!"

"Play 'Sweet Johannah,'" ordered the Captain, waving his hand in a commanding manner.

"Take them out!" said his wife, when they had finished the piece.

Without noticing her order, the Captain, with another wave of the hand, said in a commanding tone of voice, "Play 'Pop Goes the Weasel.'" They played it. When they were through, his wife repeated her command that they should be taken out. Ignoring her completely, the Captain again waved his hand and commanded them to play "The Bull Frog on the Bank." After this they were ordered to play "Swanee Ribber," and finally, they wound up with "We Won't go Home till Morning." When they had finished, the Captain commanded "About face!" The Major turned completely around, and the others gradually followed his example. "Forward — march!" said the Captain. They marched forward till opposite the door, when he called, "Halt!" They stopped. "Salute!" said the Captain. The Major saluted. "Left face! Forward — march!" The company faced to the left and moved forward, Mr. Oldbiegh bringing up the rear, and they were soon out of the apartment.

The Captain took the musicians to the large dining-

room, the floor whereof the gaslight showed to be composed of smooth hard wood, waxed and polished. The walls of the room for about four feet up from the floor were composed of oak pannels. Against one of the walls sat a mahogany sideboard, and a number of silver vessels on it shone brightly in the gaslight. A long dining-table was in the centre of the room, and an eight-day clock on the wall showed the time to be past three o'clock A. M. The Captain went into another room to look for some food, but, owing to the unsteady condition of his legs, was unsuccessful in his attempts to light the gas. He called the company into the room where he was, and ordered them to try and light the gas, remarking at the same time that he believed the gas-burner must have been taken away, as he could not find it. Several persons attempted to light the gas, and after some unsuccessful attempts one individual succeeded. The lighted gas showed them to be in a large and extremely neat kitchen. The pine boards of the floor had been scrubbed until they were almost as white as snow, and the tops of one or two tables were as white. The tin and brass utensils about the room gleamed like mirrors. Pushing the wire door of a cupboard open with his cane, the Captain discovered several dishes with cold chicken on them. He ordered the musicians to "fall to." This they did in a manner that spread such devastation over the cold chicken that when they got through nothing was left but a number of shining bones. The musicians then went out and got into the carriage, the Captain accompanying them to the gate, and drove back to town.

## CHAPTER VI.

## AFTER THE EDITOR.

THE next morning Mr. Oldbiegh, who was an early riser, got up just as the sun was beginning to peer over the hills, put on his clothes, and went down to the front porch. Passing the hat-rack in the hall, he saw some six or seven large-brimmed hats on the pegs. Removing one of them he saw painted beneath the peg, in white letters, the name "Jack." Removing another from another peg, he saw another boy's name painted beneath the peg; and on further examination, he found under each peg a boy's name. At the time he was unable to solve this mystery, but he learned afterwards from the Captain that these were the names of his boys, and that he compelled each boy to place his own hat on his own peg. "This serves two purposes," said the Captain, when explaining the philosophy of the device. "In the first place it prevents the whole house from being called upon to hunt for the boy's hat every time he wants to go out doors. In the second place it impresses upon the mind of the young vagabond habits of order."

Going out on the porch Mr. Oldbiegh found several large lounging chairs, upon the seat of one of which was lying a green-backed novel, evidently left there by some person the day before. Not far from the chairs

hung a couple of hammocks. Standing with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and with a good-natured smile on his face, the portly figure of Mr. Oldbiegh, with the sunlight falling on it, presented quite a sight to see, quite a striking picture as he gazed upon the surrounding scenery. An inventory of the scene may be taken in the following manner: In the first place, there was Mr. Oldbiegh himself, fully as large as life, with his huge watch ticking merrily in his white waistcoat pocket, the green tops of his button shoes, as green as the grass of the smooth lawn to the right, and to the left was the scenery. In the second place there was a large oak tree near the corner of the house, to his right; and as the first beams of the morning sun coming through the green leaves of the tree had awakened the birds that were perched in the branches, they were singing merrily. In the next place, beyond the lawn in front of Mr. Oldbiegh, was a hayfield covered with yellow stubble, and in this field a number of young colts were gamboling, for the apparent purpose of obtaining exercise; and beyond this field were the blue mountains. To the left were large orchards, and beyond them grazing land; back of the house, high hills covered with thick brushwood.

Mr. Oldbiegh had hardly finished noting the many points of beauty around him, when a merry laugh was heard in the hallway, and in a moment a number of pretty girls came tripping out on the porch, and were about to go down the steps to the lawn when they discovered Mr. Oldbiegh. Upon looking at them Mr. Oldbiegh saw that the prettiest of the party had on a

felt hat, which he recognized as his own. Another had on the Captain's fur cap, and still a third wore a cap which Mr. Oldbiegh could have sworn he had seen on the Major's head the day before. The young ladies were somewhat abashed, for they supposed the Captain's friends would all have been in bed and as silent as tombstones, considering the hour at which they had arrived the night before.

"Bless my heart!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, noticing their embarrassment. "Don't be afeared of me. I'm old Junyers Oldbiegh, and I came out with my old friend, the Captain, last night, just to see you!"

"Is this Mr. Oldbiegh, my father's old schoolmate?" said a dark-eyed young lady, with animation.

"Well, I guess you're about right thar', haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "or I aren't made the acquaintance of myself during the last forty year! No, I aren't!" The young lady walked up and shook hands with Mr. Oldbiegh. "Haw! haw!" laughed he, after he had kissed her rosy cheek.

"This is Lucy, my sister," said the young lady, introducing another girl.

"Haw! haw!" uttered Mr. Oldbiegh, as he kissed her also.

"This is my sister Mary," said the young lady, introducing another sister.

Mr. Oldbiegh kissed her, too, after which he made the same exclamation.

"This is Miss Nettie Smith, my schoolmate," said she, introducing the pretty young lady who wore Mr. Oldbiegh's hat.

"Haw! haw!" laughed Mr. Oldbiegh, attempting to kiss her; she held her head away and struggled, but he kissed her also. He then kissed each of the remaining young ladies, one of whom was named Mamie Deane and the other Maud Glennon.

"Thar'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, when he had kissed the last of the young ladies. "The best day's work I've done in forty year!"

"You're a horrid old man!" said the young lady who had been introduced as Miss Smith.

Mr. Oldbiegh smiled, but said nothing for a few moments.

"That 'ar's the most harnsome hat I ever wore," said he, at last, looking steadily at the hat on the young lady's head.

"Is this your hat?" she exclaimed, in a tone of mock anger.

"It 'ar'," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I won't wear the horrid hat!" said the young lady, jerking it off.

"I will w'ar it," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "in remembrance of the harnsome young lady what wore it also." Mr. Oldbiegh then stepped into the hallway and took from the rack another hat, which he handed to the young lady; but now she was as obstinate in the other direction, and would wear no hat but Mr. Oldbiegh's. The young ladies informed him that they had been on their way to the croquet grounds, when they first came out of the house; so they invited him to come with them and take part in the game. Mr. Oldbiegh went with them, and was soon engaged in making as

many mistakes as any one man has capacity to make, shooting always for the wrong wicket, and out of his turn, while he was constantly getting his feet tangled up with the wickets. At all of this the young ladies laughed heartily, and Mr. Oldbiegh more heartily than any of them. After one or two games the young ladies became tired, and one of them who had laughing blue eyes, which Mr. Oldbiegh admired greatly, went off and got a rose which she put in his buttonhole; and then another got a rose which she put in the buttonhole on the other side of his coat, and then the others got roses with which they filled all the other buttonholes of his coat. It was quite an interesting sight to see Mr. Oldbiegh standing in the centre of a bevy of rosy-faced girls, an embodiment of a stout maypole, beaming with smiles and decorated with roses!

It was in this picturesque condition that the Captain found him.

"Hello, Junius!" shouted the Captain from the porch, "have you turned yourself into a perambulating conservatory?"

At this moment Major Hawkins came out on the porch and the young ladies, who all knew him, went to greet him. After a few moments, Miss Smith said: "I did not know, Major, that you were a musician," while she cast a sly glance at the other young ladies.

"That's strange, Nettie," said the Major; "knowing me as well as you do, you ought to have known of my musical acquirements." There was something in the

Major's manner which prevented the young lady from saying anything further.

A couple of gentlemen now came out on the porch.

"Good morning, sir! Good morning!" said the Captain, greeting the first gentleman heartily; after which he greeted the other in a manner equally warm. "Oldbiegh, Hawkins," continued he, "attention! Let me introduce to you Mr. Judson C. Muggs, a rising young poet, and Reginald Quagg, the pastor of our fold and a scientist."

Mr. Muggs was a curious looking individual, with thick, long hair, which, as it rested on the back part of his collar, kept that portion of his clothing in a greasy condition at all times. This collar was a large turn-down collar, and around it he wore a red scarf, tied in a huge bow under his chin. His jacket, which was of brown velvet, had large lappels, and in the buttonholes of one of the lappels he wore a rose which he himself had plucked the night before, previous to retiring. His pantaloons, which were of brown corduroy, had a very loud and unpoetical corduroy odor. His long-toed shoes had heavy steel buckles on them. Mr. Quagg was a stout, heavy-set, small man, with an immense red head. His little black frock coat, which had a number of grease spots on it, had very short tails. His pantaloons were so short that they only reached to the tops of his short, broad-toed shoes. The legs of the pantaloons were white and threadbare at the ankles, on the inside, for the ankles of Mr. Quagg "interfered," as a horseman would say, when he walked.

The ringing of a bell now informed the company



that breakfast was ready. They went into a large dining-room. It was noticeable that after the guests were notified what seats they were to take, the whole lower half of the table was unoccupied. This was explained in a moment, when a sound was heard like that of approaching infantry, and a line of boys came marching into the room and commencing at the first chair fell one after another into their seats, until the seats were all filled.

"My cubs," said the Captain, speaking to Mr. Oldbiegh, who sat on his right. "I'm proud of them. They're as orderly as the members of the Forty-fourth Tennessee."

After the breakfast, the Captain, by what he called a flank movement, succeeded in getting Mr. Oldbiegh and the Major in his private library, without being noticed by the other guests. After getting them into the room, which he used as a smoking-room, he apologized for not bringing the other gentlemen in, but said he knew they liked the company of the ladies best. The Captain then brought out of a drawer in the bookcase some extra fine Havanas, and in a short time the three gentlemen were puffing the smoke into the air at such a rate that the atmosphere was darkened. They were enjoying their cigars intensely when Mrs. Grunyon walked into the room with a newspaper in her hand. Her face was flushed and there was an expression of scorn and anger about her mouth. She was a tall lady, with harsh, stern features, and was dressed in clothes which were so black that they fairly shone with blackness.

"Captain!" said the lady, sternly.

"Madam!" said the Captain.

"Take your feet out of the cushioned chair, sir!" Mrs. Grunyon had everything kept in the neatest order about the house, and the Captain, who required order in others, was constantly breaking the rules himself.

"Certainly," said the Captain, taking his feet down.

"Captain," said the lady sternly again, "have you seen the horrible article in this paper?"

"No," said the Captain; "what is it—a monstrous murder?"

"Read it," said Mrs. Grunyon. The Captain took the paper, which was the *Daily Advance*, and started to read the article to himself.

"Read it aloud," said his wife.

"Certainly!" said the Captain, "I'll read the article!" Putting on his spectacles, he started to read as follows: "At five o'clock yesterday—"

"No," interrupted his wife, "read the heading first."

The Captain looked long and steadily at the heading, and finally read as follows:

### "THREE HOODLUMS!

THE TOWN INFESTED BY ROUGHS!

THEIR DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS!"

The Captain stopped, took off his spectacles, and gazed under his shaggy eyebrows first at the Major and then at Mr. Oldbiegh. After a short pause, he said to the Major: "Did you hear of these reprobates when you were in town yesterday?"

"Never mind!" said his wife, sternly; "read on; their names are given further along."

Without saying a word in response, the Captain read on as follows: "'At five o'clock yesterday the notice of the local reporter of the *Advance* was first called to the fact that three roughs had just arrived in town, all in a beastly state of intoxication.'" The Captain looked over his spectacles at his friends.

"Go on," said his wife, firmly.

The Captain read: "'We understand that the appearance of the three companions was such, when they got off the train, that to bystanders they appeared to have been on one of those prolonged sprees common to this unhappy element.'"

The Captain peered over his glasses at his companions.

"Read on," said his wife.

"'They immediately became the sport and amusement of sundry small boys, who persistently followed them through the streets, casting chips, mud, and other small missiles at them. The roughs next went into a restaurant, where with loud and violent language they proceeded to insult every decent and respectable person present.'"

The Captain's wrath, which had been gradually rising, could be restrained no longer. "The infamous, conscienceless, monstrous liar!" cried he. "Why, sir! this monstrous—this fiendish liar, would outlie Satan, give him a head start, and double discount him!"

"Are you ready to continue?" asked his wife, in the same stern tone.

“Certainly! I’ll read the article!” said the Captain, and he read on: “‘The eyes of all three were bloodshot and their faces had that peculiar white look so common to persons who are confirmed drunkards, or who have been on prolonged sprees.’” The Captain again peered over his glasses at Mr. Oldbiegh in an inquiring manner, but, without making any comment, proceeded as follows: “‘We have called them all roughs. We have done this advisedly. Since commencing to write this article we have been informed that one of the persons (Grunyon by name,) is of Irish descent and has a small farm in the country somewhere, where we are informed he is supposed to make an honest living by patiently standing at the door of his house in his shirt-sleeves, watching the growth to maturity of a couple of hogs, which with his children are his sole possessions—unless we mention his poultry, consisting of one lame rooster. If this be true and he does earn an honest living, he should not play the despicable rôle which he assumed with such success yesterday.

“‘One of his companions, who has the aristocratic name of the house of *Hawkins*! we have been informed is the owner of a grocery store in San Francisco, and our informant is ready to swear he sells liquor there without a license; what is left, our readers will understand, after he has himself guzzled with his mouth to the faucet of the keg! We know nothing in regard to the creature by the name of Oldbiegh, except that he has generally been looked upon as a person of suspicious character.

“‘In the scenes which followed we will say, in justice

to this last creature and the creature Hawkins, that these two creatures seemed to be led by the creature Grunyon, who was the arch fiend.'” The Captain glanced up from the paper at his wife, but there was such an expression of scorn, contempt and anger on her face that he immediately looked back at the paper and continued to read: “‘In the evening these three antiquated hoodlums visited one of the lowest dives on the Pacific Coast, and their actions there were of such a character that even the people who habitually attend the performances were astonished. After leaving this place track was lost of them, but we have no doubt that their three countenances can be seen peering eagerly through the bars of the city prison this morning;—that is, if they are sober enough to stand on their legs.’” Here the article ended, and the Captain laid his spectacles down on the table.

“Well,” said the lady, after a moment’s pause, “it would seem, Captain, that you have been successful in making yourself astonishingly prominent. Every person in Oakland has in all probability read of your antics. And you, Major Hawkins, you will have a pretty explanation to make of your actions when you get home. Captain,” continued Mrs. Grunyon, with compressed lips, “have you anything to say?”

“Yes, madam, I have a good deal to say. Something important to say. I shall horsewhip that vile dog until I have taken the hair off! When I leave him he’ll be as blue as washing blue; and there won’t be a white spot on his entire body! I’ll teach him to set me up in type! I’ll teach the scribbling fiend a trick or two!

Hawkins! Oldbiegh!" said the Captain, "walk outside. I want to talk to you on private business. Mrs. Grunyon, you must excuse us."

"Are you going to hunt up the editor?" said Mrs. Grunyon.

"Never mind, madam," said the Captain; "did you not hear me say the business was to be private?" Mrs. Grunyon left the room.

"Now," said the Captain, "we must proceed at once to thrash the cur. The honor of a soldier demands it. Come, let us proceed at once!"

The Captain, followed by Mr. Oldbiegh and the Major, started for the stable, a building with white-washed walls, about two hundred yards from the house. When they got there, the stable men had mysteriously disappeared. There was no one to harness up the carriage.

"Mrs. Grunyon has sent the men off. I'll harness up myself. Here, Frank!" said the Captain to one of his boys who was standing near, and was in a high state of glee at the prospect of a battle, "go get my cavalry tactics; it's on the what-not, in the corner, in the library."

The boy started off on a run, and soon came back with the book. The Captain was about to harness up the buggy according to the rules of tactics, when he discovered that the harness was hidden away.

"This is monstrous!" said he. "Do you ride on horseback, Oldbiegh?"

"I don't know about that 'ar'," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "If the horse aren't wild."

“Well, we’ll try it,” said the Captain.

Now another trouble arose,—the bridles were gone. The Captain, however, after stumping around excitedly, at last found some old bridles, which his wife had overlooked. The horses were therefore soon saddled and bridled, and the three companions were nearly ready to mount when the young ladies came out, and, with their arms around the Captain’s neck, begged and implored him not to go, for he would surely get killed if he did. Finding it impossible to produce any effect, they next appealed to Major Hawkins and Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Why, bless your little hearts!” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “I’d be willing to be larruped and whopped myself before I’d disappoint you; but, you see, this is something it aren’t for you to understand. You see, the Captain, because he’s a soldier, has to whop the varmin; it’s one of the reg’lar duties of a soldier, under the circumstances, to whop him according to chivalry; and an old soldier, who’s been through the war, never fails to perform his duties. As for me, personally, it aren’t no matter nohow, for I’m a rough old bachelor. But I’m ready to whop the varmin, because one of the men he spoke about was your par.”

“Oh! now, Mr. Oldbiegh,” said the dark-eyed young lady,—the Captain’s eldest daughter,—whose name was Josephine, “for my sake I know you’ll urge my father not to go!” Mr. Oldbiegh had already taken a great fancy to this young lady, and if the reader is of the masculine gender, he will recognize how difficult it was for him to resist her earnest appeal. “Suppose he

should get killed," said the young lady, "who will look after us?"

"I will," said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly; "I'll look arter you!"

The Captain had gotten the horses saddled and bridled by this time. He told Mr. Oldbiegh to get on his first. He did so. The others got on theirs, and they started off, the Captain, who took the lead, kicking the flank of his horse violently with his wooden leg.

Now, if there was any one thing which Mr. Oldbiegh knew less about than another, it was that peculiar creature called a horse. With a faint idea that reins were to be used for the purpose of assisting the rider to hold on, being sorely in need of such assistance, and feeling extremely uncertain as to the length of time which he might remain on unless he had some such assistance, Mr. Oldbiegh began to pull steadily on the reins before he had gone thirty feet. This produced a sudden and peculiar change in the movements of the horse. It had been trotting straight to the front. It now changed around and proceeded to dance a horse polka up the road sidewise. A keen observer might now have noticed that at every step of the horse Mr. Oldbiegh rose in his seat without any apparent object, to such an extent that quite a view of the distant hills could have been had between the saddle and Mr. Oldbiegh. As these unpremeditated movements somewhat galled Mr. Oldbiegh, he pulled the harder on the reins. However, the horse finally got the bit between his teeth and went ahead at a very steady and jolting trot, which almost shook the teeth out of Mr. Oldbiegh's head,



while he held the bridle in one shaking hand and the pummel of the saddle in the other. He soon caught up with his two friends. They now went along very comfortably for half a mile, when Mr. Oldbiegh's horse seemed suddenly to come to the conclusion that he had gone far enough, for he wheeled around and started for home on a gallop. Mr. Oldbiegh's portly figure rose and fell in the saddle with such harsh and uncertain movements that he was compelled to drop the bridle and hold firmly to the pummel. The horse went faster and faster, and the young ladies soon saw him coming up the road in a cloud of dust. They wondered what could be the matter, and when he flew past the porch they called to him, but Mr. Oldbiegh with head down and both hands gripping the pummel of the saddle like a vise flew past without time for a reply. To use a common expression, "he had bitten off more than he could chew." The horse did not stop until it had shot through the doorway of the stable, and had gone into its stall, with Mr. Oldbiegh still on its back, holding as firmly as if he had been fastened there with a pot of paste. The young ladies, accompanied by Mr. Judson C. Muggs and Mr. Quagg, came down to the stable and found him still sitting in this position. With the assistance of the two gentlemen Mr. Oldbiegh succeeded in dismounting.

"Where's the Captain?" asked Mr. Quagg.

"I aren't found out, for this horse had made up his mind not to go to town, and he wouldn't go nohow, so I thought I'd come back, haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

After a little while the Captain was seen driving up the road in a covered carriage, and just behind him was the Major, on horseback, dragging the Captain's horse, which came unwillingly. All three now got into the carriage and started again. It was not long before Mr. Oldbiegh, who enjoyed a rapid drive above all things in the world, began to call, "Whop 'em up!" The Captain, who was anxious to get at his enemy,—for his wrath was boiling over in the shape of vituperation,—did not have to be urged a second time, and they were soon going along at a rapid rate.

They arrived in front of the office of the *Daily Advance*, and all three were on the sidewalk in a moment. The Captain led the way into the editorial rooms, when he drew a cowhide from his coat. A man with a long silken black beard was sitting at a desk, with his back to them. The Captain began to rain such a shower of blows on his back that he looked up, and after that jumped up and began to dance about the room, while the Captain steadied himself by planting the cane, which he held in his left hand, on the floor, and lashed the man with the whip which he held in his right. The man, while he warded off the blows with his left arm, continued to jump about the room with wonderful rapidity.

"Whop 'em up!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I will!" said the Captain, as he rained the blows on the man.

"Hold!" shouted the Major, "you've got the wrong man!"

The Captain stopped and looked. Sure enough it was not the editor, after all.

"Well, sir," said the Captain, "I beg your pardon, earnestly ; but you really deserve the thrashing you've gotten for wearing that mop on your chin ; and I'll venture to say, sir, that you can't sign your name in a legible manner ; but if there is anything I can do by way of recompense, call on me, sir."

"I don't know that there is anything you can do," said the man, with a wry face, rubbing his back and shoulders.

"Well," said the Captain, "if there is, let me know ; and if there are any amends which it is in my power to make, I'll make them, you can be assured of that ; for although it was all a mistake, I know it stings just as badly as if it wasn't ; and I believe for every wrong done there should be a remedy. How about the editor of the journal ? Is he a friend of yours ?"

"No, sir," said the man.

"Well, sir," said the Captain, "what is he ?"

"I have reason to consider him an enemy," replied the person with the long beard.

"Well, sir," said the Captain, "when I find the hairy brute, I intend to give him a worse whipping than I gave you. Yes, sir, I shall whip his mop off for him ; and if I understand your feelings, the result will be soothing to you, and act in a certain degree by way of amends. Do you know where he has gone to, and why he has fled ?"

"It is easily explained," said the gentleman, as he rubbed his left shoulder. "He has been running a

paper in the town but a short time, and he did not know that you were persons of prominence in the community. If he'd known who you were, he wouldn't have made the blunder. As to his whereabouts, I am uncertain. I think he has gone to stop with his brother-in-law, Mr. Oldwhistle."

"What?" said the Captain, "the yellow-haired little wretch, whose place adjoins mine!"

"No," said the other, "it's a brother of his—a scientist who lives in San Francisco."

Mr. Oldbiegh pricked up his ears. "Well, ef I won't be bobbed!" said he. "It's the etarnal varmin, darned ef it aren't! It's always on hand in connection with dirty work!"

"You know the wretch's scientific brother, then?" said the Captain.

"Yes, sir, I do!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and I'll have that 'ar' piece of yaller soap whopped yet, ef I have to live to be as old as Methuseler afore it's done. Do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" said the Captain, with a sour smile. "I lose fifty pounds of flesh every August on account of the little scientific monstrosity. He comes out to his brother's ranch every year to gather weeds to take home with him, for he's a botanist. You can find him in the field from six o'clock in the morning to after dark at night, amongst the weeds, skipping about for all the world like an overgrown grasshopper. I've run across the little wretch when out hunting with my dogs, so covered with burrs and stained with tar weeds that my dogs didn't know he was human,

and, taking after him for a wild beast, chased him across the country on a dead run; and the queer thing about it was," continued the Captain, with a Forty-fourth Tennessee wink, "that it was impossible to call the dogs off. Where did you run across him, Oldbiegh?"

"He's stopping at my hotel, and thar's where I run across him," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "He runs with a flock of women when he's thar'."

"I know," said the Captain. "He hasn't got in him the manhood of a small-sized musquito; and yet he's the most persistent, untiring and energetic little wretch in search of tar weeds. When he's after them, he's perfectly fiendish in his hunt, and his tongue hangs out of his mouth. Every year he tries to sneak onto my grounds and poach on my weeds—for I've got a particular kind of weed he can't get anywhere else. But while he's in the neighborhood, I put my men on guard at night and have dogs chained all along the borders of my grounds to give the alarm when this weed monstrosity makes his approach. I despise the little scoundrel and his whole venomous race. I have had a lawsuit with his scoundrelly brother for the last twenty years about our division line. Well, sir," said the Captain, turning to the gentleman he had so lately thrashed, "allow me the honor of shaking your hand; and I hope we shall have the pleasure of your company at my place, where I shall do the utmost in my power to make it pleasant for you."

After Major Hawkins and Mr. Oldbiegh had shaken hands with the gentleman, they started for home.

When they had gotten about half way home they saw two carriages driving toward them, filled with young ladies and a couple of gentlemen. When they got close up the company was recognized to be composed chiefly of the female element of the Captain's family. They all stopped their vehicles and the Captain learned from Mrs. Grunyon, who was in one of the carriages, that fearing a serious termination to the matter they had followed after him.

"Pshaw!" said the Captain, who was greatly disgusted. "Nonsense! I'm not as easily killed as a spring chicken. I've got a skin as tough as a raw hide!"

"Did you kill anybody?" asked the dark-eyed Josephine, anxiously.

"No, I didn't," said the Captain, gruffly. "I haven't made a solitary fiendish corpse to-day!"

"Well, what have you done, sir?" demanded his wife.

"Madam," said the Captain, "since your woman's curiosity keeps you in a hysterical state of suspense, I will tell you that I have larruped a mop-faced cur 'till he's as raw as a beefsteak."

"What!" said his wife, "the editor?"

"No, madam; by an unfortunate mistake I thrashed the wrong individual!"

"What was his name?" asked Miss Maud Glennon, quickly.

"Carleton," said the Captain.

The young lady uttered a shrill shriek and fell back in the arms of Mr. Judson C. Muggs, who sat along-

side of her in the back part of the carriage. The gentleman held the fainting beauty in his arms with great apparent pleasure.

"What's the meaning of all this unearthly shrieking and tumult?" said the Captain, excitedly.

"Never mind," said his wife, sternly; "you have done about enough for one day!"

Many were the expressions of "Poor dear!" "The sweet pet!" "Do come to, now!" "Make an effort!" etc., uttered by the young ladies; and even Mr. Oldbiegh in his generous anxiety was heard to call upon her to "make a effort;—thar' now!" And widely did the poetical eyes of Mr. Judson C. Muggs open when the young ladies opened the snow white bosom of their prostrate companion. The Captain seemed to be in a dazed state and was perfectly silent, except when he once said: "Oldbiegh, my dear boy, can you make out this monstrous row?"—but as Mr. Oldbiegh could not explain the cause, he relapsed into gloomy silence. When they got home the young lady was put to bed, after which the Captain learned from one person that she had chills and that bottles containing hot water had been put at her feet. Another told him it was suspected that she had brain fever, and that the cause was attributed to him. Still another told him that he had frightened her into a hysterical fit, and it was thought that she would never recover.

"Pinch me, Oldbiegh," said the Captain, after hearing these charges, "and tell me what sort of a hyena I am!"

He spent the day in misery. When he inquired of

his wife and daughters about the young lady's state, they would put their fingers to their lips, as a warning to be silent, and he could obtain no information from them. Mr. Oldbiegh tried to soothe him, but as he was unable to give any explanation of the matter, his consolation did the tender-hearted old soldier no good. Finally, in a fit of desperation, he got Mr. Quagg in a corner and attempted to obtain information from him. Unfortunately for the Captain, this personage was quite deaf, and like most deaf people spoke in an unusually loud tone. Mrs. Grunyon had given orders that the strictest quiet should be kept in the house.

"Say," said the Captain, in a low tone, when he had cornered Mr. Quagg, "can you explain this everlasting kettle of fish that I've stirred up in some mysterious way?"

"Certainly!" said the reverend gentleman, in a loud tone, as he smiled blandly. "He's a fine gentleman,—is Mr. Kettleridge. I met him at the Geysers last summer. Oh! yes, certainly! He's got a fine family, too!"

"Sh-h-h!" said the Captain; "don't talk so loud. Sh-h-h!"

"She?" said the other, "oh! yes, she is a fine woman, his wife is, an excellent woman. Fine family. Finely educated, too!"

"Hush!" said the Captain, in a shrill whisper.

"What's that?" said Mr. Quagg, holding his hand up to his ear; "speak louder!"

"Don't talk so loud!" said the Captain, in a loud whisper.



"Oh! yes, haw! haw! Very good! very good!" said the other.

"Oldbiegh!" said the Captain, beckoning to Mr. Oldbiegh, who was at the end of the hall, "come here and see if you can shut up this everlasting talking machine. He'll have the whole house down on us in a minute!"

When Mr. Oldbiegh came up, Mr. Quagg broke out again in a loud tone of voice: "Seeing you, Mr. Oldbiegh, reminds me of a very funny story. I had a friend in South America. He was your exact counterpart and was of German descent, and his wife was German and his children were German, ha! ha!"

"Oh, Lord!" said the Captain, in an agonized tone, "this beastly eight-day talking machine is wound up again! For heaven's sake, Oldbiegh, turn it off!"

"That's very true, Captain, ha! ha! he! ha!" said Mr. Quagg.

At this moment Mrs. Grunyon, followed by three young ladies, came down the stairs and walked up to the Captain.

"Oh! you heartless creature!" said she, looking sternly at her husband, "laughing loudly, when the poor dear that you have sent to death's door is lying probably on her death bed up-stairs!"

"I protest, Madam," said the Captain, "that the laugh was not mine. It was uttered by this fiendish deaf mute here at my elbow!"

The lady gazed at him with a look of scornful disbelief, as she turned away.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

THE next morning Mr. Oldbiegh and Major Hawkins were out taking a walk over the place and enjoying the sunlight after breakfast, when their attention was attracted by rather a peculiar scene down the road. A negro boy and a white boy were fighting in a ferocious manner, and the Captain was stumping around and urging one of them on. Upon coming up to the scene of battle they discovered the white boy to be one of the Captain's sons, and they afterwards learned that the negro boy belonged on Mr. Oldwhistle's place. The Captain was hurraing when his boy got the best of it, and was shouting: "Pitch into him, you yearling calf! Go it! you yearling calf! Whip him, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life! Fight like a soldier, sir!" Encouraged by such flattering terms as "you yearling calf," etc., the boy soon thrashed his opponent. "Now, you young hound," said Captain Grunyon, "make tracks for home, and let me catch you fighting again, if you dare!" The boy went to a neighboring horse trough to wash his bleeding nose.

"Now," said the Captain, addressing Mr. Oldbiegh and the Major, "I want to show you my hogs. I'm proud of them. They are the fattest, handsomest and most intelligent hogs in the State. One of them is so intelligent that, if he could only speak, I believe he

could edit a newspaper! I'm going to have him on exhibition at the State Fair."

After pointing out the fine qualities of his hogs to his companions, the Captain led them to his poultry yard. It was very near the division line between his place and that of his neighbor and enemy, Mr. Oldwhistle. The Captain told Mr. Oldbiegh that Mr. Oldwhistle had sixty fighting cocks while he had only fifty; and that Mr. Oldwhistle always kept his penned up and never let them out for fear his (the Captain's) might be let out at the same time. "He knows that mine can whip the feathers off his, which are nothing more than common dung-hills," said the Captain. He had hardly made this remark when he became suddenly excited. "Look!" said he, pointing straight ahead. His companions looked and saw some sixty or seventy chickens about one hundred feet beyond the Captain's poultry yard. "They're his game cocks!" said the Captain, "and they're on my land. It's his new man who's done this in his absence, for he's away from home. Now for a glorious battle! Now for blood and slaughter! This way, Oldbiegh, this way, Hawkins." The Captain and his companions slipped around and got into the poultry yard by a back entrance. Many of the Captain's birds were already uttering shrill challenges to the enemy without. "Now, Hawkins," said the Captain, after they were in the yard, "what's the plan of battle? Shall we send our forces out in platoons of say sixteen or eighteen, or shall we make one sweeping charge?"

"What do you think?" said the Major.

"I think it would be well to send sixteen to fall on their right flank, and sixteen to fall on their left, and to send the rest on a rapid charge in double time for their centre."

After trying this scientific plan, they concluded to let out all the birds at once, which they finally did, whereupon each bird adopted his own tactics, and was soon engaged in a bloody war of extermination, which greatly pleased the three companions. There was only one unpleasant feature about the whole battle, and that was that the fight became so confused that the birds of both parties began to mistake friends for enemies. The strife raged with intense fury for nearly an hour, and the losses on both sides were heavy. So terrific was the struggle that the wounded were left lying on the field of battle. Finally, the number of able-bodied warriors was reduced to fourteen, and as these all belonged to the Captain, he proceeded to separate them, and with the assistance of his friends succeeded in placing them in separate apartments in the chicken-house, where they began to crow in a manner which showed that each was satisfied that he had won the victory.

When Mr. Oldwhistle returned home that night, he found his chicken-house as silent as a graveyard, and a little later discovered the field of battle strewn with the corpses of his birds. To him it appeared a sad spectacle as the moonlight fell upon their pale countenances. Of course, he was unable to prove that the Captain had been the moving cause of their death, but he was, nevertheless, firmly convinced that it was so,

and, as a consequence, his hatred for Captain Grunyon was greatly increased.

When the three friends reached home the Captain was informed by his wife that two of the boys had, contrary to her express orders, gone into the garden and plucked some ears of green corn, which, after climbing into a tree with some companions, they had eaten. The Captain never allowed any of his children to be punished until he had formally tried them for the offense. He therefore called the two offenders and made them stand in front of him. Taking a seat in a large arm-chair, he said: "Call the witnesses against the accused." Mrs. Grunyon called her eldest daughter, who had seen the boys going up into the tree, with something in their hands, she could not make out what. Nellie, the youngest child in the house, was called next. The two culprits frowned savagely at her. But she said boldly that she had seen corn husks and cobs falling out of the tree when the boys were in it. This was all the evidence to prove the charge. "Now," said the Captain, "we'll hear from the defense." A son of Mr. Oldwhistle's—for although the parents quarrelled the boys did not—and the son of another neighbor were produced by the defendants; and these boys testified that they were all four in swimming in a creek two miles distant at the time of the commission of the alleged offense. In rendering his decision, the Captain said: "The defense is an alibi. After weighing all the testimony, I find ground for a reasonable doubt in favor of the accused; they are, therefore, acquitted;—but you young hounds, don't let me catch you doing it

again, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your lives, you vicious young cubs!"

The Captain had several trials during Mr. Oldbiegh's stay, and it was a noticeable fact that not one of them resulted in a conviction.

In a few days Miss Maud Glennon was well. In the meantime the Captain was greatly astonished to learn that the gentleman whom he had thrashed so unmercifully was engaged to be married to her. He was standing on the front porch, wondering what he could do to make amends, when he saw a little man in a one-horse buggy, lashing the one horse as he drove up to the house. It was not long before he reached the house, when the Captain descended the steps and assisted him out of the buggy, and then assisted him in lowering the dusty leather top of the vehicle, which the little man insisted on having down before he would turn the carriage over to one of the farm hands, who stood ready to take it to the stable.

"Is Maud here?" were the first words of the new comer.

"She is," said the Captain.

"Oh! the wretched girl!" said the man, angrily. The speaker was a thin, little man, about fifty years of age, with a large nose in the centre of his face, and leaden eyes. He wore a blue jacket and blue pantaloons. He had large pointed ears, and the hair, which grew only on the side of his head, stood straight up. The top of his cranium was perfectly bald. Such was the striking appearance of the gentleman when he took off his hat and walked into the house. With his hat

off he would have been the observed among a thousand. As soon as he got into the hallway, he began to call at the top of his lungs for "Maud! Maud!"

The Captain was greatly astonished at the actions of this person, whom he knew, by the descriptions he had had of him to be Mr. Glennon, but he had never met him before. As Miss Glennon did not come, the little man called out in a louder and more angry tone. In a short time a door on the left side of the hallway was thrown open and Miss Glennon was seen at work with a number of other young ladies on a quilt.

"You wretched girl!" said the little man at once, "you would —"

"Oh! pa, don't!" said the young lady, "don't make one of your disagreeable scenes!"

"I won't make a scene!" said the little man, with redoubled anger. "I won't make a scene, you wretched girl! You will act in secret, hey? You will keep secrets from me, hey?"

"Oh! pa, please don't!" said the young lady, anxiously.

"You will be up to your monkey shines without letting me know?" said the little man, in a furious state of wrath. "Engaging yourself in secret, you wretched girl!" The young lady threw up her hands and shrieked. "Engaged," continued the little man, "to a dead beat!" Several other young ladies shrieked. "Oh! yes, shriek, shriek, shriek!" said the little man; "you all are just as bad. I warrant you all are secretly engaged!" Several of the young ladies shrieked again. "Why do you shriek?" said the little man. "Did you

see a mouse? Do you smell a rat? Oh! I understand. You all smell rats!—smell rats! Maud, you wretched girl, come here!”

“No, she shan’t!” said the dark-eyed Josephine, defiantly.

“Oh, pa!” said Miss Glennon again, “please don’t make a scene. Please go away. That’s a good pa!”

“Who’s making a scene?” said the little man, “who’s making a scene? Am I a scene? If there’s any scene it’s your shrieking. Tell me—aren’t you engaged to a dead beat without my knowledge?”

“No, I’m not!” said the young lady, defiantly.

“Isn’t the fellow, who got so unmercifully thrashed in the *Advance* office, a beat?”

“Oh! pa, how can you?” said Miss Maud.

“It’s because he’s a cruel old monster!” said Miss Josephine.

“I’m a monster, am I?” said the little man, turning to her; “do I look like a monster?”

“You surely do—just like one!” said the young lady.

“Oh! oh!” said the little man, turning around and looking at Captain Grunyon with a silly look. “Captain Grunyon, I believe?”

“Yes, sir,” said the Captain, “that’s my title, and I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Glennon.”

“Yes, sir,” said the little man. “You thrashed the wretch?”

“I did,” said the Captain, “through a mistake.”

“Oh! it don’t matter about the mistake,” said Mr. Glennon. “He deserved it, and you thrashed him! You hear that, Maud? He thrashed your beat; unmer-



cifully, unmercifully, I hope, Captain," added Mr. Glennon, turning to the Captain.

The little man wanted to take Maud home with him at once, but the Captain succeeded in dissuading him. They, therefore, adjourned to the sideboard in the dining-room, where the little man, after he had taken a drink with the Captain, informed him that when he discovered that his daughter was secretly engaged to the man, and after he had learned further that Mr. Carleton was worth nothing, from a financial point of view, he had instantly put his friends on their guard against this adventurer. "Why, sir," said the little man, "imagine the audacity of the wretch to court my daughter secretly without a cent. He always told me he had a rich uncle, which was false; so he was really trying to obtain my daughter under false pretenses. A crime, sir! A crime at law! I could have sent him to the penitentiary! So I have told all my friends about it. I have told them he has attempted to commit a crime at law! Yes, sir, I have told it to a hundred men. I have given the wretch a black reputation for entering into a secret engagement with my daughter without my knowledge. If any one has the audacity to do it, I shall blacken his reputation. Several have done it, and the result is that their reputations now wouldn't be of any benefit to a poodle dog! No, sir, I won't have it!" said Mr. Glennon, excitedly.

"Well, ef I won't be bobbed!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, who was standing by, while a good-natured smile overspread his features.

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "Glennon. Glennon, Oldbiegh; know each other."

"Glard to know yer!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, holding out his large hand to Mr. Glennon. Mr. Glennon looked at Mr. Oldbiegh curiously, as he took his hand without saying anything.

"What's this?" said the Captain, opening a letter which one of his younger sons handed him. The Captain looked long at the superscription. The missive was addressed to "Mr." Grunyon. "Who is it" said the Captain, "that knows me and hasn't got courtesy enough in his skin to address me by my title?" He tore the envelope open, and as he read, a look of amazement overspread his features. The letter commenced, "My dear, dear Jack."

"What do you think of that, Oldbiegh?" said the Captain. "Whoever he is, he's monstrously familiar with me."

"It sounds, for all the world, like a two-forty widdy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and it don't sound like a man, nohow."

"Certainly, blast it! I say it's a man!" said the Captain. "It's a man's handwriting. What's this? It says, 'Meet me in the grove at eight to-night.' It's a foot-pad! A scheme to rob me!" The Captain studied over the signature, but could not make it out. He grew wrothy at once. "The brute can't sign his name. It looks like Billy. I'll be there to meet him! I'd like to catch him! I'd give him a writing lesson, and I'd print it on his trowsers!"

"Well, ef I won't be bobbed!" said Mr. Oldbiegh,

who had been looking over the Captain's shoulder. "It is a widdy, arter all! The name is Bella! Look out when you go to meet her she don't squawk!"

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain, solemnly, as he gazed at Mr. Oldbiegh under his shaggy eyebrows, "this is the work of my venomous cub. Now I think of it, I've seen the young brute walking the street with a chalk-faced terror with one eye. Oldbiegh, I shall call him in and charge it upon him." The Captain rang a bell in the wall and when the servant entered said: "Tell Master Jack to come here at once." In a little while Jack came. From the look on his face, it was evident that he expected something. "Jack," said the Captain, solemnly, "do you know *Bella*?"

"What Bella?" asked the young man, coolly.

"Any Bella," said the Captain, sternly.

"No, sir," said the son.

"Do you know anything about this letter?" said the Captain, handing the letter to him. The young man took the letter and read it through carefully.

"No, sir," said he; "it seems to be written to you."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that that letter is written to me?" said the Captain, more sternly.

"Certainly," said the son.

The Captain jumped up and flourished his cane threateningly, without any intention of striking his son, however.

"You monstrous young rogue!" said he, fiercely, as he hobbled after the youth, who fled precipitately through the hallway. The Captain hobbled rapidly in his wake, but in a few moments came panting back

with a grim smile on his long face. "The young rascal knew I was monstrously amused all the time," said he. The Captain was not aware that the "young rascal" was at that instant leaning around a corner in the hall, listening to what he said.

"Dinner!" called the silver voice of the pretty Josephine, as she glanced in at the door.

"May I have the exquisite pleasure of escorting you to the dining-hall?" said Mr. Glennon, rising suddenly and dusting some cigar ashes from his coat as he did so.

"You may," said the dark-eyed young lady as she took his arm.

"Junius," said the Captain, "take my arm. Hawkins, bring up the rear."

Mr. Glennon and Miss Josephine walked first, then came the Captain and Mr. Oldbiegh arm in arm, and Major Hawkins followed. As they passed the foot of the broad oak stairway, which came from the upper floor on which the bed chambers were situated, several ladies, coming down the steps, formed in line after them. When they reached the dining-room, they found Mr. Quagg, Mr. Judson C. Muggs and several of the children standing already at their places.

"Thomas," said the Captain to one of the younger boys after the company were seated, "did you wind that clock this morning?"

Mr. Oldbiegh looked at the large pendulum clock on the wall in its mahogany case, and saw that the weight was hanging down to the bottom of the case, while the hands were still.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"What!" said the Captain, staring at the boy ferociously; "do you mean to say the weight has fallen its whole distance in one day?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, while every one at the table looked steadily at him, knowing that it was an eight-day clock.

"You villainous young rogue!" said the Captain; "do you mean to tell me that that clock has been running eight times as fast as usual to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said Thomas. Everybody gazed upon his features with astonishment.

"Go and wind that clock at once, sir!" said his father.

"I can't," said the boy, beginning to whimper.

"You can't, sir!" said the Captain, jumping up and going to the clock, which, after getting upon a chair, he proceeded to wind. He wound the weight all the way up to the top. The hand moved an inch and the weight fell all the way down again. The Captain wound it once more, with the same result. A third time he wound it. The black hands moved forward a short distance and the brass weight fell to the bottom. "This is the most astonishing clock upon the face of the globe!" said he, with surprise in every feature. "It is possessed by a devil! Its actions are disreputable and monstrous!" On looking up into the inside of the clock he discovered that the works were gone. "Who did this?" said he, glancing around at the table. "Who gutted my clock?"

"I know," said Nellie, the youngest child; "Joe took them out to make a steamboat!"

The Captain got rapidly down from his chair, but before he was down Joe fled precipitately from the table. The Captain resumed his seat and before long the conversation became general.

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "take some rabbit pie," and the Captain helped him so bountifully that there was enough on his plate for two men. "Mr. Muggs," said he, "take some rabbit."

"Well-er," said Mr. Muggs, opening his mouth widely, while he spoke in a long, drawling tone, "no-er, thank you."

"What do you think of the scenery around here, Mr. Muggs?" asked Major Hawkins.

"Vary gude," said Mr. Muggs; "it's parsable!"

"I saw you out with the young ladies."

"Certainly, of course," broke in the Captain; "Muggs is a sly boy for the girls!"

"Well, yarse," said Mr. Muggs, with a very long drawl, "I certainly am."

"What do you find most attractive in the scenery around here?" asked the Major.

"The little burds," drawled the poet, "and the ground squirrels!"

"Aren't they too sweet?" asked Miss Glennon.

"They are too swuite," said Mr. Muggs, looking languishingly at the blue-eyed Maud.

The leaden eyes of Mr. Glennon, as he gazed upon the unruffled countenance of the poet, had in them a "what-on-earth-is-he" expression. The poet's face continued, however, unruffled by the gaze.

"Mr. Muggs, what is your favorite color?" asked Miss Deane.

"Rad," replied the poet. "All that is beautiful is rad," added he, drawling. "The sun, which is the carse of the existernse of all beauty, is rad. The most beautiful flowers are rad. The most beautiful hair on a young lady's head is rad. A blush is rad, and rad is the sunset at night."

"How poetical he is!" said Miss Glennon, with admiration. "That accounts for your standing bareheaded out in the open air last night, with a dreamy look in your eyes," continued she.

"Yas, and the sunset was rad. I was wrapt in dreams," said Mr. Muggs, with a dreamy look.

"What's that?" said Mr. Quagg, suddenly breaking in and holding his hand up to his ear. "You like it rare?"

"Yas," drawled the poet in reply, in a tone slightly tinged with contempt, "Yas, I like a sunset rare, Mr. Quagg, I do!" The young ladies were greatly amused at this remark.

"Oh! ah!" said Mr. Quagg, "I misunderstood you."

"Yas," said the other, "it was evardunt; but yet I think I speak plain English."

"Oh! certainly," said the red-headed little preacher. "I know you had no such intention, of course."

"But I did, Mr. Quagg, I did," drawled Mr. Judson C. Muggs.

Mr. Quagg turned red in the face.

"You did, sir!" said he.

"I certainly did," said the poet.

"Well, sir," said the other, "it was very strange conduct, I must say."

"Oh! no, it was not," replied the poet; Mr. Quagg did not understand him, so he did not reply, but commenced looking abstractedly at his plate, while his face continued red during the rest of the dinner.

"Apple dumplings!" said the Captain, as a great brown crockery bowl with steaming apple dumplings was placed before him. "Gentlemen and ladies," added he, "fill your glasses with claret. Claret and dumplings go together immensely well. Black coffee?" asked he, looking up at the pretty maid who had just brought in fifteen or twenty cups on a tray.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, quietly.

"You have travelled a good deal, Mr. Muggs?" said Mrs. Grunyon, who was sitting stiffly erect in her black silk dress at the foot of the table.

"I harve," said Mr. Muggs.

"I understand that you have seen a good deal of the lives of the Indians?"

"I harve," was the reply.

"What struck you most in regard to their method of living?"

"Well," said Mr. Muggs, "their method of burial. That strark me most. It is poetical. The dad Ingin is placed on the top of a simple platform in the open air, and left there with the rad sun and clouds overhead in the daytime and the stars and moon overhead at night. It is touching and pathetic and has the assence of the beautiful. I wept over the dad Ingin when I first saw it," drawled Mr. Muggs.



Captain Grunyon had ceased talking to Major Hawkins and was listening.

"Do you mean to say you blubbered over the dead Siwash?" said he.

"Certainly; why not? I felt the assence of the beautiful," said Mr. Muggs.

"I should think the blackbirds would eat up the corpse!" said the Captain.

"Yas, they do," said Mr. Muggs.

"And you think it a beautiful burial, when a man is everlastingly carried over the face of the globe in the stomachs of a flock of blackbirds?" asked the Captain.

"Yas," drawled the poet.

"What sort of an appearance do you expect a man to make on the day of judgment," said the Captain, "if he comes up in the shape of a flock of blackbirds? It's monstrous!" The poet smiled a silly smile, but did not reply. "No, sir," continued the Captain, "if I've got to appear there in the shape of four thousand chirruping blackbirds, I won't go. I'll stay at home—wherever that is. Yes, sir!"

"Captain!" said Mrs. Grunyon.

"Madam," replied the Captain.

"Remember yourself," said his wife.

"Yes, Madam, certainly I'll remember myself."

It was growing late when they adjourned from the table, and after the Captain and the gentlemen had smoked their after-dinner cigars, all met in the large drawing-room. Mrs. Grunyon, who was given to economy and was a skillful housewife, had lighted but two of the gas-jets in the brass chandelier in the center of

the apartment. The Captain hobbled to the center of the room, struck a match and lighted ten of the jets. The triangular-shaped glass pieces which hung from the chandelier sparkled brilliantly in the light. On the wall over the large wooden mantel hung a picture of a tropical scene, in a soft, hazy atmosphere, by Bush, and on the wall at the end of the room, over the piano was the picture of a shipwreck by Denny. Hanging over the black horsehair lounge, at the side of the room and near the doorway which opened into the hall, was the picture of a hunting scene, and the central figure of the scene was the Captain, surrounded by five setter dogs, while he held his shot-gun at his side, the muzzle slanting upwards, ready for the first game that appeared. The Captain pointed out this picture to Mr. Oldbiegh and commented on its beauties, and Mr. Oldbiegh professed to have great admiration for the picture as a work of art.

It was a sultry evening and the sashes in the bay-window were up, and Mr. Judson C. Muggs was sitting behind the white lace curtains with Miss Glennon. It was not long before all were engaged in conversation and the merry laugh was heard in different parts of the room. The Captain was sitting in a large arm-chair with red cushions, by the mantelpiece, and with his elbow resting on the arm of the chair was listening intently to an anecdote which Mr. Oldbiegh, who sat in a chair beside him, was relating of their school days. It was not long before the remarks of Mr. Oldbiegh were interrupted by the young ladies, who were heard urging the poet to read a poem.

"Certainly," said the Captain, "by all means read it."

"Whart shahl it be? On whart subject?"

"What is your favorite subject?" asked Miss Glennon.

"I have poems," drawled the gentleman, as he ran his fingers through his long hair, "on several subjects. My favorite one, however, is the little burds."

"Oh! give us the poem on that subject!" said one of the young ladies in the corner, clapping her hands; "give us that!"

"Certainly," said the Captain; "bang away at the birds!"

Mr. Muggs rose slowly, and with a sedate tread walked to the center of the room. After carefully lifting the hair out of the back of his neck, tugging at his collar, with his forefinger, to make it more comfortable, and buttoning his brown coat across his breast, he cast up his eyes and surveyed his audience.

"I shall read," he said, slowly, "a story entitled 'A Legend of the Columbia.'" Then, with a far-away look in his eyes, he gazed at the opposite wall for some moments, when he read as follows:

### "A LEGEND OF THE COLUMBIA.

'When the little town of Astoria, which lies beneath the hills on the left shore of the Columbia, was in its infancy, it was even more picturesque than at the present day. It was situated on a rising ground, and close to the water's edge. The tall firs, hemlock and spruce trees that surrounded the village protected it from the tempests of winter. Seven miles across the

blue water of the Columbia were to be seen the tree-capped hills of what is now the Washington Territory shore.

“The part of this little town, which was formerly called by its eight or ten inhabitants the ‘Lower Town,’ was originally a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and was first known by the name of Fort George. Here, thousands of miles from the civilized world, with the silence of a vast forest to the right of them, and behind them; the silence and deeper solitude of a mighty hill to the left; with the silence of a grand river in front of them;—here, all alone, lived a few waifs from the great living world.

“As may be well imagined, these beings who had wandered far away to this western world belonged to a class who might be said to consist of the curiosities of humanity. Trappers, men who had escaped from justice, men embittered by the strange chances and misfortunes of life;—such men formed this community. Amongst the last class was a curious old lawyer, a man possessed of profound ability. He had been brought up at the Inns of London.

“He had striven for many years in that great city, feeling, knowing his ability. In his attempts to obtain a foothold he had battled against poverty and misfortune and had felt the pangs of that ‘hope deferred which maketh the heart sick;’ but the rushing stream of misfortune was too powerful for him with its terrible tide, and he lost his hold upon the world. He sought the peace and solitude of the great forest. This last gentleman was the oracle of the little town,

and many a lecture did he give to his audience there assembled, as he sat before the great stove in the Hudson Bay store and puffed the gray tobacco smoke from his meerschauum pipe in clouds above him ; for it was around this stove that the whole town assembled whenever it rained, which happened at that time nearly every day in the year. Around this great stove in the old log store, this whole town on these numerous occasions chewed tobacco, smoked tobacco, and told hideous yarns. And all the while the Columbia, with the rain ever falling upon its smooth surface, rolled on in grim silence to the ocean. When such a strange event as the appearance of a white sail on the ocean happened, the quiet little community would be thrown into a state of enormous excitement. Then would the members of the community lay down their tobacco pipes ; their quids would be cast aside ; the people would put on their rubber boots, their oilskin hats and coats ; and the whole community, followed by the sheep, cows and dogs of the village, would go down to the beach ; the great life-boat that belonged to the company would be manned and the crew would prepare to pilot the ship into port. But such an occasion as this occurred only at very long intervals, indeed.

“There were Indians there in those days, but not one is left to tell of the race that is gone. They were a quiet, peaceable, idle race. They lived chiefly by salmon fishing and were not of a warlike disposition.

“The little town of Astoria had been sleeping in this quiet manner which we have described, disturbed only by the cry of the panther and the howl of the

wolf, when a great commotion was caused by the report that there was to be an increase in the population. A young clerk was to be sent out from England. The sale of blankets to the Indians had increased of late, and the company had come to the conclusion that an additional clerk was necessary. An old trapper had been seen coming around 'Tongue Point' in a canoe one day, and he had brought the news from another station, placed by the same company far up the Columbia. For many days the community smoked more violently, as they discussed the news around the great stove in the old low-roofed store. One day a sail was seen beyond 'Sand Island,' and at about four o'clock in the afternoon the ship anchored in front of the town, and the new clerk was rowed ashore.

"It was not long before the town became aware of the fact that this gentleman had been married to a lovely English girl the day before he quitted England. He had left his young wife in England, and had come to this far land to work for the company for a few years, until he had saved money enough to go home and live with his wife in ease. It was a hard trial to him, and a hard trial to his young wife, but poverty was his spur. He had thought first of delaying the day of marriage until his return, but this had already been delayed, and both were too deeply in love to reason. Instead of reasoning they got married. A few hours of exquisite bliss and they parted.

"The white sails of the vessel which had brought the young husband to Astoria were spread, and slewed around to catch the wind; the ship sailed away on her

homeward voyage. The citizens watched the sails until they became a white speck on the ocean and were undistinguishable from the distant clouds.

"The new member soon settled down, and grew like the rest of the community, and it was not long before he acquired those habits which were common to all. At first he was the principal speaker at the old store, and would describe to the little band of listeners the great and busy world so far away. Even the dogs of the village would sit on their haunches and gaze up into his face with a look of seeming interest as he spoke. One time he told of the sweet, gentle wife he had left behind him, and as he described her in glowing terms his listeners leaned forward, with their elbows on their knees, and one old pilot took off his hat and laid it on the floor as the young man described the lovely face like that of an angel, and spoke of the golden hair and the eyes like the blue of heaven. But after a while a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he hardly spoke to the rest. He was often seen to wander up and down the beach in the evening after the day's work was done. He became the subject of conversation, and the villagers all solemnly agreed, and especially did the old lawyer conclude, that he was out of his element, that that was no place for him. Still the days dragged by and the rain came drearily down; still the Indians in their canoes paddled their way over the smooth surface of the river, and still the river carried Old Time in his invisible boat down to the ocean.

"One day an Indian came into the store and informed the people there that a big canoe was on the

ocean. They went out and, sure enough, on the far horizon, and a 'little to port of Sand Island,' as a rough old sailor expressed it, was a sail. The sail moved across the mouth of the river, and many were the conjectures as to whether the vessel would come into the river or not. At last the question was settled when the vessel rounded the north end of the sand spit on the bar. In two hours the ship, with all sails set, passed within a quarter of a mile of the town and went on up the river. She was a beautiful clipper packet—one of the splendid line of packets that sailed between New York and France sixty years ago, one of those vessels that were fitted up like palaces, that were built of oak and pine, and were fastened with copper bolts. This was the 'Silvia de Gras,' and she had a majestic appearance as she moved with all sails set onward up the Columbia. Every spy-glass in the town was levelled at the vessel as she glided onward. A lady on the poop-deck was waving a handkerchief, and a spy-glass showed the young clerk that this was the wife he had left in old England. The day had been a bright one, and the sun was sinking at the mouth of the river through a sky of golden clouds. The young husband got into the life-boat with four companions and rowed up the river after the vessel. The sun sank, and the clouds of gold in the west took a crimson hue.

"It was suddenly noticed that the vessel had stopped. She had struck upon a hidden rock. She remained in the same position without moving. The boat reached her, and the young husband seized a rope that was hanging from her bow in order to keep the boat in



position. The ebb tide was rushing rapidly around the ship, forming whirlpools in its course.

“ During the trip from England the young wife had had a constant presentiment she would find her husband was dead. She had never heard from him, and this had induced her to start in search of him, and now, after a dreary sea voyage which had lasted thirteen months, she, with inexpressible joy, saw his face again. The young man, while holding his boat in position, was looking up into her face, and had just commenced to speak to her when the tide, coming around the bow of the ship, caused the boat to lurch to one side and he was thrown into the river. He lost his hold upon the rope and was carried down with the tide. One shriek from the young wife and she fell insensible to the deck. The husband rose to the surface, sank, rose again, and yet a third time, and was then lost to sight. The young wife was taken ashore in an unconscious condition. Some men living in a log cabin left it and gave it up to her. An old Indian woman, who had worked for some of the officers of the company, attended her during her sickness, which lasted two weeks. Day after day the rough inhabitants of the town would come stealthily to the old cabin, lay their hats on the ground and wait silently until the old Indian woman happened to come to the door, when she would tell them how the young wife was. They would go away then, shaking their heads mournfully as they went. During most of the time the sufferer was delirious. The long continued anxiety, followed by the unexpected sight of the one she loved, and that fol-

lowed in turn by his death at the moment of her greatest happiness, had been more than her gentle nature could stand. In her delirium, so the oldest inhabitants say, she seemed to think that she was on an island in the middle of the ocean, and that her husband was being torn from her arms by savages, who intended to murder him. But death cast his soft mantle of eternal sleep over the poor weary form at last, for one evening, as the sun was sinking through the sky of fire that hung over the mouth of the great river, a ray of light coming through the old log cabin, a ray which had been resting on the poor weary face, and playing amid the hair of gold, grew dim and more dim until it had gone and the night had come, and to her it was the night of death. The pretty eyes, blue as the blue light of heaven, had lost their look of weariness and sorrow forever. There was no more suffering, no more pain, for she was dead.

“The next morning the body of the young husband drifted upon the beach. Preparations were made for the funeral. Two canoes were brought side by side, and boards were placed between them, forming a platform. On this the community spread green boughs. The carpenter of the packet ship made two pine coffins. The remains of the young couple were placed in them and they rested side by side upon the platform. This was taken in tow by the life-boat, and the inhabitants of the town took canoes, and the ship’s company their boats, and this little fleet rowed slowly and silently around ‘Smith’s Point’ and up Young’s River. A number of Indians in their canoes followed grimly and

silently in the rear. Near a narrow gorge beside the river, beneath the shadow of tall fir trees, was found a little green spot, and here a grave was dug. The oldest man in the community read the burial service, and the unfortunate young pair were lowered into their eternal resting-place.

"The hull of the old 'Silvia de Gras' withstood the shocks of the wind and weather for many years. It is said that people sailing by the old ship at midnight in their boats have heard the despairing cry of the young wife, and that on moonlight nights the sailors have been seen pulling at the ropes of the vessel. But these mysterious visitors are to be seen no more, for the noble vessel has at last given up the battle with Time. A few years ago the last remnants of the 'Silvia de Gras' were carried away by the dark, rushing tide of the river."

When Mr. Muggs ceased reading, many were the comments on the story by the young ladies. Some of them thought it was "too sweet," and others thought it was "so nice."

"What do you think of it, Mr. Oldbiegh?" asked Josephine, who came and drew up a chair by the side of that gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "it's pretty good, because it's natch'ral. It's true to nature and that 'ar's a good sign."

"All that I ever wrote," said Mr. Muggs, "of any kind, I wrote before I was twenty. Since then my

muse has been dumb. For a time I have ceased to sing."

"Do you sing it out when you write?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I think," said Mr. Quagg at this moment, "that the poem is full of sentiment, and quite touching; but I don't understand how the fight terminated."

"No, sir," drawled the poet, "I don't think you do, for the simple reason that the fight never commenced."

"Oh! oh!" said Mr. Quagg, "I did not understand. I thought it was a battle in the clouds, fought by two fiends for a lady who was dead."

"No, sir," said the poet, with contempt. "I don't usually go to the infernal regions for my characters!"

"Oh! oh!" said Mr. Quagg, his face becoming as red as the top of his head, while he gazed steadily at one of the figures of the carpet on the floor.

"Never mind," said the Captain, whose kind heart was touched by his embarrassment, "we'll hear from Mr. Quagg now. He's considerable of a writer, and I'll take my oath he's got a story stowed away in his left coat-tail."

Mr. Quagg seemed to understand what was said, and without a word he drew forth some yellow, time-stained manuscript from his inside breast-pocket, and read as follows:

### "A TALE OF MISERY.

"That the world is filled with misery we all know. It is around us and about us at all times. We do not have to go back to the dark ages, to the time of the Inquisition, to the time of the serf and the plumed

knight, to find slavery and oppression and tyranny. In this land of freedom to-day, we hear the cries of the poor who are the slaves of the rich. While ladies dressed in silks and satins walk through the halls of glittering palaces, their sister woman lies cold, shivering and starving in the broken-down tenements of our great cities. Men go footsore and weary over the broad acres of moneyed men, listening to the wearisome click of those engines which deprive them of work. And when they do receive work, how humbly is it received!

"The one man is the abject slave of the other. He dares not to speak his thoughts, and on his features he dares to carry no look but one of humility, for fear his children will be deprived of the scanty bread that they eat. For bread he is a slave to the other, and the rich man owns him, body and soul. Listen!—Can you hear the laugh of the rich? Can you hear the cries of the oppressed? Let your ears become as keen as mine and you will hear them borne on the night wind, and you will hear them in the breeze of the morning.

"But to my tale. A number of years ago I was the minister in a small church in San Francisco. I was a young man then, and this was early in my career as a minister of the Gospel. With my young wife I lived in a little cottage, not far from what was then the center of the city. I was ambitious and a hard student in those days, and I was often kept in my study until a late hour of the night; and when I started for home, my journey was through one of the worst portions of the city; and my heart was often filled with pity for

the poor, wretched, degraded creatures I met on my way. I felt compassion for their weary faces, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. And yet as the gaslight fell on their faces a shudder came over me, for they were my fellow men and women, formed in the likeness of that mighty being who created the universe ; they were human beings,—human like myself. Like me they could feel sorrow, love, affection, and yet how low had they fallen. Each one had a past ; and what a history was hidden behind those pale and weary faces ! I used to look at them down in the dives, from which streamed a flood of light, and I listened to the sounds of music and revelry that came from those many homes of vice ; and the strains of the fiddle and clarionet and the beat of the piano seemed to my ear to be playing a march to destruction and death.

“ One night, as I passed a dark place on the street, I saw the figure of a woman leaning against the stone wall of a building. She was weeping, so I stopped and went up to her. I found that she was young, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. I asked her what was the matter, but she did not answer. I took her tenderly by the arm and led her with me. The light falling through the shutters of a house that we passed showed me that her face was one of surpassing loveliness ; and as she looked up at me I saw that she had a soft, gentle, dark eye. In a moment she stopped and leaned against the wall again, and put her hands up to her face and sobbed violently. I asked her as gently as I could, what was the matter.

“‘Oh! my God!’ said she, ‘if I were only home! home! home!’”

“‘Why don’t you go home?’ I asked.

“‘Too late! too late!’ was the reply. ‘I can never, never go home again! I am lost! lost!’ and then she burst into sobs.

“I put my hand tenderly on her shoulder, and in a little while she was silent. She looked up and for some moments gazed steadily across the street. I did not break the silence. She seemed to be listening to something. There was a sound of loud laughter in a house not far away, and some one was playing a rapid piece of music on a piano. I looked at the young girl’s gentle and beautiful face long and earnestly.

“‘Do you know what the sound of that music says to me?’ she asked, with a shudder. ‘It tells me that all is lost. It is the funeral dirge to all my hopes. They’re all dead and that’s the music over their grave! It says that forever for me my father is dead, my mother is dead, and my sweet little brother is dead. I will never see them again. It tells me that I am an outcast, wretched, miserable! Say, wouldn’t it be a mercy in God to kill me?’”

“It was pitiable to hear her.

“I learned that but a few weeks before she had graduated at a female seminary and gone home, to the home of her childhood in one of the Southern States. A woman who had lived several years in the neighborhood of her home, and with whom her parents had supposed they were well acquainted, had said that she was going on a short visit to California, and suggested

that it would be a good idea for them to let their daughter go along with her. They had consented, and the young girl had gone. She learned the character of her companion too late. She was robbed of her money and left in a strange city friendless. Knowing nothing of business, she had gone from office to office seeking employment, to learn the terms on which men assist a helpless and defenseless woman. And then, when she was desperate, her former companion came back to tempt her. Had the young girl been a better woman than she was, she would, perhaps, have been found floating in the bay. As it was, she had given way to the tempter. Men of the world will laugh at this story, and say that it could not be. Men of the world find it easy to laugh. I looked at the delicate and beautiful form and at the pretty face, and I said: 'Is this glorious piece of God's work to be destroyed, lost?' I argued with her and tried to fill her with a gleam of hope. Late in the night I left her, and she promised to write home again. She had already written once, but her father, who was a stern man, had not answered her.

"The next day I was walking along the street with a friend, when she passed me rapidly in the crowd. She had a bundle under her arm, and when I caught her eye there was a look on her face which showed that she had complied with my request. As soon as I could get away from my friend, I followed her, but I could not catch sight of her again. About three weeks after this I met her once more in the place where I had first encountered her. I spoke to her, and on inquiring if



she had heard from home, she showed me a letter which her father had written to her. I read it by the light of a street lamp. Oh! but it was cruel! A cruel and harsh letter to come from a Christian father to a child who was praying for forgiveness, and whose whole hope in life depended upon his answer. It was full of harsh condemnation, and wound up with the wish that he should never see her face again. The dark eyes of the girl were fixed on my face when I looked up from the letter. 'That ends it! All is over now!' she said with compressed lips. They were the last words I ever heard her speak. A moment after she had gone into a neighboring house.

"I was about to turn away, my mind filled with melancholy thoughts, when I heard the startling report of a pistol in the house she had entered. I rushed to the place, and learned that one of two men who were quarreling had fired the shot. As usual, it was an innocent person who was injured, and this time it proved to be the young girl who had just left me. She was shot in the breast, and the blood from the wound poured out so rapidly that a small pool was already on the carpet by her side. I saw that she would be dead in a few moments. She motioned the others away. I went up to her and leaned over her, and when I took her hand a faint smile came across her face. What a pity that I was the only one to take that hand in such an hour! She looked in my face with a longing look. She looked steadily in my face, as if she wanted to speak; but it was too late, for in an instant she was dead. The room was perfectly silent. The two men

who had caused her death had gone out on the street. But the sounds of music and the harsh laughter in the neighboring houses still were heard. I looked at the painted women standing around her, and then I looked at the white, rigid face; and I thought of what might have been. I looked at the white lips that would never speak again; and I thought of her father's harsh words. But the heart that was breaking then had ceased to beat, and it was too late now to speak the one word that would have saved her. I looked at the dark eyes, so expressionless now; there would be tears in them no more. As I gazed sadly at her, I thought it was a pity that so much youth and so much beauty were lost, were dead. Lost for the want of one kind word! For the want of one kind word from her father, from her mother at home, there she lay!

"Ah! how many of the gentlest hearts are broken for the want of that one kind word. Those who might have been the best are those who are lost through its absence. So it has always been, and so it will be again long after we all lie down in the grave and moulder to dust."

There were several moments of silence after the little red-headed gentleman had finished reading his MS, and had resumed his seat. Finally, with a lofty wave of his hand, Mr. Oldbiegh broke the silence, and said:

"That 'ar', though it ain't wrote for a reg'lar piece of poetry to be printed in a gilt-edged poetry book full of pictures, and though it ain't wrote for a reg'lar

story to be printed nowhar', is better than them. It touches a man's heart arter all 'till he's ready to boo-hoo like a darned booby for the sweet little critter what got killed! It's the truth, and I'm ready to swar' to it with one hand held up and the other planked down on the Bible! Bobbed ef I don't! Beg pardon for that 'ar' swar';—was that a swar? And any man who says it aren't founded on truth, I'm ready to pitch into him and whop him, till I've proved it's true, and the darned varmin makes an acknowledgment of it all in public! The world is full of varmin, men and women, which goes about ruinin' and destroyin' the prettiest critters the sun's light shone onto! And when it's done, women with no heart and men who've lost all the heart they ever had go ahead and keep them down, because they won't never forgive them, and won't assist them when they're a cryin' out for help. I've seen a million of them cryin' out for help, often! Let a darned varmin of a man," said Mr. Oldbiegh, his great white vest swelling with emotion, "tell the first lie about a woman—and they all lie like hounds about them—and all in no time you see fifty other varmin pointing her out, and telling this lie, added to others about her, and all in no time they're arter her; and though she's a good woman, for the reason they're seen around her, her reputation is blarsted, and other women shun her like a Chineee leper! Or it comes about a million of other ways, partly because the rules of society in relation to women aren't fair. Take the case of that 'ar' little critter who was shot dead. The poor little gal was in a far-off land, a thousand miles

from her home and her friends. All alone, and no one to protect her. I'd a-liked to been by her side! I'd a whopped her enemies, and I'd protected her, or died whopping the varmin! You see the gentle face, and you see the dark eyes looking up and imploring and begging for help; but thar' warn't no help for her, none in the world! You see the poor little critter a-writin' to her par for help; and you see the darned varmin writin' back the shot that went to her heart. Yes!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, waving his broad arm, in the intensity of his emotion, "and arter that you see her—whar? Dead! That's what comes of the letter of that bloodless and heartless varmin, her par! Thar she lies, her dark eyes so soft, and her ashen face so pale! Thar's the end on it; and now all that was so purty, so beautiful, lies under the green sod of the grave all alone! All is still and silent for her. No voice of mourning is heard over her grave, for there aren't no one in the whole world who would weep for the purty one. Though the whole world was standin' around her grave like a vast army of darned varmins, they would curse her. It's all wrong!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, slapping a table in his excitement. "It's too harsh, and a man with the heart of a man will dare to say so. God made her!—I'll be eternally bobbed!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "darned ef I don't!" and he wiped his perspiring forehead with his red-bordered silk handkerchief.

"It's so!" said the Captain, "and I'll shoot a hole as big as a barn door in the first hound who says a word against my daughters!"

"Captain," said Mrs. Grunyon, "this conversation has, I think, gone far enough."

"Certainly," said the Captain, "and I'll shoot the hound with a blunderbuss and a three-ounce ball! I'll pepper his carcass! Speaking of shooting," added the Captain, "reminds me, Junius, of the melancholy scenes of the war. Lord! how the blood flowed in those days! You could hear it rushing down the hill-sides like the water of the Amazon river; and the air was actually darkened with pieces of cannon carriages, cart wheels, and soldiers' legs, arms, and heads! There were many melancholy scenes, and some that were amusing. During one of those fearful scenes of carnage, I remember an amusing incident. The falling substances, with which the air was darkened, had covered up a young soldier who had been wounded; and supposing that the wound was mortal, he had lain down. This, as the Major will tell you, was very foolish, for he was soon covered by a mass of falling material; while if he had continued moving this would not have happened. As it was he was soon completely hidden from view. A number of officers were passing by, myself among the rest, when a voice was heard calling for its mother in a faint manner. We stopped at once, but nothing was to be seen but a pile of mangled substances, consisting of a dismounted cannon, a number of stray arms and legs, and a few heads which had been shot off during the battle. We listened and the voice was heard again. A young lieutenant who was with us swore that it came from a head lying on the side of the pile, with auburn mutton-chop whiskers.

We, of course, scouted such a monstrous idea, but the lieutenant would have it that the voice came from the head, and he swore it was so. Of course, we discovered the real cause in a short time. The young fellow, when he was dragged out of the pile, was found to be unhurt. The lieutenant was so put out because his theory turned out to be untrue that he swore he'd have the fellow shot for being off his post when on duty!"

"I'd a-thought," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "he couldn't be shot for so small a offense."

"In time of peace he couldn't," said the Captain, "without the interference of the courts, but in time of war so many men are being killed that one man's life is no more than a flea bite, so that death is not considered a severe punishment. In fact, when a man's shot, the punishment is generally thought very light. Speaking about that reminds me of a curious thing. We had a colonel in our regiment, early in the war, who always ran when the enemy approached. This mortified him very much, for he was as brave as Julius Cæsar. In a little while he would come back, and after that would be in the thickest of every charge. When the battle was over he used to tell us that he had done his best to keep from running, and that he had felt no fear himself, but that his legs were blasted cowards, and he couldn't keep them from running! We didn't believe this at first, but at last the truth of the statement was proved to us, for one day a cannon ball took off both of his legs, and after that he had to be carried into battle on the back of a soldier. No one ever saw him running from the field of battle again, and he

was always found in the thickest of every fight, and proved to be the bravest man in the army."

"The fact that he was not seen running from the field of battle, after that," said Mrs. Grunyon, sarcastically, as she straightened up in her black silk dress, "was possibly owing to the simple circumstance that he was unable to run without legs. You will certainly admit, Captain, that a man cannot run without legs!"

"No, madam," said the Captain, "I will make no such monstrous admission."

"Say, Josie," said Nellie, who had been listening with a look of profound interest on her face to the stories which had been told, "say, Josie," said she, "tell papa about the fight you had at your boarding-school."

"What fight?" said the Captain, looking at her severely under his shaggy eyebrows."

"Oh! it was nothing," said Josephine, blushing.

"Yes, it was," said the child; "there was a big pillow fight, and the girls put bootjacks and hard pieces of soap and combs and brushes in the pillows to make them hard; and oh! they had a great big fight, and one girl hit Josie in the eye and made it black, and oh! it made Josie quit fighting, and it made her cry!"

"Is that so?" said the Captain, sternly; "was there a pillow row?"

"Yes," said Josephine, timidly.

"They are a set of hoodlums and scrubs!" said the Captain, ferociously. "And you were thwacked in the eye?"

"Yes," said Josephine.

"And then," said the Captain, "of course you got her by the hair, threw her down, and got on top of her and pummeled her in the eyes until she was completely thrashed and surrendered?"

"No," said Josephine.

"What?" said the Captain, "you don't mean to say that a daughter of mine was disgraced by being beaten by a hoodlum?"

"I just stopped," said Josephine.

"Pish! I'm disgusted! You should have died first! You should have tweaked her nose! You should have gotten her by the throat. You should have bitten her and torn her hair out till she was bald. Anything for victory, and death before defeat."

"I see a pianner here," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Who is it that plays it?"

"Josephine," said the Captain, "go to the piano and play." Josephine got up at once, went to the piano and took a seat on the red-topped stool. "You see," said the Captain, "that there's no nonsense on the part of my girls about playing. When a gentleman does them the honor to ask them to play, they get up and play till further orders. No dilly-dallying, no nauseating bashfulness and hideous lies about not knowing how, being out of practice, and all that rot. They don't wait for every gosling in the room to ask them forty-three times apiece to 'play, oh! anything!' but they pitch in at once, like bull-terriers, and bang away at the piano like a house afire!"

"That 'ar's the correct way," said Mr. Oldbiegh,



“for the other way spoils the music what’s to come arterwards.”

“That’s the reason I married Mrs. Grunyon,” said the Captain. “The old man passed his ten daughters in review before me, and I picked her out because she obeyed orders when she was asked to play on the piano with the promptness of an orderly sergeant. And I found out afterwards that she was possessed of all the qualities of a soldier ! ”

The young lady played a piece of “classical music.” She commenced playing lightly at the treble and came thundering down to the bass. With the left hand in the air like a hawk waiting to pounce down on its prey, she went rapidly up to the treble with the other. Her right and left hands then took an even start from the treble and had an exciting race for the bass, the left hand coming in ahead ; then both hands took a violent jump for the centre of the piano and came down together with a bang. They both then playfully scampered off for the treble ; they both then made an astonishing jump together for the bass, and came down with such a thump that all the keys of the bass seemed to have been set off together. After this it was impossible to see what they were doing, but by the sound it seemed as if there was a perfect stampede amongst the bass notes, and as if they were about to leave the premises forever, with now and then a yelp from a solitary treble note ; and after that it seemed as if all the notes had entered into violent and mortal combat, and the young lady was punching the heads of the notes with both fists in a furious manner, and in deadly earnest-

ness, acting apparently as the ally of one side or the other, when the music suddenly ceased with one grand explosion.

"They play those pieces to show off the skill in fingering," said the Captain. "Now, Josie, give us some music."

"What shall I play?"

"Play 'We Won't go Home 'till Morning,'" said Mrs. Grunyon.

"Play something from old Bobbie Burns," said the Captain.

His daughter played "Bonnie Doon." The Captain in a hoarse voice soon commenced to sing, while he kept time with his wooden leg. After this the Captain got her to play "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," "Ben Bolt," "Robin Rough," and later a number of negro melodies in which everybody present joined, including Mr. Oldbiegh, whose strains were often heard out of time and far above the rest.

"Now," said the Captain, finally, "we'll have 'Auld Lang Syne,'" and while it was being sung he hobbled around the room, with a smile on his face, shaking hands with all the rest. Late at night the party retired to their respective couches.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## AN ELOPEMENT AND AN ARREST.

MR. OLDBIEGH had in his rough nature the elements of a poet, although the reader may not have had occasion to note the fact, or to put it another way, so that the reader may understand me more clearly, Mr. Oldbiegh's nature was a poetical nature. Like all men with poetical natures, Mr. Oldbiegh was a truly good man. He had none of those wicked traits found in men outside of the brotherhood of writers. Oh! reader, are *you* good? As good as a writer? Then you can appreciate Mr. Oldbiegh's better and loftier nature. Oh! gentle reader, are you a blackleg? Do you drink to excess? Do you, gentle reader, perform many vile and wicked acts? Do you, gentle reader, allow wicked, sinful and naughty thoughts to lurk in your brain? Are you a politician or a highwayman? Do you, gentle reader, ever come with the rest of the "madding crowd" to public offices to beg for donations to public festivals, church fairs and for the liquidation of church mortgages? If any of these or all of these things are true of you, gentle reader, you cannot appreciate the poetical instincts and purer nature of Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Oldbiegh was in sympathy with all nature. He loved what, by the use of a hackneyed expression, may be called "the beautiful." If he had had his own way there would have been no misery and no suffering in the world—but he would not have prevented it by

liquidating church mortgages; and if by acting the part of a Knight Errant, he could have succored the oppressed and punished wrong-doers, you would have seen him, gentle reader, incessantly galloping over the world, holding to the pummel of his saddle with both hands, and stopping ever and anon to chastise a giant or protect some innocent female. For amongst a few of the peculiar traits of Mr. Oldbiegh's character was an intense love for female society.

Mr. Oldbiegh found everything beautiful in the world. Anything from a blade of grass to a sunflower was beautiful in his eyes. Anything from a tadpole to a leviathan. Mr. Oldbiegh was also a happy man because he was bold and courageous; for he feared neither the past, the present nor the future.

Mr. Oldbiegh was standing at the open window of his bed-room at the hour of eleven at night, his poetical ears drinking in with rapture the sweet music made by a congregation of frogs, which were croaking in the vicinity of a slimy pond about one hundred yards from the house. Mr. Oldbiegh was, indeed, happy as he listened to the voices of these innocent creatures; and a smile of satisfaction spread slowly over his broad countenance as he heard the unending "ricket! ricket! ricket!" of the frogs.

"What a set of critters they are, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, as a train of philosophical thoughts passed through his brain. "They don't have no trouble, because they don't have no business cares, and none of 'em are married. They're all old bachelors, arter all! They don't have to wear no clothes; they don't have

no law-suits and jails; they don't have no wars; and all they do is sing! What a happy critter a frog is, arter all!"

While these profound meditations were passing through Mr. Oldbiegh's brain, another sound suddenly attracted his attention. It was the low murmur of human voices. On listening more closely, it seemed to him that the voices proceeded from a clump of trees about fifty feet distant. The longer he listened the more vivid grew his imagination, and strange doubts assailed him. One of the voices rose every little while into an impassioned strain. He (for Mr. Oldbiegh felt convinced that it was a man) seemed to be urging some other person to the performance of some act. Who were they? That was the question. Mr. Oldbiegh thought that every one in the house must have retired to rest. Were they robbers, and was the bolder of the two urging the timid one on? The longer Mr. Oldbiegh listened to the impassioned tone of the first speaker and to the low objections of the other, the more certain was he that mischief was brewing. People who had a good end in view did not require such impassioned urging. Mr. Oldbiegh thought it best not to wake anybody in the house, for he might be wrong after all, but concluded to go out alone and make an examination into the matter. He therefore placed a five-shooter in the rear pocket of his pantaloons, and with a bowie-knife in his left hand—for Mr. Oldbiegh was left-handed—went down to the front door, quietly turned the lock back and walked out. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the incessant chant of the frogs seemed to

have grown louder and more shrill, and the particular song they were singing at that moment appeared to be unusually wild and weird. Mr. Oldbiegh stood on the porch and listened. A single cock, miscalculating the hour, crowed in the distance. A number of other wakeful cocks thereupon followed his example. This set off a train of dog barks and in an instant dogs were barking all over the neighborhood. A sickly calf now added its bleat to the general uproar, and for many moments Mr. Oldbiegh could not hear the voices which he had heard when in his room. However, the sounds slowly passed away and again he distinguished the mysterious murmurings; but this time they seemed to be back of the house. Mr. Oldbiegh went on his toes down the steps to the ground, and then walked toward the left side of the house. The sounds seemed to have changed their location again. There was something very strange about this! But the mystery was soon explained. On looking around the corner, Mr. Oldbiegh saw something which induced him to suddenly draw his head back. The soft rays of the moon, falling full on that side of the house, displayed the interesting head of Miss Maud Glennon reaching out of the window of her room, which was on the upper floor of the dwelling, while standing by a rose-bush beneath, with his face turned upward and the palm of his hand over his heart, was Mr. Judson C. Muggs. Being nothing of an eaves-dropper, Mr. Oldbiegh at once returned to his chamber.

"Did you hear anything then?" asked Miss Glennon. "I'm frightened to death; we shall be discovered!"

"What did you hear?" asked Mr. Muggs.

"I don't know," said Miss Glennon, "but I think it was something behind the house. Do go and see."

"It must have been the cat, love," said Mr. Muggs.

He went behind the house and made his way through a doorway into a place with green lattice walls, where the milk pans were usually kept. He groped about in this place, calling, "poos! poos!" in a low voice. Suddenly he upset a stack of empty pans, which fell to the wooden floor with a fearful clatter. Mr. Muggs expressed himself in such poetical terms that they will not bear repetition. The noise seemed to wake nobody. Returning to his position beneath the window, he informed the young lady that there was no cause for fear.

They now entered into a vigorous conversation and as their whispered language was composed chiefly of pet names for one another, of loving expressions and vows of eternal fidelity—whatever that means—the reader shall not be punished with them.

The scene was quite a striking one. There was the young lady leaning out of the window, her eyes filled with a soft expression which denoted passionate love, the moonlight falling on her yellow locks, for, in order to improve the color of her hair, she had lately washed her head in water with soda in it. There were the great oak trees, not far away, their leaves forming a checkered shadow on the ground; and a little further off was a white picket fence. There was the swing hanging from a limb of one of the largest trees; and there were the dead oak leaves covering the ground.

The dark hills behind the house formed a gloomy back ground. There was the moon in the sky, and there was Mr. Judson C. Muggs beneath the window. His long locks were resting calmly on his shoulders, and there was a curious shadow of his head, his bob-tail brown velvet coat and his tight-fitting pants, the shadow being partly on the wall of the house and partly on the ground.

"Oh!" said Mr. Muggs, "I could never love another woman like I love you."

"He! He!" said Miss Glennon. "I know you say that to every young lady. Can't you say something just for me alone?"

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, drawled Mr. Muggs, "I may have loved, but never like this! Oh! there is an intensity in this passion!" said he, placing his palm on the centre of his chest, "that lacerates my heart—that tears it to shreds!" He now uttered a loud sigh. The young lady uttered a fierce sigh in response. "Your eyes first seized upon my heart and took it captive, for they are more charming than violets!"

"Oh!" said Miss Glennon, "did you never say that to any other woman?"

"No, I swear it," said the poet.

"Oh! this is too sweet! too sweet!" said the young lady. "Oh! that these blessed moments could only last forever!" she added, rolling up her eyes to heaven.

"Oh! that they could, that they could!" responded the more masculine voice of Mr. Muggs.

"Oh!" said the young lady, again rolling up her



eyes, "this is too sweet! too sweet! You don't talk like other men. No young girl could resist you. I pity them if they know you, for you would inspire such agony of love in their breasts!"

"Yarse," drawled Mr. Muggs.

"Oh! what an intellectual head you have got! what a towering intellect!" said the young lady. "How proud your mother must have been of you! And you will be mine forever?"

"Forever and for aye," said Mr. Muggs.

"And you say that I *must* do it? That I must fly with you?"

"Yarse," drawled Mr. Muggs, "we must both fly together."

"And it must be right away?"

"Yarse," said the poet.

"Oh! my poor dear little pa, how he will foam!" said the young lady.

"Yarse," drawled Mr. Muggs, "he will foam."

"But, come; time flies, and we must hurry, dawling!"

The young lady's head disappeared from the window. Mr. Muggs went around to the front of the house and sat on the steps. It had been arranged that he and the romantic young lady were to go to Oakland early the next morning before anybody in the house was up; go thence to San Francisco and from there go by way of Cloverdale to Lakeport, and, on the shores of Clear Lake and beneath the shadow of the mountain called Uncle Sam, be united in wedlock. This plan had been partly changed when it was learned that Mrs. Grunyon and some other members of the family were to take the

carriage and go to Oakland early in the morning, in time to catch the first train for San Francisco, where they were invited to spend the day with some friends. Instead, therefore, of waiting until morning before starting, Mr. Muggs and Miss Glennon had concluded to start at once. In a few moments the young lady appeared on the porch, dressed in a circular cloak bordered with fur. She held her hands in a muff and wore a turban hat with a red feather in it. She trembled a good deal as she took the arm of Mr. Muggs, and stopped at the front gate to weep for three or four minutes. The experience of Mr. Muggs taught him to say nothing at this moment. She started back for the house four times; she laughed hysterically a number of times, but finally went straight ahead. In due course they reached Oakland, and the following morning continued on their journey.

The next morning all the remaining ladies in the house arose early and started for San Francisco. They had urged Miss Glennon to go with them the night before, but she had refused. Mrs. Grunyon had then told her she would not go herself, but on being urgently requested they had all made up their minds to go, with the exception of Josephine, who, after attending to the marketing, was to return home.

At about ten minutes before the breakfast hour, Mr. Oldbiegh and Captain Grunyon were sitting alone together in the library.

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain, suddenly, "what is Muggs? What do you think of him?"

"I s'pose he's a pretty good writer," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"No, no," said the Captain; "is he a sly dog?"

"I think he are," replied Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I don't like to speak ill of a guest," said the Captain, "but if old friends can't talk there's no use for language. I think he's an oily dog! But keep this opinion a profound secret, for while he is in my house, even if he were Satan in disguise, as my guest I would treat him with profound courtesy and show him every attention."

As Mr. Glennon now appeared the conversation was dropped. They went in to breakfast.

"Maud is lying abed, I suppose," said Mr. Glennon, in a disgusted tone.

"Never mind," said the Captain, "she'll probably be here in a moment."

After waiting a little while Mr. Glennon insisted that they should go ahead with the breakfast, but the Captain insisted on waiting until the young lady appeared. A girl was sent to rap at her door. She came back with the report that there was no answer, but said she thought it probable that Miss Glennon and Mr. Muggs had gone off for a morning walk, as the gentleman's hat was not on the rack.

The party sat down to breakfast, and had just finished, when the servant brought a letter she had found in the missing young lady's room to Mr. Glennon. When he read it, the little man became so greatly affected by emotion that he could not speak, and the Captain, thinking he was choking to death, and mean-

ing to throw a glass of water in his face, in his excitement picked up a glass of milk instead and threw that. As this did not appear to cure him at once, Mr. Oldbiegh and the Captain both proceeded to pummel him in the back with such violence that he was restored with wonderful rapidity; and the slapping on the back was given with such good-will, in their anxiety to restore him, that the little man's ire was aroused, and, forgetting himself for the moment, he broke out into violent abuse of them both. For this he apologized when the stinging sensation passed away, and his wrathful expressions were turned against the "wretched girl" and the poet. The three gentlemen now discussed the situation, but could arrive at no conclusion as to where the birds had flown. Mr. Glennon's nerves were in such a state that the Captain forced him to take a wine-glass of raw brandy, which he said was good for the nerves. Mr. Glennon had just swallowed this medicine when a chambermaid appeared at the door of the library, to which the gentlemen had retired, with a sealed letter, which she had found in the young lady's room. It was one Miss Glennon had written to an old schoolmate the night before, and which she had intended to deposit with her own hands in the post-office at Oakland, but in her hurry she had forgotten it. Mr. Glennon opened it and read as follows:

"DEAR MARY: Feeling that I must have some one to confide in in such a moment, I write to you, you dear, sweet girl! By the time this reaches you I shall be a wife! Think of my feelings, in consequence, at

this instant! I will have thrown up the follies of girlhood and be a dignified matron! Just think of it, you dear girl! You can imagine that my feelings are in a sort of tumult. How envious the other girls will be of me and my Judson! Girlhood will be past then! Oh! Mary, when I think of our schooldays at the Seminary, it seems so strange. Everything seems as if nothing was real. I don't know what pa will do! He will jump all about and be frantic and cause such a scene! It makes me sad to think of the past. Oh! if you were only here to sustain me at this important juncture, for I have no mother. My Judson is, of course, good, but he's not a woman. You will forgive me, Mary — that's a dear. My girlhood seems so childish when I am about to take this serious step — and it is so serious! What pleasant times we used to have at school! (Why is it that my mind will continue to dwell on the past?) How, when the vacations were over, the girls returned with two or three trunks apiece, all filled with chicken, jelly and cakes, and what midnight suppers we had, huddled about the floor in our nightgowns and bare feet! Do you remember one girl who brought a live chicken in her trunk which crowed on the way up stairs, and we were found out? Do you also remember our young men cousins who used to come and see us, and make jokes about what we had to eat? They said the butter was alive, walked about the table, had hair on its head, and fought a duel with the hash! Weren't they funny? But I'm about to pass from such scenes to the awful solemnity of the marriage state. In two days I shall be my husband's

—wife! Think of that, Mary dear, and he's just too sweet! Yet I feel fearfully afraid somehow. But my Judson is standing at the window. Isn't it kind in him? He's just too good for anything! Well, we are going to have the most romantic marriage in the world! We are going up to Clear Lake, and will be married on the water—”

“Hold!” interrupted Captain Grunyon. “What o'clock is it?” All the other gentlemen jerked their watches out of their pockets. “We have just time,” added the Captain, “to reach the train, if we make a rapid charge for Oakland. As Mrs. Grunyon has gone off with the carriage, we'll have to go on horseback. Thunder and blood! Cats and fish!” cried he, suddenly.

“What's the matter?” asked Mr. Glennon, very much excited.

“Why,” said the Captain, “there are four of us and only three horses on the place, and they're such a God-forsaken lot of plugs that it makes a man sick to look at them!”

“Can't you borrow another?” inquired Major Hawkins.

“Not without going a mile, the distance to the nearest farm but Oldwhistle's, and then we'd miss our chance to start for Cloverdale this afternoon.”

Of course it wouldn't have been of any use to ask Mr. Oldwhistle for a horse, even if the Captain was willing to do so, for he would refuse. Here was a dilemma. The Captain suddenly remembered that the

butcher boy usually came around in his cart at about that time, so they walked into the kitchen to find out whether he had been there. They found he had just left, and hurried down through the grounds in the hope that they might catch him. They were, however, too late. The negro boy who worked for Mr. Oldwhistle was seen passing at this moment. When asked if the butcher had been to Mr. Oldwhistle's, the boy replied that Mr. Oldwhistle was not at home, and that the butcher would not call that day. The gentlemen were near the border line of the two places when a white horse of a lean and bony appearance, with a mournful countenance, was seen under a tree on Mr. Oldwhistle's grounds, apparently attempting to commit suicide by strangulation, in order to terminate its sad existence, for it had wound its rope around the tree until its head was within a foot of it.

Captain Grunyon gazed at the beast with meditative eyes for some moments; then he suddenly exclaimed: "I have it! I will steal this plug and have it returned before Oldwhistle gets back! As it is the tamest looking steed I ever saw in my life by large odds, Oldbiegh shall ride it, and we'll be off!"

Being a man of action rather than words, the Captain drew a pruning-knife from his pocket, cut the rope which held the horse, and led it, followed by the other three gentlemen, to the stable. The horse was now discovered to be blind in one eye. The Captain's three nags were brought to the stable, and were as sorry a looking lot as the first. The largest one, a white horse, was covered with mud. Another was of a variegated

white and black color, and the third, while it had the body of a large animal, was stunted in growth, which made it look as if about one foot in height had been sawed off its legs. The Captain concluded to ride this nag.

The horses were soon saddled and bridled and each rider provided with sharp Mexican spurs. The Captain after looking at his watch doubted whether they could make the train. After telling his companions that they would have to ride as if they were riding for their lives, he mounted. He said he would take the lead as he had a spur on one side to urge along his horse and a wooden leg on the other, while the rest of the company had spurs only. The Major mounted his animal with alacrity, Mr. Glennon mounted his rather slowly and Mr. Oldbiegh mounted his with great care and circumspection. He then wriggled himself into a comfortable position and grasped the pommel of his saddle firmly with both hands.

"Ready?" asked the Captain.

"Whop 'em up!" cried Mr. Oldbiegh, running his spur into his steed.

One of the farm hands threw the gate open and they started on a gallop down the road. The Captain's short-legged animal went up and down like a hobby horse. Both the Captain's legs were working in earnest. It was splendid exercise. With his wooden leg he was beating one side of the animal and with his spur he was spurring it on. His circular cloak was soon flying in the wind behind him. Next came the Major on a white horse. He had a whip in his hand with which



he incessantly lashed the animal, while in addition he used his spur vigorously. Next came Mr. Glennon, whose horse needed little urging, and, strange to say, the nag ridden by Mr. Oldbiegh seemed to be the best of all, for without being urged by the spur, it passed the others and took the lead. As the animals got warmed up, they went ahead with astonishing speed for such horses. It was a beautiful sight to notice the violent exertions made by the riders to increase this speed. It was very interesting to note the pretty curves of the Major's whip and the muscular movements of the Captain's legs, but more interesting to see Mr. Oldbiegh, with his hands firmly clasped to the pummel, rising and falling in his seat, as he kept in the lead; and it was also interesting to witness the astonishment of the pedestrians and of people looking over their front gates at seeing the four gentlemen fly past like a whirlwind, enclosed in a cloud of dust. I leave the reader to imagine the shouts uttered by the Captain in his wild excitement; suffice it to say that the party reached the station in time to catch the desired train.

Passing from Oakland they went to San Francisco, and from there they started, by way of Cloverdale, for Lakeport, a town situated on the shore of Clear Lake. On the cars for Cloverdale, Mr. Glennon, in a melancholy state of mind, held his head out of the window until his eyes were so filled with cinders that he was compelled to take it in. The other three gentlemen, out of respect to their companion's feelings, up to this time had been very quiet. However, all of a sudden it was discovered that the Captain had a pack of cards in his

hands which he was shuffling. How they got there or where they came from is not known, but there they were. Mr. Oldbiegh, Major Hawkins and Captain Grunyon, with solemn expressions on their faces, were soon engaged in examining the hands which they held before them, and in dexterously throwing down their cards with a triumphant air, upon a table composed of their knees and the Captain's circular cloak. In the meantime Mr. Glennon entertained himself by picking the cinders out of his eyes. As this was a painful process and as he connected the cinders in some way with "the wretched girl" and with the poet, he held quite a continuous and violent conversation with himself, graced ever and anon with an oratorical flourish, about those two delinquents.

"The world's a vile world," said he, suddenly, to himself; "there's no good in it!"

"What's that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking up from his cards, for he thought he was speaking to him.

"The world grows worse every day," said the little man, rubbing his red eyes with his handkerchief. "No man can trust his own daughter, the world is so bad. The first thing he knows, now-a-days, she gets up in the middle of the night and runs away with a dish rag!"

"Oh! cheer up and be hearty!" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "we'll catch up with them afore they're married!"

"Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone and blood of my blood running off with a dish rag! Oh! I won't have it!" suddenly shrieked the little man so that he was heard all over the car.

"Hush, man!" said the Captain. "You're worse than a hysterical female. Don't be a fool—act like a soldier, sir! Take a hand in this game of cards. Stop your squealing and keep a bold face!"

Arriving at Cloverdale, they learned that the pair had hired a two-horse carriage and gone ahead about a couple of hours before. The gentlemen ate a hasty dinner and hired a regular four-horse stage coach, the only vehicle they could get at once, and started in pursuit. They had four sinewy and wild mustangs to drag them and a man for a driver who was considered to be the best on the road. The coach had an iron railing around the top, a place for trunks behind, and was on thick leather springs. It was painted red and a picture of a castle was on the door. The yellow wheels were heavy and strong. The four passengers got inside; the door was shut; the driver mounted to the top and cracked his long whip; the four mustangs started on a gallop and away they rolled. At every rough place the coach rocked backwards and forwards on its leather springs, so that the road was not perceptible to the passengers. As the driver was to be well paid if the runaways were overtaken, the crack of the long whip was constantly heard. For several miles they passed over ground covered with gravel, being in the neighborhood of volcanic regions. In due course they were climbing up the mountains with yawning cañons hundreds of feet deep at the side of the road. They now passed into heavily timbered regions, and mountain ridges to the side of them and ahead of them, covered with a blue haze, were visible.

About this time the Captain was suddenly observed to be sitting in an erect position, clasping a flask of whisky with both hands. This pathetic little incident is related for the purpose of showing what married men do when they escape from the dread supervision of their spouses. If I have caused a pain to pass through the heart of any of the gentler sex by the relation, it will give me profound pleasure to make amends by an humble apology. The gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Glennon, now began to enjoy the excitement of the ride immensely. The green foliage of the trees was pleasing to the eye and the cool mountain air was delicious. Mr. Oldbiegh's heart often rose in his mouth when, in making a sudden turn in the road, the wheels of the coach came within six inches of a yawning precipice. They had just started down the hill from the top of a high ridge, when the driver shouted something which the passengers did not understand. On looking out Mr. Oldbiegh saw, away down below them and about a mile ahead, a carriage half hidden by the trees, moving slowly along the road. A few hundred yards further on the coach stopped and six fresh mustangs replaced the four jaded animals.

"Do you think it was them?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh, of the driver, who was holding a bucket of water to the front horses.

"Sure of it," said the driver. "All aboard!" The gentlemen piled in. "There they go!" added the driver, who was just about to mount to his seat. "They've taken wind of us. Blasted sly fellow, that

long-haired chap! He's been taking your picture with a spy-glass," said he, mounting to his seat.

The carriage in the distance was moving rapidly, and probably the driver's assertion was true.

"Why couldn't you keep out of sight?" said Mr. Glennon, petulantly to the Captain, who had been standing at the edge of the highway, a splendid mark for the spy-glass of the fugitive.

They went rumbling and bouncing down the road, the continuous grating of the brake being heard, and a cloud of dust rose up to cover the leaves of the red madrona trees on the side of the highway. In the course of an hour they were within a quarter of a mile of the fugitives. On making a turn in the road the driver leaned over the side of the vehicle and shouted that another coach was in pursuit. On looking back, the passengers saw the coach with six horses tearing down the mountain. Many were the conjectures as to the cause of this. Mr. Glennon was disposed to believe that because of the especial wickedness of the world at that particular period some other daughter had run away and some other unhappy father was following her. As they approached closer to the carriage, notwithstanding the dust thrown up by the wheels, the four gentlemen all had their heads out of the window, two at each side. In consequence, their heads were soon coated with dust, but this did not prevent Mr. Oldbiegh from shouting, "Whop 'em up!" which he now did incessantly, while various wild shouts were heard from the Captain, and Mr. Glennon, as they drew nearer, fairly shrieked imprecations at the poet and

the "wretched girl." As the road wound down the mountain, there was a place where, upon looking up, the gentlemen saw the coach in pursuit. This coach was about one hundred and fifty feet directly above them and was now moving in a direction opposite to theirs. As he gazed Captain Grunyon discovered the face of Mr. Oldwhistle, his enemy, at the window. His appearance could not be accounted for on the ground that he had a runaway daughter, for he was an old bachelor and consequently had no daughters. The important question, therefore, arose why was he also engaged in such a violent and persistent race. Mr. Glennon did not care to take the trouble to try to answer this question. The Captain tried to answer it, but failed in the attempt, and the Major gave it up, when Mr. Oldbiegh said :

"It couldn't have nothing to do with the white horse with the blind eye?"

"That's it," said the Captain; "the little wretch is after us for horse stealing! He's got an idea in his miserable head that here's a good chance to bother us. If he attempts to arrest us, I'll skin him alive!"

All three vehicles were in line now and not far apart; the drivers were cracking their whips over their horses' heads; clouds of dust were rolling up, and pursuers and pursued were moving along at furious speed and turning bends in the road at a rate that threatened to upset the vehicles. Out of the windows of the coaches the dusty heads of a number of very excited gentlemen were seen, who were shouting vociferously, Mr. Oldbiegh among the rest waving his hat in the air and

yelling, "Whop 'em up," and while the Captain shook his fist defiantly at his pursuers, who threatened to fire unless he came to a halt. Mr. Glennon was shaking his fist at the front carriage in which was the poet with his arm around Miss Glennon. In the other hand the poet held the reins, and the splendid horses he drove were covered with foam. The hindmost coach now began to fall further and further behind, and in the course of fifteen minutes was out of sight. The coach containing Captain Grunyon and his companions was gradually gaining on the carriage ahead of them. In a little while they were alongside of each other. Mr. Glennon, his body half way out of the window, was yet shaking his fist at Mr. Muggs, when that person pointed a pistol at his nose, and the irate father suddenly disappeared from view, sinking to the bottom of the coach. Mr. Muggs ordered the four gentlemen to fall behind and give up the chase; he threatened to riddle them with bullets if they did not obey his orders. He would, perhaps, have ordered the driver to desist if he had dared to take his pistol off the four companions. A counsel of war was hastily called in the coach, and the Captain suggested as a strategic move that while he, Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Glennon remained at the window next to the carriage to hide his movements, the Major should climb out of the opposite window on the roof of the coach, take his pistol with him and get the "drop" on Mr. Muggs. This movement was rapidly executed, and the Major, while lying flat on the top of the roof, covered the body of Mr. Muggs and threatened to kill him unless he threw his weapon to the ground.

Mr. Muggs refused, but when the Major proceeded to take very deliberate aim at him, in order not to harm the young lady, the poet, seeing he was in earnest, cast his weapon down and when ordered to stop drew up the horses. Both vehicles now stopped and everybody got out. Miss Glennon had been perfectly silent during the whole race, except when Mr. Muggs had levelled his weapon at her father, whereupon she had uttered one of those piercing shrieks peculiar to females; but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed. The horses of both vehicles were covered with dust and sweat and were trembling from the effects of their run. The gentlemen were also covered with dust, and the long hair of Mr. Muggs was so filled with that material that its color seemed to have changed. The faces of all, including that of Miss Glennon, were as black as if they had been negroes.

The Captain now proposed to throw up breastworks and resist the approaching enemy, but his friends induced him to submit to arrest, as nothing could possibly come of it. In a little while the other coach came thundering down upon them. Mr. Oldwhistle and two officers alighted and arrested the Captain for stealing Mr. Oldwhistle's blind charger. The opinions which Captain Grunyon expressed in regard to the proceeding will not bear repetition, for fear my lady readers might take offense.

The procession homeward was, indeed, a melancholy one for some of the party, and the small mind of Mr. Oldwhistle led him to annoy the Captain in many petty ways. For example, when, upon reaching a clear



mountain stream, Major Hawkins, Mr. Oldbiegh, Mr. Glennon, Mr. Muggs and Miss Glennon got out of their coach and washed the dust from their faces, in order to present a respectable appearance when they entered Cloverdale, Mr. Oldwhistle would not consent to have his coach stopped that the Captain might wash, but compelled him to ride into Cloverdale begrimed as he was. In many other small ways did this small man annoy the Captain's loftier nature.

They reached Oakland, and before the day of trial Mr. Oldwhistle's lawyers, by representing to him that the case could never be sustained, and that it would only injure him in public estimation if he continued to prosecute, induced him to consent to the dismissal of the charge, and it was dismissed. The Captain thereupon filed a complaint against Mr. Oldwhistle for malicious prosecution, setting the damages at fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Muggs postponed further proceeding to some future day, and thus happily terminated another of those exciting incidents which marked the career of that truly great man, Junius Oldbiegh. We would pause here to remark that his career was but another example to show that although genius may make a man great for a moment, yet it dazzles and passes away, while profounder qualities, like those of Mr. Oldbiegh, last for all time. And what is genius, after all, unless it be a combination of those sterling qualities which Mr. Oldbiegh possessed?

## CHAPTER IX.

## AT WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

A FEW days subsequent to the proceedings just related, Mr. Oldbiegh was seated in the smoking-room of Captain Grunyon's house, after a delicious breakfast of eggs, coffee, light rolls, fresh home-made butter, milk, cream and fruits of several kinds. He was feeling those delightful sensations of pleasure produced by a hearty meal, and though he spoke little, yet the soft smile on his round features said volumes and the gentle expression in his large blue eyes showed him to be happy. The fact that his legs were crossed, the heavy calf of the left being thrown over the right, furnished additional evidence of his happiness, for in this position a man is seldom found when in a state of rage. Mr. Oldbiegh was enjoying one of those moments when the sunshine of life, for a brief space unobscured by any dark cloud, fell full upon him, and as he sat he was "a fit subject for an artist's pencil," as some profound writer has observed. But "pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower, its bloom is shed," as has been written by the gentlest of all poets; and so it was with Mr. Oldbiegh. His pleasure was like a poppy and its bloom was shed as soon as he read a letter, bearing upon the subject of "the two-forty widdy," from Mr. Geseign, which recalled to his mind the fact that he must be making preparations for the criminal prosecution which was to come off in a short time. Mr.

Oldbiegh's face grew more and more clouded as he continued to read.

"Well," said the Captain, when he had finished reading the epistle, "what's the row?"

"Oh! it's a letter relating to that ar' suit," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well, Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "keep a stiff upper lip and we'll pull you through. With the assistance of my friend, the Major, I think we can put up a job on the audacious Night Hawk, which will take the wind out of her sails in half a jiffy!"

Mr. Oldbiegh arose, and with melancholy feelings in his breast, bade the persons good-bye who stood on the veranda to see him off. With the calves of his legs chafing each other, he walked down the front steps to the carriage which awaited him, and in a moment the rapid click of the horses' hoofs and the roar of the vehicle were heard, as he drove down the road. Long did he wave his red-bordered silk handkerchief in response to the many waving white ones of the young ladies on the porch; and finally, when the house was out of sight, putting his handkerchief to his nose he blew one fierce blast, after which he quietly replaced it in his left coat-tail.

Mr. Oldbiegh then leaned his broad shoulders against the back part of the carriage and began to philosophize. He recounted the many and varied experiences through which he had passed during the last few months. They had, indeed, been strange. In rapid succession, he had raced with dudes, and been the victim of the misplaced affections of a widow of ferocious disposition and

hideous appearance ; he had been in prison, then out of prison ; an attempt had been made to place his picture in the rogues' gallery ; he had had a night adventure in which a bull dog was the chief and most violent, and an antiquated female the secondary actor ; he had been immediately afterwards described in a public print as a person of suspicious character ; he had acted as an accomplice when the wrong man was punished for the offense ; and he had even assisted in bringing a poet to justice ! Such a history was, indeed, wonderful. When Mr. Oldbiegh remembered all these things, and recalled the fact that he was hereafter to have a hired companion in the shape of a "reg'lar English blue-blooded snob Lord," he felt bewildered. He almost felt as if his reason were becoming shaken. He felt as if the world in some mysterious way had got turned upside down, while he was unaware of the fact.

While his mind was still deeply filled with such thoughts, the carriage drew up at Market street station, and shaking the driver's hand with a five-dollar piece in his palm, which was not there when he withdrew his fingers, while the driver winked profoundly as he bade him good-bye, Mr. Oldbiegh got out of the vehicle. In a short time the heavy iron locomotive, the brass rings around its boiler glittering in the morning sunlight, dashed by the station. The air-brakes were put on and the train soon stopped. Mr. Oldbiegh walked into the car and the train was off. It was still early, being about eight o'clock, and the seats were filled with business men, each of whom held a morning paper open before him ; they sat like statues as they read, and

intense, indeed, did the interest which many of them took in their papers seem to be when a lady entered the car to whom they thought they might be called upon to give up their places. Mr. Oldbiegh was surprised at this lack of gallantry. He soon, however, had what might be called a partial explanation of this. There was not sufficient room for all the passengers, and a couple of young ladies, who had got on at Center street station, stood in the passage-way a short distance ahead of where Mr. Oldbiegh sat. Perceiving that no one else offered them a seat, Mr. Oldbiegh arose and politely offered his to one of them. "No-ow!" said she, snappishly, "keep your seat!" Mr. Oldbiegh without replying quietly resumed his place. Arrived in San Francisco, he at once sought for Mr. Geseign.

"Where's Tommy?" he asked of Becky, who was the first person he met on his arrival at the Golden Chariot. "Where is he, my purty little widdy?"

"He was out in the back yard a little while ago, burying that old lame man's dog," was the answer.

"The Captain's dog?"

"Yes;—at any rate, the old gentleman in the fur cap, who had a blue circular cape and who came to see you just before you went away."

"Yes," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "it was the Captain's dog. Well, so that ar' little canine is dead arter all! What of?"

"It died a natural death," said Becky. "The poor little thing kept getting thinner and thinner, and wouldn't eat anything; and when I placed a plate of food before it, it would look up at me sadly with its

hollow eyes, and would then turn away from the plate with disgust, and, finally, one day it fell down on its side, rolled over on its back, with its four feet up in the air, and was dead!"

"So that 'ar' dog is dead arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and the Captain said, said he, it was the most astonishing dog on the face of the globe; and it's dead of a natural death. As you'd say of a man," added Mr. Oldbiegh, impressively, "it's dead with its boots off. So it is with human beings, Becky. The example's the same for them or dogs. They will die and you can't stop 'em nohow. To-day you go to a circus jolly as a fightin' cock and larf till you see your sides cavin' in at the clowns all painted, with round red spots on their white cheeks and the monkeys all a-grinnin', and, to-morrow you ride out to your own funeral! That ar's the way on it. Death comes like a darned sneak thief in the dark. He touches you when you're unawar' with his icy fingers and your toes turn up. And then," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a more solemn tone still, "when it's all over and you carn't hear it, they have a sky pilot to say what a fine and noble man you was; and for all the liars of the world a sky pilot preaching a funeral sermon beats 'em all! And the worst of it is he's lying for money; and he preaches the same sermon over you which he committed to memory for the benefit of the first corpse he ever launched, and with which rot he's spoke over and flattered many corpses since. Don't let me make you grow melancholy, little one," added Mr. Oldbiegh, "but that 'ar's the way of life. And the worst of it is there's no way to put an end on it, for it's

got to be; and when a man takes a notion in his head to die, let him alone, for he'll die and you can't stop him nohow, for it's natch'ral, Becky, it's natch'ral!" concluded Mr. Oldbiegh, profoundly, after which he sighed deeply.

In a little while Mr. Geseign was found, and he and Mr. Oldbiegh went up to the latter's room, Mr. Geseign entering last and locking the door behind him.

"Well!" said Mr. Geseign, as he threw up his heels on the washstand, "how are you—anyhow?"

"Hearty, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "The Captain has proved to be a noble old soldier and he can't be beat by no man."

"He," said Mr. Geseign, "is a—jewel. He is curious, —peculiar and—kind."

"That's what he are," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Well, Tommy, what have you been up to?"

"I have performed," was the reply, "oceans—of labor. I am a man—of energy. In the balmy days—of my youth—I was a—sluggard. 'Go,' said I, 'to the sluggard—thou ant. Birds of a flock,' said I 'feather—together. The rolling moss,' said I, 'gathers—no stone.' I reformed. You see me now in the pride and beauty—of my youth—a man—of iron will! I have conquered the dragon. She is in—my meshes."

"What's that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, pricking up his ears.

"The widow," said Mr. Geseign. "That fairy creachaw—she—of the drooping eyelids—she with the face composed—of chalk—she is in my tender—clutches. The key—which you will remember—she took from

your door—was found on her—person. I have—the proof!”

“Do you mean to say,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, with such earnestness that the perspiration stood out on his forehead, “do you mean to say you’ve laid a trap for that ’ar widdy and that you’ve caught the bird?”

“I’m forced,” said Mr. Geseign, “to make the cruel—admission.”

“How?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“My experience with her—delightful—sex,” said Mr. Geseign, “has been as—unlimited—as it has been—blissful. I have learned first that they will—talk. A strange assertion, but true. I believe that if they were born—without mouths—their ears would—talk. I know it. Knowing this, I laid my cruel—schemes. I studied—her history. I studied—her past. I studied—her present. I sought the man on whom she wastes—her affections. I found him—in one Nosey Snigger. I learned that Nosey, in order to show—his tendah affection—often blackens—her eyes. I knew then that she would—love him—tenderly. I bribed Nosey to—pump her. He pumped her. Quite so. She—under the harsh threats—of cruel abandonment—from Nosey—submitted, and was pumped—dry, quite dry. At last you are—free! Oh! Liberty—charming female—creachaw! Fearing a prosecution, the dragon has—departed—for parts—unknown. Nosey is happy—intensely so!”

Mr. Oldbiegh, who during the above recital had been watching Mr. Geseign with eyes wide open with admi-



ration, jumped up and took his hand and shook it long and vigorously.

"Stop," said Mr. Geseign, at last, for his arm was nearly shaken out of joint, "stop! Enough is as good as a—feast."

"You're a man," said Mr. Oldbiegh, heartily, "and you're all brains!" and he gazed on him, his blue eyes filled with admiration.

"Do not flatter me, for I might be—spoiled," said Mr. Geseign.

"No, sir. It couldn't be did by no man," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "for it's the truth, every word on it."

"Now," said Mr. Geseign, "to change this fascinating—subject, are we to remain at the—Chariot and be metaphorical—charioteers, or are we to go—elsewhere?"

"What's your judgment on it?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"A room in a private—house, in a respectable—portion—of the city, would be—to my mind," said Mr. Geseign.

"Done right thar'," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I now have a project—I may say—a scheme," said Mr. Geseign, "to lay—before you."

"Pop her out," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You," said Mr. Geseign, "desire to see—life."

"And snobs," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"And snobs," said Mr. Geseign. "As all life is not—in the slums—you will have to go—in good society. You need—training—first. I will train you. I am a—lord, or, rather, am supposed—to be such. I will go—as your travelling companion—as an English lord. This will throw American society—at our feet."

"Aren't you a lord?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, opening his eyes.

"No," said Mr. Geseign, "but I am generally supposed to be a fallen—lord."

"How about that 'ar' zoological tree?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The genealogical—tree," said Mr. Geseign, "was the result of my—labors—and of a heated imagination—in leisure hours."

"How'd the 'Convivials' come to call you a blood?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"They have heated—imagination," said Mr. Geseign.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly, "you and I are friends, and you're my everlasting benefactor along of that 'ar' two-forty widdy; but ef you aren't a lord, I carn't travel with you as a lord nohow."

"Well," said Mr. Geseign, "I am—a small lord. And I've got—the blood. It's all blue. Of that—there's no doubt."

"Are you sure you've got the blood?"

"Certain," said Mr. Geseign.

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "ef you've got the blood, you are a lord arter all. And ef it's small or great, I don't see how that consarns it, for a lord's a lord no matter whar' you find him, even if it was atop of Mount Arryrat!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Geseign. "Correct—in every—particular."

"Then," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'm in for it, and we'll go ento serciety and be a couple of snobs, and you can point out the other snobs to me."

"Agreed," said Mr. Geseign.

"Done," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

The next morning Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign started out together to hunt for a lodging house. They had concluded to go to a lodging house for awhile, until Mr. Oldbiegh had gone through the necessary training in the arts of society. Before they started out Mr. Geseign told the little clerk of the hotel, with whom he had already made a settlement, that he had a friend around the corner who could take his place.

"All right," said Mr. Jarmyn, as he continued to write rapidly on his books; "fetch him up."

Mr. Geseign went down the brass-plated steps and in a short time came back with a brazen-faced little man whom Mr. Oldbiegh had seen at the "Convivial" club.

"Billy Clupper," said Mr. Geseign, "Mr. Jarmyn."

"Jar—Jar—Jar—myn, glad t'now yer—hic!"

Mr. Jarmyn looked at Mr. Clupper suspiciously.

"Oh! he's all right," said Mr. Geseign. "All he wants—is to hold his head—out of the front—doah—to cool—to be sober—as a judge."

"I'm soberer nor a judge now; only sick," said Mr. Clupper.

Under these circumstances Mr. Jarmyn employed him for the two coming days.

"Now, Mr. Oldbiegh," said Mr. Jarmyn, who had been extremely polite ever since he had become fully aware of the extent of Mr. Oldbiegh's riches, "we'll take a parting smile together, as you are about to leave the Chariot. You've had a good time since you've been here, haven't you? Say you have," with such a look

on his light features that an ordinary person might have supposed he desired to lick the blacking from Mr. Oldbiegh's boots.

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I don't know but a part of the time I 'arve."

"A sly time with the ladies, too, Mr. Oldbiegh!" said the smirking little man.

"None o' that 'ar'," said Mr. Oldbiegh, sternly.

"No offense, Mr. Oldbiegh, no offense."

"Ef thar' warn't none meant," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "thar' warn't no offense. It's all in the meaning."

"Come up, boys," said Mr. Jarmyn, smiling graciously, while he silently counted the cost by the rules of mental arithmetic.

A crowd of loafers, a crowd of that particular class of beings who sit in the neighborhood of the bar-room of a hotel, with their ears cocked open all day for invitations to drink from tipsy men, and pretend to be reading illustrated newspapers in the meantime, came forward. With that skill and grace acquired by long practice, they drank the health of the departing Mr. Oldbiegh and his companion, Mr. Geseign; after putting their glasses down, they waited for some moments as if they wanted more, and one individual with a fiery nose, who had been emboldened by past drinks, took up the bottle which had been left in his neighborhood, and, while the barkeeper's back was turned, with his shaking hand he poured out a full glass and tossed it down his throat at a gulp, to the admiration and envy of his red-nosed companions.

"Now," said Mr. Oldbiegh, after he had shaken

hands heartily with all present, "now, Tommy, we'll be looking arter our future home and habitation."

"Right," said Mr. Geseign, "as—a tricket," as he hooked his arm in that of Mr. Oldbiegh, and they walked down the steps of the Golden Chariot, perhaps, for the last time. A crowd gathered around the head of the stairway and a shade of melancholy might have been detected by the acute observer on their faces as they surveyed the broad back, round head and protruding calves of Mr. Oldbiegh, and the yellow striped pantaloons, short coat, and the stubs of short hair of a light red color beneath the broken rim at the back of Mr. Geseign's stiff hat. It was to them, and particularly to the barkeeper, a melancholy sight, for although Mr. Oldbiegh did not drink much himself, yet when he did drink he called up everybody within a circle described by a radius of sixty feet to drink with him.

They were soon walking down Washington street, by the north side of the dark and gloomy building in which is the city prison. A sheriff was leading sixteen or eighteen men who were chained together into the "Old City Hall" for trial in the Superior court that morning, and detectives, policemen, professional bail-bond men, and relatives of prisoners and police court lawyers were hurrying to and fro.

A man about sixty years of age was sauntering down the sidewalk in front of them. He was muttering to himself, occasionally shaking his fist and swearing violently. "I'm a man of brains," said he, "a man of genius, and I've been called a dog by him." He was dressed in rags, as Mr. Oldbiegh perceived upon looking

at him. His hair, which was long and uncombed, was covered by a soft hat which had been worn until it had lost all shape. His beard was long and uncombed, like his hair, and his bare foot was seen through a hole in his worn-out shoe. He continued to swear and mutter to himself: "I, a man of brains, of education, of brilliance, to be called a dog by *him*."

"What's the matter with that 'ar' critter?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he noticed the intensely bitter tone in which the man spoke.

"He," said Mr. Geseign, "is off his basis—because some barkeeper has refused him—a free lunch; and he has called him—one of the canine—species."

"What is he?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Do you know him? He seems to be a pretty big man by his own statement."

"Know him!" said Mr. Geseign, "I know him—better—than myself. We have bunked—in the sombre days of—mutual misery—in the same hogshead. He is a melancholy specimen of a—bummah. In early days he was a—lawyer. He was at the top of his—profession. Things are—reversed. He now is at—the bottom; therefore—he swears. He affects my tendah—feelings! He was considered—brilliant—extremely so. I suppose he is brilliant—still; but he is no longer—admired. He swayed crowds with his—wit—with his eloquence. He luxuriated—in wealth, and loved those enchanting creachaws—women. You perceive in him—the result. Moral—nevah—oh! nevah—love a woman!"

"What does he do now?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh, "to live."

"Man," said Mr. Geseign, "the less he has—the less he worries—about the insignificant matter—of living. To one who is rich—the bare thought—of starvation—ruffles up his tendah feelings. To a pauper—the thought has no—terrors. And," added Mr. Geseign, "to a bummah—of experience food is always—at hand. Without character you may—beg. The labor is not fraught with muscular—efforts. You may become—a lunch fiend. The life—has its charms. We are creachaws—of habit. Where you have learned—by habit—to be—a bummah—the life has—its pleasures. Time wears away—scruples. You are happy. Peculiar—but true."

"What is he?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"A lunch—fiend," said Mr. Geseign.

They crossed Market street at Third and went down on Howard street. On Howard street they found a three-story frame building, and a lady dressed in black robes who kept the house was introduced to Mr. Oldbiegh by Mr. Geseign as Mrs. Morthington.

"I've heard that name afore," said Mr. Oldbiegh, but I carn't tell whar'."

"Perhaps you met my poor husband," said Mrs. Morthington; "he was a very prominent man."

"I may a met him," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and I'd be glad to meet him again."

Mr. Oldbiegh did not hear the lady say he had gone to the other world. She showed him a room on the second floor in the rear of the house looking out upon the back yards of a number of dwellings. The morning sunlight was pouring into the apartment and Mr. Oldbiegh was satisfied. Mr. Geseign was accommoda-

ted with a room directly under Mr. Oldbiegh's and next to that occupied by a French gentlemen. As Mrs. Morthington informed Mr. Oldbiegh, Mr. Geseign's chamber did not have the pleasant view his had, as it was obstructed by the top of a woodshed.

"I usually require references," said the lady, "for *such* tramps are about; but Mr. Geseign being your friend is enough for anybody. Mr. Morthington always did say, 'Mary, be sure your references are all right and then you will find you have no fast characters in your house. I've been here ten years and I've never had but one.' A man called here this morning with a picture of Swedburg, the murderer. He was a detective. He wanted to know if a man like the picture was stopping here. 'No, indeed,' said I, 'I don't take murderers in my house, I require all my people,' said I, indignantly, Mr. Oldbiegh, for I have feelings for my house, 'to give references, and no murderers need apply.' Do you like the room, Mr. Oldbiegh? Well, I shall do everything I can to make it comfortable, and if you want anything at any hour of the day or night, just call on me, Mr. Oldbiegh, for Mr. Morthington always did say, 'Mary, make it comfortable for your guests and they'll make it comfortable for you.'"

Mr. Oldbiegh stood long and patiently, with his hat in his hand, bowing profoundly at intervals and waiting for her flowing ideas to come to a stop. When she ceased, the terms were arranged and Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign left the house.

"What's to be done now?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh when they reached the sidewalk. Mr. Geseign sugges-



ted that as they had nothing to do they might go out to "Woodward's Gardens." "What's out there?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"More of your monkey—ancestors," said Mr. Geseign, "than you—can shake a stick at. Bears and tigers—wolves and lions—and hyenahs also—abound. Stuffed birds—stuffed reptiles—and monstrosities. Very curious."

They took the Mission street car and were at the gardens in a short time. Paying the requisite fee they went inside.

"What's that 'ar'?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh, pointing to an immense bust of Washington.

"That," said Mr. Geseign, "represents the original and only father of his country—the youthful creachaw—upon whom the fiendish—hatchet story—has been told—by which libellous article his memory has been forever—blighted!"

"What hatchet story?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Geseign got around in front of Mr. Oldbiegh and gazed upon his features with astonishment.

"The only man—in America—who has not heard—the pathetic story!" said Mr. Geseign.

"What's that? You mean about his not tellin' lies?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You have heard it—after all!" said Mr. Geseign, with an affected sigh of relief. "The inevitable—whale's jaws," said he, pointing out a couple of immense bones. They went into a building facing the gate. "The inevitable ships—on a blue—wooden sea with white wooden—sails," said Mr. Geseign,

calling his companion's attention to a miniature man-of-war. "A disagreeable—bedfellow," said he, indicating a stuffed Boa Constrictor over the stairway, which went up to the upper story.

After gazing at a number of insects on the white shelves, at a number of snakes preserved in alcohol, and at a variety of stuffed birds, amongst others an imaginary flock of green birds, with stuffed beaks, they went to the upper story and inspected stuffed bears, stuffed foxes and the Indian canoes with red stripes at their bows; saw the skin Esquimaux canoes, with men in skin clothing sitting in round holes, all holding their paddles elevated in the air at the same angle; and then they gazed at the bows and arrows and flint arrow-heads, after which they went out into the grounds once more and saw the swans, ducks and innumerable other birds swimming in artificial ponds, which they succeeded in making extremely muddy. After watching the beavers swimming under water for awhile, they went to the conservatory and saw the brilliantly colored flowers, but this place proving too warm for Mr. Oldbiegh, they were soon in the open air again. They got into the endless circular boat, and in order to get it going for the benefit of the women and children who sat in it, Mr. Oldbiegh rowed with great violence, until "catching a crab" he went backwards into the bottom of the boat, and for a moment nothing was visible but his green-topped shoes and his legs, which were elevated in the air. Recovering himself with all the dignity the circumstances would permit, he took Mr. Geseign's arm and after looking at the peculiar

trees, strange plants, stone grottoes and waterfalls in that portion of the garden, they went through an underground passage-way to the part of the grounds where the animals were kept.

"Thar's a grizzly!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he stopped in front of the first cage. They listened in silence to the endless swishing tread of the grizzly bear, as it walked to one end of the cage and turned around and walked to the other, never pausing in its gloomy march not even when it cast a glance through the bars at the people without. "A grizzly bar," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "can whop the spots out of a lion or a tiger all in no time!"

"The grizzly," said Mr. Geseign, "is a bird which knows—no fear. Like the bird—of freedom—so often carried—chained to a stick—in Fourth of July processions—he roams—supreme!"

"I wonder why he never stops walking?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"His proud spirit—will permit of no rest," said Mr. Geseign, "and motion chimes in well with his deep—meditations."

They next gazed upon a shaggy lion, which also was walking with a ceaseless tread. After looking for a while at a spotted tiger, which was lying where the sunlight fell through the bars of its cage, they passed in succession by the cages of smaller animals, until they came to one large cage labelled "The Happy Family." In it were dogs, pigs, monkeys, hyenas and innumerable smaller animals. The monkeys were swinging violently to and fro on ropes and trapezes and a

number of delighted children outside of the railing were throwing peanuts to them. A couple of monkeys were sitting on a hog's back while they looked up at the audience, as if for approval.

"A melancholy picture," said Mr. Geseign, "of the great world. The monkeys sit on the back of—the hog. Similar scenes are observed—in the world. You see—a few dogs. You see them—in the world—with two legs. They, too, are—suggestive. The hyena is a suggestive—creachaw. He is an—undertaker. The chattering monkey—up aloft—is suggestive. He talks—to the crowd. He is a preacher—or an orator. The whole scene—is alive—with melancholy suggestions. Oh! curious—world!"

"It's natch'ral to life, Tommy, darned ef it ain't; though I'd a never thought it before," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

They next went up a stairway and reached a platform along which was a row of cages containing monkeys.

"Our venerated—ancestahs!" said Mr. Geseign, bowing with mock humility to the monkeys.

They then looked at the hump-backed camel and the cow with a tail on its back, and at several other freaks of nature. As Mr. Oldbiegh was getting tired, they, at this juncture, left the place and went to the Baldwin restaurant, where it took them an hour and a half to finish the heavy dinner which Mr. Oldbiegh ordered.

## CHAPTER X.

## A CAT CONCERT.

AFTER a few days Mr. Oldbiegh became used to his new quarters, and was comfortably settled. As for Mr. Geseign, his nature was such that he felt perfectly at home the first day, and before the evening of the next was thoroughly familiar with every person in the house; but he was quite uncomfortable in one respect, for his French neighbor in the next room, whose name was Monsieur Garçon, was forever sawing on a fiddle, and, as the squeaking exercises he played were anything but music, Mr. Geseign's peace of mind was greatly disturbed. He said nothing about the matter, but resolved to put an end to the fiddle playing by some means or other as soon as an opportunity occurred.

Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh were sitting side by side one evening in Mr. Oldbiegh's room, with their feet projecting over the window-sill, and were blowing the smoke of their pipes out into the evening air in whiffs, while both seemed to be meditating profoundly.

"You say it's got to be done and no help for it?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, finally, as he held his pipe out to one side and gazed at his companion.

Mr. Geseign nodded his head and said: "You must."

"I must larn to daunce before I can go into serciety?" Mr. Geseign nodded. "I must go to a dauncing-school and daunce with the little boys and

gals?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Geseign nodded again. "Can't a man get-on without dauncing?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with such a contraction of the brows as to show that a mental struggle was apparently going on.

"If you did not dance," said Mr. Geseign, "the ladies would cut you—cold. They feel no compassion for a man who can't—dance. If you dance, they will—die for you—they will—cry for you—they will—sigh for you, and for you be ready—to expire. Women are curious—creachaws. They dote on—dancing."

"And to larn to daunce," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I've got to go to dauncing-school and daunce with the little gals and boys! Well, I'll be eternally bobbed—"

"Hold!" said Mr. Geseign, "one escape—yet remains! There is a hall—on Third street—called Pleasure Hall. I will take you there—and teach you; come with me."

Mr. Geseign got up, put on his hat and started down the oilcloth-covered stairway, and Mr. Oldbiegh followed. Mr. Geseign on the way informed Mr. Oldbiegh that at the place they were going to he would find young men only. That these young men were of the class known as "toughs" and "hoodlums," that there were amongst them some persons of the "Bad Man from Bodie" order, that they would look at Mr. Oldbiegh with suspicious and critical eyes, and that while they might playfully step on his toes, and ask him what he was stepping on them for, with savage looks, he must not notice this. Mr. Geseign added that if they ran against him, or tried to trip him up too often, just to let him know. He informed him

also that the meetings were often broken up by certain disagreeable members of the police force, but that this usually took place at an hour later than that to which they would stay. "You will learn," said Mr. Geseign, "with wonderful—rapidity; the music is—good, and the time is—perfect."

When they reached the place Mr. Geseign gave a consumptive door-keeper fifty cents, and they walked into a medium-sized hall, with a well-waxed floor, which glistened in the dim light of the oil lamps around the walls. On the rough wooden benches a number of young men were seated in their shirt-sleeves, while between their teeth they held cigarettes, from which they drew smoke into their lungs and blew it forth in a steady, measured stream into the air. The pantaloons they wore were tight-fitting and sprung at the bottom. The hair of each was plastered on his forehead, forming a Mazeppa, and bulged out behind with the assistance of bear's oil. Calico shirts, with large stripes in them, seemed to be favored by the persons present. As Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign entered, one of these young men emerged from a back room, where he had filled his mouth with water, and was chasing another young man of similar appearance, at whom he finally squirted the water from between his teeth. A couple of men, one of whom was teaching the other the polka step, were out on the floor, going through the exercises to the edifying music which the teacher was whistling free of charge for the benefit of his pupil.

Mr. Geseign told Mr. Oldbiegh that each pupil had

his own teacher, who went through all the dances with him, and generally received ten dollars a month for his services. Some of the teachers had three or four pupils, who were taught on different nights of the week. Each teacher managed to live and wear paste diamonds. The persons who were taught to dance here learned rapidly. Mr. Geseign had himself learned in this way.

In a little while the musicians, consisting of a pianist, a man who played the fiddle, and a man who beat time with the round of a chair, went forward and took their seats on the platform at the end of the room. The first dance was a square dance. The music struck up and there was a rush and a scramble for positions. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign succeeded in getting "heads" in one set. Mr. Oldbiegh had a handkerchief tied around his arm like many of the others who were to act the part of the ladies. In a few moments, with a frown on his brow, Mr. Oldbiegh was deeply engaged in going "forward and back," and "right and left," and in turning and walking in various perplexing directions, all to the music of that sweet air, "Tweedle dum dee, tweedle dum dee, dum di do." At one instant he was bowing to, and at the next he was running into the sour-looking lady in man's clothing opposite to him; and then he got tangled up with the sides; but from all his troubles Mr. Geseign succeeded in skillfully extricating him. The next dance was a round dance. Mr. Geseign struggled with him until he had gotten him around the hall several times. He went through the same performance at every dance; although



Mr. Geseign perspired freely, and Mr. Oldbiegh stepped on his feet on numerous occasions, yet as the latter followed Mr. Geseign's directions, to attempt above all things to keep time with the music, by the end of the evening he had acquired a step which approached the step of the dance.

"You," said Mr. Geseign, after one of these dances, "are heavy—quite so. But you must learn—and though you walk—all over me—and leave me a corpse—necessity knows no law—not a bit. She's no lawyer—but the mother—of a young fellow—named Invention."

After several such lessons Mr. Oldbiegh danced well, and in the course of time danced extremely well.

"Now," said Mr. Geseign, one evening, as he and Mr. Oldbiegh sat together in Mr. Oldbiegh's room, "You should have—a cyclopediah."

"What sort of a animal is that 'ar'?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The most intelligent—of creachaws," said Mr. Geseign. "A perfect monstrosity—a freak of nature—for learning. Editors—of newspapers—who are sharp—as chain-lightning—necessarily so—have one chained in the office!"

"Who sells the critters, and what do you feed 'em on?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a bewildered tone.

"Book agents," said Mr. Geseign, with a wink.

"It's a book arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"It's a whole—library," said Mr. Geseign, "and you need—no librarian—to run it; each man—his own librarian—is the motto. It's so extensive—that when

you take—an article from it—no one knows—where it comes from. It will furnish—a sermon—or a theme—for an infidel. It will furnish—an editorial—free. If you are going—to a dinner—you can be—for the night—a scientist. Read up—under ‘Science.’ You can be—for the night—a philosopher. Read up—under ‘Philosophy.’ People will be astonished—at your knowledge—of Zeno and Plato—and at your familiarity—with the works—by Pork and—Bacon. Wonderful!” Mr. Geseign, in further commenting upon the excellent qualities of encyclopedias, went on to say that by studying up an encyclopedia a man would be prevented from telling the same story or incident which he had forgotten that he had told to the same person thirty or forty times before. “I was in love—one time,” said Mr. Geseign, “with a tendah—young creachaw. I called. ‘When in Monterey—the funniest thing happened,’ said she. She told the tale—and I smiled—as I listened. A week later—I called—again. ‘When in Monterey—etc.,’ said she. I smiled—artificially—as I listened. Later—I called—again. ‘When I was in Monterey, etc.,’ was the hideous—relation—once more. I smiled—with pain—as I listened. Later—I called—again. ‘When I was in Monterey, etc.,’ were the diabolical—words of—my charmer. My hair stood—on end. I smiled—like a corpse—as I listened. I fled—from the house. She died—soon after.”

“If a man could only get a little encyclopedia,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “he could carry it with him all over the world in his pocket, and be a edgercated snob. How’d

you learn all these things, Tommy? You must have seen the inside working of a college somehow!"

"No," said Mr. Geseign; "I have learned them by hard—kicks—and few coppers—in this cruel world. 'Energy,' said I—in early youth—'must be economized.' I now—economize. 'A college graduate,' said I, 'is an ass—quite so.' Learning—is not obtained—chiefly—from books. That we live—and we die—is all the books say. Books are but men—or manikins—talking in print. Of them—the world stands in awe—because they're unseen. I scorn such hobgoblins—base creachaws! Books are the fashion—and yet," added Mr. Geseign, profoundly, "a game of poker—will train—the intellect. Much study of books will dwarf—the mind. Learned men—are small creachaws."

"I believe it's so," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Look at that 'ar' little Oldwhistle, who's a scientist. His head's dwarfed. I'd swear to it anywhar'."

"Sad—but true," said Mr. Geseign.

"That's why you took to writin', I s'pose," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"No," said Mr. Geseign, "it was the base desire—for shekels."

"And why don't you write to be famous; it's better," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I would not degrade my muse—to write for fame," said Mr. Geseign. "I write for glorious—shekels! Fame is—a speculator. Fame is—an advertisement," said Mr. Geseign. "Fame is like—a patent medicine—which cures all diseases. When you are as famous—as that medicine—your books will sell—by the mil-

lion. Give me," said Mr. Geseign, becoming enthusiastic, "three hundred thousand dollars, and I can make a man—who writes verses—which are rot—as famous—as Tennyson! A fact—I assure you. Curious, perhaps—but true."

"It does look as though it might be so," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "for I've seen men who didn't dare to say the hair on their heads was their own——"

"It was not," broke in Mr. Geseign. "A man's hair—becomes on marriage—the exclusive property—of his wife!"

"So it does, Tommy, haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, while something like billows was seen to roll over the surface of his white vest.

"A sad spectacle," said Mr. Geseign, "but true. Quite so."

"Sartinly it are sad," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "when a man, especially a free American, carn't call the hair which grows out of his head his own!"

"I believe," said Mr. Geseign, "that that accounts—for the many bald heads—on this beautiful—Pacific slope."

"How?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Being constantly humiliated—by the claim of their wives—the men shave off their hair!"

"Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Oldbiegh; "but it's natch'ral arter all, Tommy, darned ef it aren't. I'd do it myself. I'd have my scalp skinned off and I'd go and show my bloody head to my wife for revenge!"

That night being a moonlight night, Mr. Oldbiegh

hired a barouche, and he and Mr. Geseign went out for a drive. They drove first up Market street. The white electric lights along the sidewalk made the night as bright as day; and the thousands of faces of the people moving along the sidewalk could have been recognized by their acquaintances. The red-bordered bob-tail horse cars crossing the street at an angle shone in its glare, and the rays of light were visible as they passed through the air and over the roofs of the houses and fell on the sign toward which they were directed in a perfect blaze. The chalk writing on the black bulletin board in front of the *Weekly Budget* office shone brilliantly. The great white sign on the side of a brick edifice, "The *Weekly Flash* has the largest circulation," and the highly colored goods in the store windows, the roar and the rattle of the wagons over the street, all had attractions for Mr. Oldbiegh. In the upper story of a building near the south-east corner of Third and Market streets pictures were being thrown on a canvas surface by a magic lantern. Mr. Oldbiegh had the carriage stopped in order that he might make an examination of these displays. He was greatly amused by pictures of men with large noses and big feet, and at the curious antics they played on the screen. He would not allow the driver to move ahead until this free exhibition had terminated. Crossing to the opposite corner, they spent some time watching a man who was swallowing a sword.

They next passed by the Baldwin Theatre, in front of which the music was playing; and they then passed out by the "Sand Lot."

"A scene," said Mr. Geseign, as he pointed to the Sand Lot, "famous already in history. What thundering tones—of eloquence—the sand here—has heard! Beneath the walls—of this noble ruin—the new City Hall—how we thundered! Our thunder—filled this air—and made this sand—tremble. 'The Chinese must go!'—words that burn—nevah—to be forgotten! 'Hay rope cravats—for monopolists!' Beautiful—sentiments! My own—idea! I loaned it—to the 'Plug Hat—Brigade!' Rich thought! 'Honorable Bilks,' 'Nob Hill'—fine ideas! 'Heartless corporations'—'money sharks'—'land grabbers'—fine thoughts—and true to nature!"

"What's the new City Hall for? What particular kind of official business?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"An ancient ruin—a grotto for lovers. No—the original idea—was that there—all the county offices—should be."

After riding out to Van Ness avenue, back to, and then along Kearney street, they returned to their lodging house. Mr. Geseign had been greatly worried by the music of Monsieur Garçon of late; and when they reached home, they heard the dismal tones of his squeaking fiddle. Mr. Geseign had asked him the day before why he kept it up so incessantly. The Frenchman replied that when he first came to the house he had been tormented by the caterwauling of the cats. "Now," said he, "I play ze feedle to keep off zer shats; and ze shat make no more of hees love beneath my winzer."

Mr. Geseign entered his room, threw himself on his

bed and tried to sleep. The Frenchman, however, kept sawing away until a late hour to keep off the cats, and Mr. Geseign, who was becoming much enraged, began to think that the Frenchman was going to keep the cats off all night. Mr. Geseign tossed feverishly on his bed for some moments. Finally, he remembered that in the days of his youth he could imitate a cat so perfectly that he had on many occasions, by imitating the 'waul of the female cat, drawn all the Tom cats together around him, whereupon they had fought violently, and as a natural consequence made a most unearthly din. Mr. Geseign immediately ran his head out of the window and imitated the plaintive, pathetic and despairing cry of the female cat. The fiddle in the next room stopped as suddenly as if the music had been cut off with a carving knife. Perfect silence now reigned. Monsieur Garçon was evidently listening to determine whether his senses had deceived him. Mr. Geseign, after a few moments, uttered another doleful and tender note. By the sound which was immediately heard it seemed as if the Frenchman had fallen backwards in his chair to the floor; and when Mr. Geseign's cry was responded to by a Tom cat of a sentimental disposition, standing alone in the moonlight on a distant house-top, the Frenchman was heard rushing around the room in an excited manner. Mr. Geseign now uttered a most heart-rending cry, which sounded as if it issued from the mouth of some helpless maiden of the cat species, who was at that moment in distress. It was answered by seven shouts to the rescue, from the mouths of seven

chivalrous Toms, and they were soon heard scampering over the roofs toward the place from which Mr. Geseign's cry had been heard. Monsieur Garçon was evidently in a state of intense excitement. He threw up his window with a bang.

"Ze diable shat, disturber of ze peace of ze whole neighborhood! I sall have hees blood, by Gar! I sall extract his bowel, by Gar! I sall have ze whole of hees blood, by Gar! I vill have never ze singing of any shat. Not for once. No, nevair!" One of the Toms had gotten on the corner of the woodshed, and after he had been sitting there in a state of thoughtful meditation for some moments, the Frenchman discovered him. "Oh! bless you! How you look like Saint Peter! Do you pray?" cried Monsieur Garçon. "I see you, you villain young shat! Oh! my gentleman young shat, how I love you! I vill have ze hayer of your ears off! I vill have your blood! Can you sing wizout blood, hey?" Mr. Geseign uttered a 'waul again. "What!" said the Frenchman, "zare is anozzer? Oh! I see. Ze wife of zis one! Oh! var good! Is there some childerns? Var good! I send ze whole family all tombling to ze diable in one time! Var good!" The cat on the corner of the shed uttered a doleful cry. "Oh! ho!" said the Frenchman, "you vill speak, hey? Who told you to talk, you fiends? You vill speak?" and he began searching around the room for something to throw. "Oh! by Gar, how peetyful!" said he. "I have nossing to shrow, and zare he sits!" Two 'wauls were heard and in an instant three other cats bounced down on the shed;



and a second later two cats, which were seen by the moonlight to be on a neighboring roof, bristled up their hair, and while they caterwauled hideously, they proceeded to mortal combat. The cats on the woodshed below howled in unison. Those on the roof gradually approached the edge as they fought. The Frenchman watched them with intense earnestness. "Zay vill fall off," said he; "it is sixty feet and zay vill break zeir neck!" At last the cats, clutching each other, rolled off the edge of the roof. "Hip! hoorah!" cried the Frenchman, "hees neck is broke! No, by Gar! He is up on ye ground and is fight like ze diable! By Gar! if he vas fall ten sousand feet he don't feel it!" By this time the caterwauling was terrific, and delegates from distant districts were constantly arriving. Their heads could be seen in the moonlight peering over the ridges of many of the neighboring houses. Mrs. Morthington's window was heard to go up, and then Mr. Oldbiegh's went up, while several neighbors looked out of their windows.

"What's the matter?" shouted Mrs. Morthington.

"Ze air is sick wiz shats—all singing!" yelled the Frenchman, who was dancing around his room in a state of distraction. "Srow somesing down at him! I have got nossing in my room to srow."

"What's the cause of that 'ar' squawkin' of so many cats?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Monsieur Garçon's fiddle—has drawn them!" said Mr. Geseign.

"By Gar, heavens and ears, what is zat?" said the Frenchman.

At this moment the cats on the woodshed set up such a 'wauling that no answer could be heard. Unable to find anything else in his room to throw, the Frenchman pulled off his boots and threw one and then the other in rapid succession and the cats scattered.

"By Gar!" said Monsieur Garçon, "I would go barefoot all ze day of my life to hit him for deestrect my feedling!"

In a little while peace was restored and all retired to rest.

The next morning as Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were going down the stairs they met Monsieur Garçon at the foot of the stairway. He had just rung the call bell and in a moment Mrs. Morthington appeared.

"Madame," said the Frenchman, with a polite bow, "I must leave your house. You keep too many shat for me!"

"What!" said the lady, indignantly, "I keep too many cats?"

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "you keep a whole army of shat and zay camp on ze roof of every house, and zay sing too many shat songs!"

"I don't keep a cat!" said the lady, indignantly.

"Oh! don't tell—e me," said he; "I hear zem too loud!"

"My house is a respectable house," said she; "the most respectable in town."

"Pardon, Madame," said Monsieur Garçon. "You meestake. It is not ze house, but ze shat! When I play ze feedle and ze shat sing all togezzer, at once, I am deesgust!"

After a good deal of argument and loud talk on the part of the landlady, during all of which the Frenchman was very polite, he took his valise and left the house.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RULES OF SOCIETY.

“WELL,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, one morning, as he and Mr. Geseign sat in their room, “you’ve ordered the express man to take our trunks to the Palace Hotel, and he’ll be here in a minute and he’ll take them off to the Palace; and then we’ll walk down the street arter him to the Palace, as big as life, with our heads up in the air like snobs; and then we’ll walk into the Palace arm in arm like two snobs, and slap down our handles on the books as big as life, yours, Lord Thomas Geseign; mine, Mr. Junius Oldbiegh, Esquire.”

“Both,” said Mr. Geseign,” with—a bold—flourish; and in a distinguished—and unintelligible—hand.”

“Sartinly,” said Mr. Oldbiegh; “I’m bobbed ef I don’t flourish. But I’m afraid, Tommy, mine won’t be wrote very well. Say, Tommy, how fine you do look in that ‘ar’ stylish slick new silk hat!” added Mr. Oldbiegh, surveying Mr. Geseign, who was fitted out in an elegant new suit of clothes. “And that ‘ar’ diamond pin, set in gold, and that ‘ar’ harnsome silk cravat, and that ‘ar’ dark brown coat without a wrinkle

in it and cut away as neat as could be, and that 'ar' small gold watch chain, a-glitterin' in your brown vest, and that 'ar' slick white shirt and them cuffs with the gold sleeve-buttons, and them fine light pants with red leather on the heels, and the purple gloves and yer purty silk handkerchief with a yaller owl's head 'broidered in the corner, and your button shoes polished to take the shine out of a lookin'-glass! Even ef I hadn't know'd it, I'd a sworn to your being a lord any whar'."

"Yes," said Mr. Geseign; "dressed as a man—of immense wealth—people—will soon notice—the brilliance—and genius—of Thomas Geseign. They will perceive—the—soul—in his eyes. In these clothes—they will be astonished—at his learning. Being in this suit—his remarks—will be quoted—with applause—and be stolen—by thieves. I—my kind—and noble friend—am now—a wonderful—creachaw!"

"Don't you feel kind of afraid somehow?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "I do; or, rather, sort of nervous, for I don't fear no man that walks the earth, as I'm a American, and it aren't for them to fear nothing at all!"

"Afraid of the rabble?" said Mr. Geseign. "I shall treat them—with haughty—indifference. I always did—despise—the rabble! I feel contempt—for the low—creachaws!"

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking at Mr. Geseign with admiration. "What a snob you'd make! Have you called on that 'ar' paper this morning?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign. "I have seen the editah—of the *Weekly Flash* and—the editah—of the *Weekly*

*Budget*. They are—my friends. They have known me—casually—for years; and have, perhaps, an—indistinct recollection—of me. An article—has been written—which appears to-morrow—in the *Flash*. It is headed—‘A Strange Career!—a Lord Exhumed!’ I have written—to be published—in the *Budget*—an article of similar—import. It is headed—‘Lord Geseign!—A Great Sensation!’ I have made arrangements—to have you interviewed—the next day.”

“Darned ef I do!” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “I’ll be eternally bobbed ef I do! Since I was wrote up in that ‘ar’ *Advance* for a suspicious character, no more newspapers for me!”

“But,” said Mr. Geseign, “to be known—you must appear—on their pages. Your portly figure—your heavy shoulders—your benevolent countenance—your large eyes—must be criticised—with close inspection—by the members—of good society. After they have sneered—at Junius Oldbiegh—for a week or so—he will be admitted—to good society. They will send you—a shower of cards—of invitation.”

“And I’ve got to be held up like a darned monkey in the center of a circus, to make a darned monkey show for good society to go a grinnin’ arter?”

“The ordeal,” said Mr. Geseign, “’till the bell-wether—invites you—when the others—will follow. Assume a countenance—of brass—my friend—for the ordeal—of sneers.”

“Well,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a sigh, “ef it has got to be, then I suppose it might as well be done; and

the sooner it's over the better it'll be. But all I've got to say is darn the snobs, and thar's the end on it!"

The express man came at this moment and took the trunks away.

"Now, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I want you to spend the coin like water; for, as you've seen on takin' charge of my affairs, I've got more of it than any ten men could spend in a hundred years, even ef they was all gamblers!"

"Your harsh commands," said Mr. Geseign, "shall be obeyed."

A handsome barouche, for which Mr. Geseign had sent to the best livery stable in the city, now drove up in front of the door. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign entered it and Mr. Geseign threw himself back on the robes in the back part of the carriage.

"What's the first thing to do," said Mr. Oldbiegh, leaning over toward Mr. Geseign, "when a man gets to be a snob?"

"Become impudent—and cheeky—and cut your old friends. Assume plenty," said Mr. Geseign, "of dog!"

"What's that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "it aren't keeping dogs, are it?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign, "it is being—your own dog."

"How do the snobs do that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"By constantly comparing themselves—with others," said Mr. Geseign, "in such a manner—that they—by the comparison—are small—extremely so. As a consequence—the snobs—appear large—extremely so. Do you capture—my meaning?"

"Yes," said Mr. Oldbiegh, profoundly; "that's the way the snobs do it. What a deep critter you are, arter all!" added he, gazing at Mr. Geseign with a look of intense admiration. "You'll wallop the snobs!"

It had been arranged that all business matters were to be left wholly in the hands of Mr. Geseign. When they were assisted out of the carriage and walked over the carpeted floor of the office of the hotel, arm in arm, the persons seated in the large chairs beside the silver-plated spittoons around the room, who were so busily engaged in doing nothing, looked at them with interest. The little clerk with black eyes and black beard behind the desk stared at them steadily as they approached. He was standing with both hands on the counter, waiting for them to speak, and was oblivious to the questions of the persons around, who lodged in the top story of the Palace and lived on ten-cent restaurant meals. Mr. Geseign wrote his name on the register in a neat hand and with a flourish; and Mr. Oldbiegh, with his face close to the book and his mouth open, drove the spluttering pen slowly and painfully over the paper.

"Thar'! It's done arter all, even the E. s. q.," said he, with a smile of triumph on his broad features as he finished. "Now," said the clerk, "what rooms will you have?"

A suite of four apartments on the first floor was selected. Mr. Oldbiegh retired to the rooms with Mr. Geseign, preparatory to having lunch in the large dining-hall of the hotel.

The next morning Mr. Geseign was reading from the papers to Mr. Oldbiegh the articles which had been

written. They were intensely sensational; and while they went into no details, they stated that he was one of the English aristocracy, and gave a skillful explanation of the life which he was known to have led during the past few years. Just as he had finished reading these articles, there was a knock at the door, and the waiter brought in a neat card with "Col. Glifilling" written on it.

"Say we are—not," said Mr. Geseign, "at—home."

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "a course we're not; we're in a hotel! Did the darned galoot write that 'ar' leetle letter to know if we was stopping at home?" asked he, after the waiter had disappeared.

"No," said Mr. Geseign. "The remark was mine—a poetical—society lie—which saves trouble. The lie," added Mr. Geseign, "means—your presence—is not intensely—desired. Quite the—reverse. It means—take your foot—from off my—threshold—take your mug—from out my doah—base creachaw!"

"Do you know him?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I have known him," said Mr. Geseign, "when he would not—know me. He," said Mr. Geseign, "is a man—about town;—he is apparently—without a brain;—but he is cunning—and shrewd;—quite so. A man—about town—is a curious phenomenon. The bosom—of his shirt—is spotless. His cuffs are without—blemish. His clothes—fit him well. In his deceptive pocket—he appears—to have coin. When shaken—it will rattle. His hair—apparently genuine—is neatly parted—in the middle. In society—telling small scandal—you find him—base creachaw! Were you to enter



—two houses—at once—you would find him—in both;—telling scandal—in both. He dines—with the rich—every day. The women—must have him. He’s as necessary—to their happiness—as the inevitable—poodle! Analyze—the creachaw. What is he? Lift up—his shirt bosom. I shriek—to discover. It’s a pad! Lift up—his fair locks. I shriek—to discover. He is bald. Take the coin—from his pocket. I shriek—to announce—for you can’t. They are keys! Pull off—his boots. I shriek—to discover his feet; they are bare! What is he? I shriek—to discover. A man—about town!”

The next morning, at about the same hour, there was a knock at the door; and at the same moment a wide awake, bright young fellow walked into the room.

“Mr. Oldbiegh, I presume,” said he, as he took a seat on a cushioned chair opposite Mr. Oldbiegh. “I’m a reporter for the *Weekly Flash*; and as you have achieved great success in life and have reached a high position, of course it will be of interest to our readers to learn the methods which you have adopted to achieve this success.”

“Well,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “you’ve got me thar’; darned ef I know myself, arter all.”

“I know,” said the reporter, “that it would take a long time to go into the intricacies of your business methods; but what I desire is a general outline of the rules of conduct which you have discovered to be the most practical and most beneficial when applied. I do not refer to what may be called the lesser rules, produced by observation upon extrinsic matter, but I

refer emphatically rather to your more general conclusions."

"Say," said Mr. Oldbiegh, scratching his head nervously, "carn't you let me out of that 'ar'? I never got rich that way. I wouldn't a know'd how."

"Well," said the reporter, "I understand your feelings of delicacy, Mr. Oldbiegh, and we all know that business men only get rich through intricate methods; yet I know that some of your business methods you desire to keep a secret from the world."

"Thar'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "you've struck right dead onto it! My delicacy aren't goin' to allow me to tell it nowhow. No, sir, I wouldn't injure the feelings of no man by explainin' to him I've got more money than he has. No, sir, I'll be eternally bobbed ef I do; —never!"

"Do you endorse early rising, Mr. Oldbiegh?"

"No, I always get up late," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Can't you give me something without going into details, Mr. Oldbiegh, in a general and speculative way?" said the young man, looking at Mr. Oldbiegh in a manner that seemed to say, "You take the hint?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I never have went into details; and I'm bobbed ef any man catches me fooling in them now; and as for speculatives, I'm darned ef I do."

"Now, Mr. Oldbiegh," said the reporter, "I see I'm on delicate ground, so I'll change the subject. Where were you born, Mr. Oldbiegh?"

"Now you got me down again," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "darned ef I know!"

“What were your first recollections?”

“I can’t say which was the first,” said he. “I guess it was bein’ whopped; but I’ll try and think it up ef you’ll wait a moment.”

“All right,” said the young man, with a smile.

“Take some of them cigars,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “while I’m a whoppin’ my brains up a-studyin’ on it; Tommy says they’re the best to be had anywhar’.” The young man, with the modesty common to reporters, took one cigar. “Pshaw!” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “aren’t ther’ plenty more in town? Stuff your pockets!”

The young man obeyed orders. “Now,” said he, with a quaint smile, “Mr. Oldbiegh, don’t you remember starting out for a great metropolis a penniless, barefooted boy, and sawing wood one frosty winter morning for your first breakfast; and haven’t you had a sour disposition ever since, because you had to perform honest manual labor when young for a living—or something of that kind?”

“No,” said Mr. Oldbiegh; “yes, I do, too,” added he, his face lighting up; “I remember once my father ordered me to grease my saw and saw wood one Saturday; and instead of doing it, I went off with other boys and stole watermelons and kept a eating of ’em ’till I was sick; and when I went home my par whopped me for not sawing the wood ’till the skin peeled off, and I couldn’t ride horseback for two months!”

“Yes,” said the reporter, with another quaint smile, “but can’t you relate something sensational about your earliest experiences, when on the threshold of your business career? Some striking scene of hardship that

has embittered your life—hardships that ordinary men do not feel! I throw this out as a hint. I don't expect you to confine yourself to details. I should think you could recall something striking in regard to your first experiences. Did you ever take a trip on a canal boat, while walking barefooted behind the mules on a dusty tow-path, or anything of that kind?"

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "I came out to Californy in Forty-nine on a sailin' vessel; and they didn't have a mule aboard!"

The young man was puzzled. He looked steadily at Mr. Oldbiegh with half an idea that the great business man was "stuffing" him. Mr. Oldbiegh looked as steadily at the young man with a queer look in his eye that for the moment confirmed the suspicion. At last an expression of enlightenment, immediately followed by a benevolent smile, came over Mr. Oldbiegh's face.

"Young feller," said he, "I see what's the matter. You've took me for a snob, arter all, haw! haw! and it's so, haw! haw!" As soon as he could recover himself, he said: "Come, we'll have a drink on that 'ar' out of the bottle Tommy has stowed away in the burrer drawer."

Mr. Oldbiegh dragged the drawer open, one end at a time, with some difficulty, and drew forth a bottle of yellowish liquid marked "Old Kentucky Rye." The reporter was captivated with Mr. Oldbiegh's manner and also with his rye; his whole heart now went out to him, and he formed a high estimation of Mr. Oldbiegh's character;—as who would not? After drinking a glass together they parted warm friends.

In a little while Mr. Geseign entered.

"There is," said he, "in this building—another ferocious creachaw—like myself—a lord. Think of it. Two lords! Contemplate—the idea. Will I astound you—when I tell you—we have met? Yes, sir—we have met! Think of it—two lords; great smash!—and yet I—survive!"

"Is he a French lord, a English lord, or a German lord?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"An English lord," said Mr. Geseign.

"I thought so," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "for they are the lords. A Frenchman or a German is nothing more than an ordinary critter; but you take an Englishman, Tommy, with all his blood, and he is the Lord of Lords. That's the reason they've whopped all nations except the Americans; and they'd whopped them too, except that nothing can't whop *them*! In the other cases the lords done it; when you see those lords get together and go into battle, they never stop 'till they come out on the other side, and then you got to tie 'em up or they'll never stop goin.' The common people in England aren't nothin' except a sort of bootblacks for the lords. That's all they ever pertend to be themselves."

"There," said Mr. Geseign, "is your—glittering—error. The Commons—of old England—are a grand—people. The lords—are the barnacles—on the back—of old England. They are the scars—on the face—of society. The people—of England—make grand—warriors. In the past—they had—grand writers—Chris. Marlowe—who wrote a grand play—which was cabbaged by Goethe—and weakened. Old Billy

Shake—noble old cock!—Shelley—a mass of intellect—and sweet Johnny Keats. Grand thinkers—and grand inventors;—all common people;—but the lords—are the ninnies. I will make a fearful—admission—I—am a ninny!”

“I see, Tommy,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, turning over a newspaper, “I see the United States is goin’ to have four more iron-clad man-o’-wars made.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Geseign; “an unpleasant—fact.”

“How’s that ‘ar’?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Easy enough,” said Mr. Geseign. “We must reduce—our expenses. The more ships—we pay for—the less we eat. Your share—of the ship—decreases—your washing. You wear—dirty collars. Unpleasant—idea. Quite so. Already—we dispense—with one shirt—a week and soapsuds—with our cuffs—to support thousands—of non-producing—creachaws—in the army. Our shoes—are unpolished—while we pay for—a navy—to take the Cabinet—yachting. Our dear—little boy—without a pair of white pants—travels the street—shocking sight—while we clothe a million—political bummahs—in broadcloth and cheek. While we have—vast navy-yards—where thousands of creachaws—are busily engaged—in chewing tobacco—telling snake and fish stories—walking guard—and turning out to receive—the commanding officah, our wife—with incessant screech—dins in our ears for the bonnet—worn by—her enemy! While our baby—keeps us marching—late at night—in cotton moccasins—and shrieks like the foul fiend—for costly paregoric, we are paying—the gambling debts—of honor—of young

noodles—in the army. While our beloved child—warbles its—midnight notes—and we walk,—in kid gloves—the noodle waltzes—at our expense—with an heiress! Political economy—by Thomas Geseign.”

“How’s that ‘ar’?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Sit down,” said Mr. Geseign, “and do—what few men—ever do. Make a list—of the articles—indirectly taxed. Add up—the amount. Subtract—from your present cost—of living. You will find—you could live—on a few shekels—a month—without taxes.”

“What’s government good for arter all?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Chiefly,” said Mr. Geseign. “for that curious—phenomenon—the bummah. Too much government—and paupers—go together. Geseign on Government! Read him. A wonderful—creachaw! He is never dry—when he has—cash!”

The following morning after getting out of bed, the first thing that Mr. Oldbiegh did was to take up the *Weekly Flash* and run rapidly over its pages. For many moments he did not seem to have found what he was looking for, as he turned the paper inside out several times. At last his eye fell on an article headed:

## A STRIKING CAREER!

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GREAT CAPITALIST!

WHAT MR. OLDBIEGH HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE WAY  
TO GET RICH!

A smile overspread the round cheeks of Mr. Old-

biegh, and gradually crawled up to his ears as he read what follows :

“One of our reporters had a pleasant interview with Mr. Oldbiegh, in his reception-rooms at the Palace, yesterday. On entering the rooms the reporter was ushered into a large and spacious apartment where Mr. Oldbiegh was found reclining negligently in a large arm-chair, with his elbow resting easily on the table. Mr. Oldbiegh is a striking man of about middle age, perhaps slightly inclined to be corpulent; and the reporter saw at once in his clear, large blue eyes that unmistakable quickness of expression which denotes the great financier. He is a man who would be picked out in a thousand. The broad brow, upon which are the traces of intellect; a nose large enough to be a sign of talent and business capacity, and an expression of command about the mouth.

“There seems to have been something dark and gloomy connected with the early days of Mr. Oldbiegh's business career; and when the reporter saw that it hurt Mr. Oldbiegh to talk about those times, his feelings of delicacy prevented him from urging the matter. This much, however, was gleaned: that Mr. Oldbiegh was very poor at one period, without the necessaries of life, and, perhaps, the story of harsh struggles, indomitable energy, and unending perseverance has also connected with it scenes of suffering and deprivation which will never be related to the world. Mr. Oldbiegh disagrees radically with Franklin on the question of early rising, and gives up all the time he can spare to sleep.



"Suffice it to say that Mr. Oldbiegh is now amongst us, and is to be ranked with the sterling men who have stood first in our business world."

"Tommy!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to Mr. Geseign, who was washing his hands in the next room.

"Coming!" said Mr. Geseign, as he entered the apartment in his shirt-sleeves, wiping his hands on the towel as he came.

"I've been interviewed," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and it aren't so hard to be interviewed arter all, because the people on that 'ar' *Weekly Flash* write so fine and so natch'ral."

"Nothing," said Mr. Geseign, "is hard—after it is done. You are always—astonished—to find how easy—it was. Things are hard only—before—they're attempted." Mr. Geseign took the paper and read the article through.

When Mr. Oldbiegh had looked at Mr. Geseign abstractedly for some moments, he suddenly remembered that he was quite hungry; and pulling his large watch out of his pocket, he glanced at it and said:

"Nine o'clock, Tommy. It's long after breakfast time."

"No," said Mr. Geseign; "the rules of society—will not permit us—to eat—'till eleven-thirty. That is—the fashionable—hour."

"But s'pose a man is hungry as a thousand wolves?"

"He must remain," said Mr. Geseign, "as hungry—as a thousand—wolves—'till eleven-thirty. The law—

is a most important law—of society ;—nevah—to be broken.”

“Is that ‘ar’ the way with all the snobs?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Yes,” said Mr. Geseign. “I have seen—one hundred snobs—licking their chops—and watching the clock—hungry as fiends. They will nevah eat—however—till eleven-thirty. No man—can induce them—to break—the rule.”

“Say, Tommy,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a serious tone, “is that ‘ar’ the rule?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Geseign.

“Well,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “I’m so hungry I think I’ll swear off being a snob!”

“You should learn,” said Mr. Geseign, “to control—your stomach.”

“Say, Tommy, how about that carriage and nigger and livery?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“I have purchased—a carriage,” said Mr. Geseign. “I have also—discovered—a dark-complexioned—creachaw—for a footman. As a piece—of black art—he is striking. I have employed—my old friend—Pitser Coop—to drive. I have purchased—for each—a plug hat. And their uniform—is ready.”

“Have you got your coat of arms painted on?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Geseign; “I had two—coats of arms. One—a roostah—standing on a brass—shield—crowing—for all—he was worth. This—however—I did not use. The other—a brass serpent—coiled on a sheep—of silver—with brass fangs protruding—ready—to strike. This—is on the doah—of the carriage.”

"What's the meaning of that 'ar'?"

"That I—who am audacious—carry a fang—also. My own—idea."

"Say, Tommy, you said I'd got to wear false teeth?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "A social—necessity. The way—of the world. Society—demands it."

"Aren't serciety all monkeys, arter all?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Geseign.

"So I've got to have the old ones drawn out and new ones drove in?"

"Where the old ones," said Mr. Geseign, "have become ancient—and deformed."

"And I've got to let that 'ar' dentist pull away and tussle with my teeth, till my boots come up, to be a snob?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Geseign. "A crying—social necessity. But one pull—and one shriek—and the tooth—is out;—the dentist—revenged. The monstah—has performed—his atrocious—deed."

"No, sir!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'll be eternally bobbed ef I do! If my teeth was to be pulled, it ought to been done when I was a boy."

"If you do not," said Mr. Geseign, "you will be—alone. In a vast concourse—of elegant people—with false teeth—you will stand—all alone."

"That's better than go to a dentist, and have your teeth pulled and squawk;—for I'd like to see a man who wouldn't squawk when his boots was coming up!"

The carriage to which Mr. Geseign had referred was ready that afternoon; so it was arranged that they would drive out the Cliff House road. Mr. Geseign

informed Mr. Oldbiegh that he had taken a box at Emerson's Theatre.

"We will see—Tommy Flagg. I knew—Tommy," said Mr. Geseign, "when we both—were stars—as yet undiscovered—by scribbling astronomers. I recognized his genius—and he recognized—mine. The fate—of genius—when allied—with a lamentable—lack—of cash. His jokes—are his own. They are—original. We both—are witty. But one difference—exists—between us. He's black—and I'm white. Had we—been rich—we would have been—Tennysons—and Whit-tiers—instead of minstrels. His wit—in a book—would have made him—a Dickens. Mine—would have made me—a Shakspeare. My brilliance—however—was wasted—in the exhilarating—occupation—of loaf-ing. Thomas Geseign—will remain still—unknown. No slab—to mark—his wretched—grave. No ghouls—to disturb—his brilliant—bones. The world—is filled—with genius that dies—quite so. I have seen—the shade of Dickens—in many a minstrel—with bones in his hand. I saw Shakspeare—as a bootblack—uncon-scious—of his greatness. I saw Byron—as he drove—a milk cart—one day. Alas! what a fall! I have seen Tennyson—and Wilde—in every field—of labor—by the hundreds;—all ready—to write elegies—on the Queen's poultry—very cheap!"

"Is that 'ar, so?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"It's so," said Mr. Geseign, earnestly.

"What a set of monkeys the world is, arter all! Human beings is nothin' but little gals and boys with-out their pinafores."

That evening when they returned from their drive, they found the cards of some forty callers. Mr. Geseign held the cards to Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Examine them,” said he; “the *élite*.”

“What’s the *élite*?” said Mr. Oldbiegh; “who’s he?”

“A race—we’re about—to discover. To describe them—and their wretched—existence—and their follies,” said Mr. Geseign, “would be a long—and pathetic—story.”

“Let her out,” said Mr. Oldbiegh; “I like stories.”

“The *élite*,” said Mr. Geseign, “are a motley—crowd. Take a bird’s-eye view—of this motley—crowd. What a Gorgon—it is! The sun shines—on this motley—crowd;—the wind blows—on this motley—crowd;—and the rain pours—on this motley—crowd. As the sun shines—on the *élite*, you see—painted cheeks—you see enameled—faces. Delightful—prospect! You see aged creachaws—painted—and perfumed. Enchanting—scene! You see—youthful creachaws—painted—and—perfumed. You perceive—a dude—with a painted cheek. A queer—phenomenon—and a satire—on men. You perceive—other dudes. Phenomena—likewise. You perceive a fop;—ladedah—creachaw. You perceive—an ancient fop—likewise ladedah. You perceive—a poodle dog. Curious creachaw. You perceive other—poodle dogs. The companions—of females.

“And what do—these curious—creachaws—all do—you may ask. They do nothing—I reply—these *élite*. What do—these curious creachaws—then say? You perceive the fop—how he chatters. You perceive the dude—at times—he will speak. You perceive—that

painted—old hundred—how she chatters—with a tongue—like a snake! What then—does this crowd—of creachaws—remark? Nothing—I reply. It is simply—an ebullition—of vanity. Of painted—vanity. Of hideous—vanity. Of enameled—vanity. Vanity—of vanities. Quite so. They criticise—one another. They are backbiting—one another. They tell lies—about each other. Oh! tendah—companions! They are the élite!”

On looking over the cards, Mr. Oldbiegh found that of Major Hawkins. On the large marble-topped table in the center of the room Mr. Geseign found a note addressed to Lord Geseign and another in the same handwriting addressed to Mr. Oldbiegh. The pleasure of their company was requested on board the yacht “Black Hawk” the next day, which was Saturday. The letter went on to state that there was to be a race between the “Chispa” and the “Evangeline,” and that it was the purpose of the “Black Hawk” to follow after them. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign discussed the matter, and finally concluded to go.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### A YACHTING TRIP.

“TOMMY,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, the next morning, when he awoke, “what’s o’clock?” As the

brown wooden shutters were closed, both rooms were dark.

"It's about," said Mr. Geseign, yawning as he spoke, "it's about three—o'clock. It won't be long till—daylight."

"Well, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'm as hungry again as a thousand wolves, and I've got to have something to eat though it are against all the rules of serciety! It aren't three o'clock, either," said he, dragging his watch from under his pillow by its heavy chain and looking at it. "It's seven o'clock by my watch, which is correct to a second."

"Hold!" said Mr. Geseign, who arose from his bed, whereby it was seen that while his legs were bare, they were filled with sinews. Mr. Geseign then rang a bell in the wall. "We will have—some caffay—in bed."

"What's caffay?" said Mr. Oldbiegh; "are it a dish what the aleat are in the habit of eating?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Geseign; "they eat it—from a cup. It much resembles—the more common substance—called coffee. None but—the élite—can distinguish—the difference."

"It's queer I aren't never drunk none of it," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You have," said Mr. Geseign, "often;—but your rude—and uncultivated tastes—did not distinguish—the difference. Now that—you are a snob—in full bloom—a gaudy snob—you will drink—caffay!"

A waiter answered the bell and in a few minutes returned with two cups of coffee. Both Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh were sitting up in bed awaiting his

arrival. As the reader has never seen Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh posing in this interesting condition before, we will inform him that Mr. Oldbiegh's hair was in that tangled and knotty state in which he has often seen his own or his wife's hair at that hour of the morning, or in which he will often see that of his superhuman angel after marriage.

"Hold!—base creachaw!—hold!" said Mr. Geseign to the negro boy, who was about to leave the room, after having placed the last cup of coffee in Mr. Geseign's hand. "Down—on your knees—base creachaw! You have filled—my caffay—with the corpse—of a fly! There has been—a murder—committed! Oh! horrors! See his poor eyes—as he swims—in my caffay;—he is dead. See his pale cheek—it is stained—with red blood! And yet—you would have—me eat—this corpse—to hide—your crime! Base—monstah!"

"It wan't me, Massa. I nebber done it," said the boy. "It wuth the cook done it, if anybody done it. But I think the fly done it hisself."

"Your foul—deed," said Mr. Geseign, "turns my stomach. Bear out—his ashes. Poor—creachaw!" As soon as the coffee had been carried out Mr. Geseign looked earnestly at Mr. Oldbiegh for some moments, and then, as if suffering from an inspiration, broke out in the following remarks: "This is the hour—devoted by nature—to the pathetic—birds. The sun falls—on the dewy grass—on the glittering leaf—on the blossom. That weazened—old creachaw—the world—now weeps;—and the dew-drops—are her tears. Vast scene—of



pathos! At this delightful—hour—the venturesome worm—is speedily beheaded—by the beak—of—the bird. Oh! lesson of wisdom! Greenhorns arise—at this hour—to get wealthy—and wise. Let them gaze—on the worm! Silly creachaws! they do not—get rich. Where, then—is the liar—I may ask? Oh! beautiful hour! The small boy—rubs his eyes—and arises,—pursuant—to the yells—of his father—and the shrieks—of his mother—and builds the fire—with kerosene. It saves labor;—or else—he catches fire—and burns—to a cinder. In either case—he is satisfied—the poor, angry boy.

“At this—enchanting hour—the fairy creachaw—of last night’s ball—may be seen. Tired creachaw! Oh! look now—and die! My eyes—grow bloodshot. My tongue hangs from—my mouth—and my hair—is trans-fixed—when I gaze—on the scene. Oh! where—are her locks? They hang there—on the window. Oh! pitiable—sight! Where are—her coral teeth? In that glass—of watah—on the mantel. Oh! tragic—spectacle! Where is she—the creachaw—who would not say shoes—lest it should mean—her ankles? Where—is she? I demand it! With the air of a queen—five hours later—perceive her—tread over the carpet—shedding locks—as she walks. Perceive her hair—in her eyes;—her scalp—on the window. Fairy creachaw! What is she? A dream! Gaze on her!—a dream! What are the locks—on the window? A small dream! And those teeth—now bathing—in the tumbler? A dream. I assert it! Poetical hour!”

At nine o'clock Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were helped into their carriage by their liveried footman.

"Pitser," said Mr. Geseign, "drive to the wharf—in South—San Francisco—from which—the yachts start."

"Yes, my lord," said the driver, who had received several lessons in private from Mr. Geseign. They left a crowd of people staring at their fine carriage with wide-open eyes, as they drove out to the street.

It was one of those still, balmy mornings, when the air seems to be absolutely without motion. The winds which had been sleeping through the night were not yet awake; and the white clouds in the south-eastern sky were like ships becalmed on the clear blue atmosphere of heaven. The smoke from the iron works on First street arose in black, curling masses, straight up to the sky. The atmosphere was so still that the everlasting rattle of the hammers in the boiler shops was heard as distinctly as if they were just at hand. They drove along Howard to Fourth street, and down Fourth street to the large brick building in which are the offices of the Central Pacific Railroad; and after that they began to wind in and out of small streets so rapidly that Mr. Oldbiegh lost his bearings entirely. Finally, after passing over a plank road, lined with bales of hay on either side, they suddenly emerged on a wharf, under the bowsprit of a large ship, upon which two sailors were engaged in scraping with their knives.

"I say—my son!" said Mr. Geseign, calling to one of them.

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the party addressed.

"Do you know—the yacht—called 'Black Hawk'?" asked Mr. Geseign.

"There she is," said the man, pointing to a dark schooner, lying at anchor on the blue surface of the bay, about one hundred yards from the wharf.

Her mainsail was hauled up; but the peak was down, and her jib was hauled half way up. A streamer was at the top of the mainmast, and the American flag was lying on the white top of the companion hatch. The bow of the yacht was keen and had a beautiful curve; and on either side of the bow was gilt filagree work. She had very little rake, and while she ran with extreme swiftmess, instead of going over the swells, she ran through them; as a natural consequence, she took a good deal of water aboard.

"Seems to me, Tommy, she has very big masts for so small a boat. Do you think there's any danger of her upsetting?"

"No—man," said Mr. Geseign, "can—foresee. The chief pleasure—of yacht racing—is the danger. Yachting men—as a rule—are fast fellows. They are willing—to die!"

"How's that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Some of them," said Mr. Geseign, "are men—disappointed—in love—poor creachaws—and ready—to die. Others—are old bloods—tormented with gout—which the springs—will not cure—and ready—to die. Others—old graybeards—who dye every day—to deceive—the young females. As they fail—to deceive—the young creachaws—they are ready—to die. There

are men also—whose wives—have brutal—dispositions—and want to keep them—at home. They therefore go yachting—that death—may relieve them!”

“Who have got the fastest yachts?”

“The most—reckless,” said Mr. Geseign. “There are three—of them—owned by three—desperate—lovers!”

“What makes the yachts most dangerous?”

“Like men—who are dangerous,” said Mr. Geseign, “they are—cranky.”

“Is that ‘ar’ ‘Black Hawk’ cranky, I wonder?” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “She looks to me fearful cranky for a little boat. Say, Tommy, do you think it’s going to blow hard?”

“Why?” said Mr. Geseign. “Have you dismal—forebodings? Do you picture—yourself—a ghastly—corpse—a companion—of fishes—hobnobbing—with sharks? Would you rather—not go?”

“No,” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “Arter I’m started into a thing, I go ahead and don’t stop for no man, sharks nor nothing; but I’d ruther not be eat, or be a floating corpse, to be eat up arterwards by crabs and fishes and eels and sharks, and be the first dinner they had in three weeks! Darned ef I do!”

Mr. Geseign waved his handkerchief to a man who was scrubbing the brass work on the yacht. The man thereupon dragged a little cockle-shell of a boat tied to the stern of the yacht alongside and got into it; and in a moment the little boat was cutting rapidly through the water as he rowed toward the wharf. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign got out of the carriage.

"Pitser," said Mr. Geseign, "you may be here—at nine—to-night;—and wait—till we return."

"Yes, my lord," said the man. He then touched his hat and the darkey touched his and they drove off.

"Where—are the rest—of the company?" said Mr. Geseign.

"They are late, sir," said the man. "There they are now," added he, as several carriages dashed out of a neighboring street and came on the wharf with a loud, roaring noise. Some twenty gentlemen and ladies were soon standing on the wharf, and the servants took baskets from the carriages, in some of which were seen the necks of bottles, which, one could judge by the color of the liquid alone, appeared to hold vinegar.

"Lord Geseign, I presume?" said a little man, walking up with outstretched hand. "I am Captain Hobbhouse."

"The gentleman—to whom—we are indebted?" said Mr. Geseign.

"The debt's on my side," said the Captain. "Mr. Oldbiegh, I presume?" added he, giving the forefinger of his other hand to Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh looked long and steadily at the forefinger without taking it. "Shake!" said the Captain.

"No, sir," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "I aren't in the habit of shaking fingers! When I shake, I shake whole hands!"

"Oh!" said the Captain, giving his whole hand.

"Thar'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, gripping his hand firmly, while a forgiving smile played on his features.

"Commodore Slaughterbull!" called the Captain.

"Ship ahoy!" said the Commodore, a gentleman very prominent in the butchering business.

"Let me introduce you to my friends, Lord Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh." They shook hands. "Commodore Mumblehead!" said the Captain.

"Ship ahoy!" said the Commodore.

"He is our Vice-Commodore," said the Captain in a low tone to Mr. Geseign. "Lord Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh, my friends and guests," said the Captain. "Now," said he to Mr. Geseign, "I will introduce you to our Admiral. He's a wonderful man. He's in the fruit-packing trade, and does the biggest business in the world. Oh! Admiral!"

"Ship ahoy!" said the Admiral.

"Heave alongside, I want to board you," said the Captain. "Admiral Cancrammer, let me acquaint you with my friend, Lord Geseign." The Admiral came forward and presented his forefinger to Mr. Geseign. Mr. Geseign, with the rest of his hand closed, held out one finger also. The Admiral looked sternly at Mr. Geseign. Mr. Geseign looked as sternly at the Admiral. Mr. Oldbiegh stood at one side with a pleasant smile, of an extensive character, on his features. The Admiral, in the presence of all the company, who were gazing steadily at both parties, at last opened his hand and took Mr. Geseign's finger.

"Lord Geseign," said the Captain, "Lieutenant Gun-shot Wound; Captain Glover;—ah! I am forgetting the ladies."

"That's the way with you sailors," said a stout lady, who had four diminutive mouse-colored dogs, two of

which she carried in her arms; another she compelled her disgusted husband to carry, and the fourth was under her dress and out of sight.

“Lord Geseign, Mrs. Captain Glover. Mr. Oldbiegh, Mrs. Captain Glover.”

“Lord Geseign,” said the lady, “happy to know you. Oldbiegh, glad to know you.” The lady was one of peculiar appearance. She had a piece of silk lace, of black color, over her head, and over that a fly-away hat; and her face had on it that pure, and beautiful pink tinge which, like Bulwer’s ideal, while it is supposed to be natural, is yet superior to nature. “Oldbiegh,” said the lady, walking over to Mr. Oldbiegh, “I like your looks, and intend to patronize you.” Mr. Oldbiegh bowed profoundly, and took off his broad-brimmed hat, but said nothing. “Do not notice the Captain, if he looks crossly at us. Although he is a man of violent disposition, yet I manage him completely. I call him my dear little bullet-head. Don’t I, dear?” said the lady.

“What?” said her husband, coming forward with a sour look on his face, as if he anticipated something disagreeable.

“Don’t I call you my bullet-head?”

“Yes,” said he, with an expression of disgust on his features, as he walked off again.

Two other carriages now arrived. Four more commodores got out, and three Mrs. Commodores.

“Lord Geseign,” said the Captain, “the Hon. Mrs. Dash, wife of one of our most noted Justices of the Peace, and her friend, Mrs. Supervisor Cludger.”

Mrs. Cludger was of English descent.

"Are you long from Hingland, M'Lud?" she asked.

"It is some time," said Mr. Geseign. Then Mr. Geseign, being asked if he had travelled, replied in the affirmative, and gave some of those delightful and enchanting "word pictures," which are seen only by travellers of experience; and the "unfair sex," as Mr. Geseign had had the audacity to call them while commenting on their characteristics to Mr. Oldbiegh, listened with close attention to every word he uttered.

"I've been hawfully confined, 'ere, hin Hamerica," said Mrs. Cludger. "In Hingland we go out with the 'ounds on an 'orse and get some fresh hare, don't you know. Everything is so narsty 'ere in Sarn Francisco."

"Yes," said Mr. Geseign; "the pitiable—and narsty creachaws—are so low—and narsty—in Sarn Francisco—don't you know. Quite so."

"Have you 'ad any news from 'ome lately, M'Lud?"

"Um?"

"'Ave you 'eard from 'ome, M'Lud?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign. "That is—yes;—I have heard from M'Lud—Catchumquick—of the death—of my brother Chawles—while riding—at the Darby. I have come—into—the entail. Yet I'm sorry—for Chawles—don't you know. He was—such an awfully—jolly lahd. It was that—that killed him."

"It's hawfully jolly," said Mrs. Cludger, "to 'ear from 'ome."

"Um?" said Mr. Geseign.



"It's so hawfully jolly to 'ear news from 'ome, M'Lud."

"It is—enchauling," said Mr. Geseign. "While residing away—I could hear of my own death—at home—without a murmur."

"I don't like yachting," said the lady.

"N'more do I," said Mr. Geseign.

"I don't think the roads in Sarn Francisco are good for driving, M'Lud," said the lady.

"Um?" said Mr. Geseign.

"Hi don't think the roads hare good, your ludship."

"N'more do I," said Mr. Geseign.

"His Mr. Holdbiegh han Hinglishman?" inquired the lady.

"Um?" said Mr. Geseign.

"His Mr. Holdbiegh han Hinglishman, M'Lud?"

"Naw," said Mr. Geseign.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Hobbhouse, "we'll go aboard now, as I believe everybody has arrived."

A large white boat took them all aboard the yacht, after making several trips. Several other yachts were resting silently on the surface of the bay; and boats with flags at their sterns were seen going off from the wharves to the yachts, with ladies and gentlemen in them. The yachts all had their white sails up. A tug-boat, with the steam buzzing out of her safety-valve, was also resting on the water not far from the yachts; and sounds of discord from the steam-piano on a ferry-boat in the distance came floating over the blue water. Suddenly the boom of the mainsail of the "Black Hawk" straightened out the sheet, and a rat-

ting was heard on the sliding bar; a moment after a black riffled spot on the surface of the water showed that the wind was beginning to rise. A little later a white yacht, with a jib mainsail and topsail set, ran off before the wind down the bay, and curved off toward a boat out on the bay, with a red flag on it, which was the starting point. The "Ariel," the most beautiful yacht of them all, was now seen coming down the bay, carrying a large-sized "bone in her mouth," and salt water sailors on her deck. The people on all the yachts were very gay, and on several the young ladies and gentlemen were singing. The Captain's son on the "Black Hawk" had a banjo, and commenced thrumming negro melodies upon it; before long, he had most of the people on board singing.

"My Lord," said the Captain, after the yacht was under way, and after he had turned over the wheel to one of the men, "let us go forward into the cuddy and splice the main brace."

Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh went forward into the cuddy, and in a little while the gentlemen began to mysteriously disappear, one after another, from the deck. The married ladies and their daughters were so busily engaged in discussing Mr. Geseign, "who," Mrs. Cludger said, "'ad the haccent of the oldest 'ouse in Hingland," that they did not notice the disappearance of the males. The ladies were all in a high state of rapture over Mr. Geseign, when one of them discovered the absence of her lord and master. The other ladies thereupon discovered that their lords and masters also were absent. An ever-increasing din of voices

was immediately heard. Some one looked down the companion hatch, but the gentlemen were not in the cabin. As the companion hatch hid the forward part of the vessel from the view of the ladies, who sat in a semi-circular space behind it, no one had seen them go into the cuddy. Several had been seen to get up on the deck, look abstractedly out over the water some moments, and while the head of the observer had been turned momentarily away, in each case they had disappeared. The question was where were they? Had they all fallen overboard? Although the supposition was improbable, one timid lady feared they had. What was to be done? A venturesome lady solved the difficulty by rising and going forward. Looking down the small hatchway into the dark apartment beneath, she saw the gentlemen all in a bunch, holding upturned empty bottles to their mouths. What their object was in performing this strange act, we can only conjecture. As there was nothing in the bottles, they may have been performing some of those heathenish mysteries still commonly practised by old sailors.

Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh went on the forward deck and Mr. Geseign was pointing out to Mr. Oldbiegh the islands in the bay, Mt. Tamalpais, and the other attractive features of the scenery.

"I have been to—Indiah," said Mr. Geseign. "I have seen—the bays of Indiah. I have been—to Chinah. I have seen—the cunning Chinaman—in his junk—on his bay. Such scenery—is attractive—and poetical. I have been—on other bays—of the world.

The scenery—is attractive. Quite so. But the bay—of San Francisco—is superior!”

Mrs. Glover took charge of Mr. Oldbiegh as soon as the gentlemen returned to the after part of the schooner, when she came and sat down beside him, placing one of her dogs, which was rapidly getting sick, between them. The rest of the ladies took charge of Mr. Geseign. They found him ready to discuss any subject from the north pole to the south pole and from east to west.

“What do you think of the picture of Shakspeare in the last edition of his works, gotten out by the Shakspeare Club of London?” asked one of the young ladies.

“I consider it,” said Mr. Geseign, who had not seen the picture, “a poor likeness.”

“Why?” asked the young lady.

“It makes him,” said Mr. Geseign, “have a pale—and melancholy look—like a supernatural—creachaw. My idea—of William,” added Mr. Geseign, “is that he—was a jolly—good-natured—young fellow. He did not—have the inevitable—high forehead. On the street—he would never—have attracted—your notice. He was a common—looking creachaw:—because your distinguished—looking creachaw—is an ass. He looked—like other—men. He talked—like other—men. He did not bargain—for a cabbage—in verse. No one—wished to sit—at his feet—and be taught. He did not have—the idiotic stare—of a genius—in his eyes. He was a commonplace—and ordinary creachaw—in appearance,—but a wide awake—man of business.”

"Oh! Lord Geseign! How can you speak so. I know I should have just worshipped him; I could have sat at his feet and looked up into those great deep eyes," said the young lady.

"No," said Mr. Geseign; "you would have liked—your young fellah—at the front gate—on a moonlight night—much better. Your young fellah—would have appeared—the most brilliant."

"Oh! no," said the young lady. "I could have sat at his feet and looked into the genius of those deep eyes forever! I know I could!"

"You," said Mr. Geseign, "could not. His eyes—were not deep—but about—the size of—small beads—or those of a cat—not large—like those of sheep!"

A dash of spray came down like a shower of rain on the after part of the deck, from over the bow, and put an end to this interesting conversation; and the ladies commenced covering themselves with shawls. Mr. Geseign got under the same shawl with the prettiest young lady on board. The racing yachts were about half a mile ahead and were careening till their gunwales were under. Mr. Oldbiegh had climbed up to the weather gunwale and looked with suspicion upon the near approach of the water to the lower gunwale. The wind was constantly freshening, and the yacht was cutting through the water at such a rate that Mr. Oldbiegh in his excitement could feel his heart slowly climbing up into his throat. The "Black Hawk" was not in the race, but notwithstanding this fact she had been creeping upon those that were, during the last half hour, and now three of them were abreast

of her and to her windward. The lee rail of the "Black Hawk" was constantly under water; she was fairly flying through the swells, which were gradually increasing in size as they approached the Golden Gate, and as she did not rise over the swells but ran through them, she was in a perfect shower of water. Mr. Oldbiegh was still perched on the weather gunwale of the yacht and was holding to the shrouds. The ladies motioned to him to come down, and especially did Mrs. Glover beckon to him to that effect; but although Mr. Oldbiegh was soaked to the skin, he could not be induced to move. The "Chispa," the "Evangeline" and the "Black Hawk" were close alongside of each other, and in the intensity of his excitement Mr. Oldbiegh lost all fear.

"Say, Tommy!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, "you see that 'ar' critter a-driving the 'Evangeline?' I'll be eternally bobbed ef it aren't one of them 'ar' doods! It's got on gold-rimmed eye-glasses, darned ef it aren't!"

The "Evangeline" and the "Black Hawk" were at this time side by side. The "Evangeline" now came about very gradually, making nearly one hundred feet in doing so. The "Black Hawk" also came about suddenly and gained nothing by the movement. When she bore off on the other tack, the "Evangeline" was some distance ahead. Mr. Oldbiegh, who had in the meantime crawled up on the other side, was intensely excited. Looking steadily at the helmsman for some moments, he suddenly shouted, "Whop 'em up!" While standing up and holding to the shrouds, he proceeded to go through a number of curious antics in his

excited state. He took off his hat and waved it, and as the "Black Hawk" gradually drew up alongside of the "Evangeline," which had taken in her topsail when she came about, Mr. Oldbiegh hurrahed at the top of his lungs. While looking steadily at the persons aboard the "Evangeline," Mr. Oldbiegh's face fell. Mr. Oldwhistle, with a comforter around his neck, a gray shawl over his shoulders and spectacles on his nose, was there. Yes, and now with a spy-glass at his eye he was making a minute and critical examination of Mr. Oldbiegh himself, as if he considered him a scientific specimen.

"Thar' it is! Thar' it is!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, immensely excited. "Thar's the yaller dog out yachting! Thar's the yaller soap! Whop her up! Whop her up!"

As the "Black Hawk" slowly bore by the "Evangeline," Mr. Oldbiegh waved his hat to Mr. Oldwhistle, and hurrahed and moved about the deck in such an excited manner that Mr. Geseign, seeing that he was in danger of falling overboard, seized him by the coat collar and dragged him away from the side of the schooner. After they had passed the "Evangeline," Mr. Oldbiegh with a beaming countenance came back and sat down with the ladies.

"Well," said he, with a beautiful smile of triumph covering the whole of his features, "we've whopped the dood and the yaller dog, both o' them!"

The yacht was now run up into the wind, the sheets were payed out, and in a moment she was running off before the breeze like a scared witch. The swells had

grown rather heavy and with her bow pillowed on the top of one of them and the waves rolling out on either side of her bow, she would run fifty feet before her bow would go down between the swells again. This slow up and down motion soon made the ladies sick, and Mr. Oldbiegh, who was standing near the bow with Mr. Geseign, suddenly said :

“Say, Tommy, I must have eaten somethin’ which has gone and disagreed with me, for I feel as if my whole stomach was a-coming right up !”

Mr. Oldbiegh was at that moment puffing violently on a cigar.

“Throw—the filthy weed,” said Mr. Geseign, pointing to the cigar, “overboard. No wonder you’re—sick.”

“Oh, Tommy, I do feel so sick, as sick,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “as though I was going to die ! I believe I must a-been poisoned, Tommy !” and he sat down on the deck. But relief soon came and he recovered his composure.

All conversation, strange to say, had ceased on the part of the ladies. They all held their peace. Their faces had on them a melancholy expression, and they looked as if they were in mourning for some deceased friend. The facetious young man was at this moment talking about feeding the fishes, and, with a smile on his countenance, was discussing the qualities of raw pork ; but he suddenly stopped, and with a look of gloom on his features went rapidly forward for some mysterious purpose. All were lying about in a limp condition, and there was a woe-begone expression on



their faces that is indescribable. One young lady, with a hopeless look on her pale face, regardless of those present, was lying with her open mouth against the Byron collar of her dude lover. He also wore an unhappy expression.

But, as the old maxim has it, "it is a long lane that has no turn," and soon they were running along under the lee of the Marin county shore. While the wind seemed as strong and the yacht appeared to be moving as rapidly as ever, there were no swells to make the passengers seasick, and they all speedily recovered. While they were running toward Sansalito Mrs. Glover got up on the deck and started forward for some unknown reason, when stubbing her toe against a cleat on the deck, she fell overboard. Mr. Geseign, who was standing by Mr. Oldbiegh's side at the stern of the yacht, immediately dived into the bay without taking time to remove his plug hat. Mr. Oldbiegh, with the intention of following him, attempted to take his coat off first, but in his struggle to remove the garment, tumbled overboard backwards.

The yacht shot ahead, and the shrieks of the many females on board rent the air; the gentlemen shouted to Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign not to give up, something that neither had the slightest intention of doing in a hurry. However, the yacht was again run up into the wind, a man got into the tender, and, to make a long story short, in the course of time the point was reached where Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were struggling with Mrs. Glover, who seemed to be desperately engaged in trying to drown them both. They

were taken into the tender and ultimately arrived aboard the yacht, Mr. Geseign minus his plug hat and Mr. Oldbiegh in his dripping shirt sleeves. A fire was built in a stove in the cuddy forward, and Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh went there to dry their clothes. Their lady friends, who had locked themselves in the cabin with Mrs. Glover, kindly contributed various articles of clothing, which were sent forward, and in which Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were clad until their own garments were dry, which happened before they reached Sansalito, for the yacht was kept tacking off and on for an hour or two. The ladies also contributed between them an outfit for Mrs. Glover; and in due course the anchor of the yacht descended with a rattling sound into the waters of the bay of Sansalito.

Captain Hobbhouse had a brass toy cannon forward, about a foot and a half long, which was charged with as much powder as is usually put into a musket. The Captain ordered one of the men to go forward and fire this off. The ladies put their fingers in their ears as the sailor touched off the cannon. A number of yachts were anchored about the bay, amongst others the "Ocean Bird," the Admiral's yacht. The Admiral was now seen to march forward on the deck of his vessel with a courageous and daring stride.

"Isn't he a love of an Admiral, Mr. Oldbiegh?" said Mrs. Glover, who was nestling close up to Mr. Oldbiegh; "he's so dignified!"

The Admiral, with those dignified movements noticeable in great warriors, now got on his knees on the deck of his vessel, scratched a match on the leg of his trous-

ers and touched off his cannon, by way of an answering salute to the veteran Captain of the "Black Hawk."

Mrs. Glover suddenly discovered that her four mouse-colored dogs had disappeared. Upon making search it was found that during the rough weather they had taken to the berths in the cabin.

"Captain!" shouted Mrs. Glover to her husband on making this discovery.

"Well, Mrs. Glover?" said her husband.

"Why didn't you look after my poor little pets?"

"I had to look after myself!" said the Captain, in a sour tone.

"Oh! you horrid man! You are absolutely good for nothing at all!" said Mrs. Glover. "What can I do to reform you, you dear little bullet-head?" added the lady, looking affectionately at her husband. The Captain walked away morosely.

Mr. Geseign looked steadily at the round, powdered and enameled face of Mrs. Glover, which, by the way, had been injured by the water; at her stout figure, and at the outstanding short curls around her forehead, and then asked a young lady who was sitting by him who she was.

"She is a curious character and one of the leaders of society," was the reply.

"And—her husband? What on earth—is he?" asked Mr. Geseign.

"Oh!" said the young lady, "he's not much of anybody!"

"How could—he be?" said Mr. Geseign. "And yet—he resembles—the hero of a dime—novel—in which

the characters are—the pirate with the bloody—hand—Merciless Ben—with the evil—eye and Silly Sam—the ragged fiend! Our friend—is the man with—the nightmare,—the hero—of the tale!”

A waiter in a white jacket proceeded to set the table in the cabin. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and, as everyone had recovered from sickness, they naturally felt very hungry. Some rock cod were heard frying with a sizzling sound in the cook's galley in the forward part of the schooner, and a delightful odor was wafted aft to the nostrils of the hungry individuals there assembled by an almost imperceptible breeze.

After the guests sat down at the table, the first few courses disappeared with marvellous rapidity. The white and red wines from California vineyards, the most delicious wines of the world, soon made both ladies and gentlemen talkative and happy. In this delightful state it took but little to set the table in a roar. Anything from a deranged countenance to a dismal pun served the purpose; and as a consequence the faces of some of the witty young men were constantly being deranged. When one youthful individual of fifteen got into such convulsive laughter that Mr. Geseign had to pick him up by the coat collar and deposit him on the deck before he would cool off and cease to choke, the company was much amused. When a comical young man desired to know, with an injured look, which of the ladies across the way was stepping on his toes, whereat all the ladies suddenly drew their feet back, producing quite a shuffling sound as they did so, there

was a prolonged state of amusement. Another wag said thereupon that it seemed as if all the ladies had done it. The first young wag was much pleased by this remark, but when the second wag got off the antiquated joke implying the fact that the first wag's feet must necessarily have been large, the first wag looked disconcerted and began to metaphorically pummel his brains for a reply. But the reply, as usual in such cases, came too late.

The guests sat at the table for about two hours, during which time Mrs. Glover patronized Mr. Oldbiegh immensely, and made her husband immensely angry as a consequence. She also disgusted that unhappy personage by asking him questions in a loving tone, which put him in a ridiculous attitude. Under the effect of these two causes for disgust the Captain waxed wroth and continued to wax more and more wroth during the course of the dinner. This manifested itself in the numerous angry glances thrown at the oblivious Mr. Oldbiegh. After dinner was over the Captain took Lieutenant Gunshot Wound aside.

"Wound," said the Captain, "did you notice that fellow?"

"What fellow?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain. "I have a great notion to blow my cigar smoke in his eyes! If you were in my fix, would you?"

"He saved your wife," said the Lieutenant.

"It don't make any difference; he is showing too much attention to her," said the Captain, who may

have considered himself to have been injured by Mr. Oldbiegh's heroic act.

"What did he call you?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Call me!" said Captain Glover, angrily. "Nothing—nothing, sir!"

"Well," said the Lieutenant, "if he called you nothing, I don't see that you have any particular reason to blow smoke in his eyes."

"Wound, is it nothing to make an ass of a married man in public?" said his friend. "You're always in too big a hurry. Wait till you hear me through. The puppy has been flirting with my wife. Now, you see, I'm in a heated condition, and I don't like to act without advice. What I want to know is whether it is my duty as a soldier and a man of honor to blow my cigar smoke in the puppy's eyes!"

"Hush!" said the Lieutenant; "don't talk so loud; he's right over there and may hear you. No, I wouldn't blow any smoke in his eyes. Your wife is able to take care of herself."

"That isn't the point," said the fidgety Captain, in a bitter tone. "I can't bear to stand here and see him flirt. It grates on my nerves and I can't stand it; and yet as long as he flirts, I feel it my duty to stand here and watch him. It makes me wild. Blast it, I can't stand this any longer!" said the Captain, as he saw Mr. Oldbiegh bow profoundly to his wife. "Wound, I must puff smoke in the puppy's eyes. I must do it!"

The Lieutenant argued with him at length, and at last the Captain, who seemed to be dissuaded, went to the forward hatchway, crawled down into it, and took

a heavy swig at a private bottle, which he carried in his inside breast pocket, with the intention of soothing his ruffled feelings. Now, instead of producing this effect, it produced the opposite one; and in a little while the gentleman went aft and commenced walking round and round Mr. Oldbiegh, puffing a cigar violently as he did so, while he wore a murderous expression on his face. Not only was Mr. Oldbiegh astonished at this performance, but everybody else. The Captain continued to pace around Mr. Oldbiegh, gradually blowing his smoke closer and closer to that gentleman. What catastrophe would have happened nobody can tell, if the Lieutenant, who had been watching him, had not come forward and taken him by the coat sleeve, telling him he had something special to say to him and led him to the forward part of the vessel.

"Let me go!" said the Captain. "I must puff my cigar in his face,—I know I must, and no man shall prevent me! Have a drink?" said he, suddenly changing the subject, as he drew his flask out of his pocket.

"No," said the Lieutenant.

"I will," said he, throwing his head back and drinking off the contents of the bottle. "Say!" added he, as he grasped the lappel of the Lieutenant's coat, while he looked at him with a wicked expression in his eye. "Do you know why I took such a big drink? Because I'm mad. And when I'm mad, I'm dangerous,—see!"

The Captain now sat down on the deck and leaned his head back against the foremast, and with a gloomy expression on his face became as silent as a corpse.

Thinking it safe to leave him in this condition, the Lieutenant went to the after part of the vessel and joined the ladies. By this time it was growing dark. The red clouds in the west, which had followed the sunset, had first changed to a leaden hue and then, as the night approached, faded from sight. There was one of those lulls in the conversation, which seem to occur almost instantaneously at times, even in large assemblies. The silence thus produced was suddenly broken by Captain Glover, who commenced singing, in a doleful tone, "She is Fooling Thee!" On looking forward, the ladies saw him sitting on the deck with his legs hanging over the port bow. Mrs. Glover shrieked and fell back into Mr. Oldbiegh's arms. Captain Glover witnessed the whole proceeding.

"Oldbiegh," said he, "let her 'lone, sh-she's false!"

The Captain hammered his heels against the side of the schooner, shook his head in a melancholy manner and then broke out in the following poetical words, the ripe fruit of his own imagination, which he chanted in the same melancholy and dismal tone:

"Oldbiegh, she's false  
And she is fooling thee!"

The lady with a shriek withdrew herself from Mr. Oldbiegh, who was greatly embarrassed by the situation. The liquor which the Captain had taken was producing more and more effect on him every moment. He was now seen with his head hanging down on his chest and his backbone in a curved state, and one of the gentlemen, fearing that he would fall overboard, went forward and, catching him under the arms from



behind, assisted him to stumble, with his heels far in advance of his body, back toward the cabin and down the companion-way, when he stowed him comfortably in one of the berths.

There was an embarrassing state of silence again amongst the ladies in the after part of the vessel. But at last, owing to the efforts of Mr. Geseign, this silence was driven away by the merry peals of laughter produced by his witty remarks. The ease and good feeling thus produced were doomed to be broken into again by Captain Glover, for at the end of ten minutes he was seen slowly crawling up the stairway from the cabin. Tottering to Mr. Oldbiegh and shaking his forefinger threateningly at him, he said :

"Oldbiegh, I come up to 'form you I'm drunk. When I'm drunk, I'm mad. When I'm mad, I'm dangerous! You see that water?" said he, planting his right foot on the deck to keep from stumbling. Mr. Oldbiegh did not answer. "You see it?" said the Captain, with a wicked expression in his eyes. "Well, I s'pose you see it. I'll th-th-throw you—throw you—throw you—into it, if you fool with her—while—while I sleep down there! I'll be watching you!"

The Captain, with another ugly look, then crawled down the steps and got into his berth again and fell asleep.

The lights began to appear in the little windows of the cabins of the various yachts that were anchored on the dark surface of the bay, and in the windows of the houses on the shore. A bright glimmer over the tops of the mountains in the east showed that the moon

would soon rise, and ere long the earth's satellite, appearing to be of the color of burnished copper, rose slowly in the heavens. A band of music, playing in the dance hall on one of the wharves, sent its strains pealing out over the water. The red-lighted ends of the cigars of several gentlemen on the forward deck of the "Black Hawk" appeared bright amid the shadows. As the moonlight fell on the water, small boats, filled with ladies and gentlemen, were seen putting off for the shore. Most of the persons on the "Black Hawk" went ashore, and all assembled in the dance hall. The music struck up and they danced till eleven at night. As there was no breeze, it was useless to start for home. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were both there, and it seemed as if Mr. Oldbiegh would never tire of dancing. At eleven o'clock the yachts were still resting peacefully on the surface of the water, their exact positions being indicated by the red lanterns hanging in the rigging.

Mr. Geseign, who had been absent from the dance for about two hours, suddenly appeared with a beautiful young lady in white on his arm.

"Whar' you been, Tommy?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"We have been," said Mr. Geseign, "gazing tenderly—on the gentle features—of the moon!"

At half-past eleven a slight breeze sprang up; the party was soon aboard of the yachts, and they all started off together, the Admiral's taking the lead. There were on board the yachts the usual quantity of wags, and as it was too dark for grimaces they strained their brains to recall funny remarks which they shouted

to each other. Some one, with a good voice, on one of the yachts, started up "Old Folks at Home," and the people on the nearest yachts joined in the chorus. The night grew chilly as the hours passed on, and all the shawls and greatcoats were soon in demand. The company ceased to sing; they talked little and yawned much as the morning approached. At about half-past two the anchor dropped at the place from which they had started.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SNOB BALL.

THE next morning Mr. Oldbiegh was the first to wake. Rising to a sitting posture in his bed, he rubbed his eyes with his knuckles. After performing this feat he folded down the collar of his night shirt, which the washerman had starched by mistake, and which had therefore caused Mr. Oldbiegh to dream on several occasions during the night that he was being murdered by a villain, who was cutting his throat with a dull carving-knife. Mr. Oldbiegh's hair was standing out in all directions like the halo which surrounds the head of a saint. His face, however, was a better natured one than the face of the average saint.

"Tommy!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

The less expanded figure of Mr. Geseign arose to a sitting posture like an automaton.

"What's the word?" said Mr. Geseign, as he yawned and rubbed his eyes.

"I'm as hungry as a thousand wolves again, and I'm darned ef I'll be élite; so call up the nigger with the caffay."

Mr. Geseign rang the bell and the darkey boy appeared and was ordered to bring up coffee for two, which he did in a little while. After drinking his coffee, Mr. Oldbiegh arose, got his large pipe, filled it with Durham tobacco, lighted it and proceeded to smoke.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, after a prolonged silence, "women is queer, bobbed ef they aren't!"

"They are," said Mr. Geseign; "a settled fact—quite so. You must handle them—with gloves!" and he continued to sip his coffee.

"The older I grow," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "the more curious they grow, till they've growed so curious that I'm eternally bobbed ef I can make out the first thing about them."

"Woman," said Mr. Geseign, "is like—the Irishman's—flea. When you put—your finger on her—she isn't there!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "She'll go straight on, acting all right as long as she hasn't got a notion in her head; but when she takes a notion in her head, look out for her! I say," added he, as he struck the ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand, "then look out for her! Her actions aren't no longer human, and as a man is human, they earn't be understood by him nohow. So when he sees her getting into that state, he better let her alone!"

“I agree—with you,” said Mr. Geseign, “in every particular. A woman—is seldom—human, but always intensely—delightful. Quite so.”

“And what a fool a married man is, arter all,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, waving his hand loftily, in order to illustrate his philosophical remark. “And what fearful fools married women make of their husberns; and what monkey tricks they do play on the critters, arter all.”

“A melancholy—fact,” said Mr. Geseign, in a gloomy tone.

“I wouldn’t be a married man,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “like some I know, not for an ocean of gold! Not unless I was a out and out monkey already!”

“Neither—would I,” said Mr. Geseign.

“And then,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “when the husbern goes off and gets tipsy, the wife says he has made a beast of himself. What of it? Aren’t he a right to go and drown the recollection of the ridiculous monkey tricks she’s played on him? I say he’s justifiable, darned ef he aren’t. The wonder is he aren’t poisoned himself! You see a husbern and wife sittin’ together, as I have, Tommy;—sittin’ together and talkin’. It’s all right till they begin to argy a little pint. See how quick she shuts him up! The man don’t live that won’t be shut up, either! Do you suppose he don’t feel mean in consequence? He does. It’s natcherall. And do you suppose he aren’t a right to get tipsy? A-course he has. No white man would deny him the right under the circumstances. Or, suppose a man’s wife calls her husbern a bullet-head in public. Aren’t he a right to get on a terrific bender? It’s justifiable. I would myself.

I'll be eternally bobbed ef I wouldn't just howl!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, as he refilled his pipe. "Take the case of that poor chap of a army officer yesterday aboard of the yacht," said Mr. Oldbiegh, holding his pipe at arm's length. "I never felt so sorry, for a man in all my born days as I did for that 'ar' army officer, though he did want to throw me overboard. Why did the critter ever get into such a scrape by gettin' married? Wasn't the darned galoot well enough off when he was single? Why then was it he didn't let well enough alone? Tommy, when I looked into the face of the woman he married; when I noticed the easy way she talked with all the men, a paternizin' 'em and bein' so free with 'em before his face, while she treated him like a darned poodle with yaller eyes, and called him all sorts of monkey names and paternized him the same way she paternized them pups; when I see the pizen paint on her face; when I see her fly-away hat, her lace shawl, her long trained dress, her stout body and her ruffled collar;—when I see all this, Tommy, and the dogs, I felt so sorry for that 'ar' army officer I'd a shook his hands, though he was so mad at me, arter all! I'd a honored the man though he was full—full as a tick—darned ef I wouldn't! But the queer thing to me, which carn't be made out by no man, is why a sensible fellow will go and tie himself up to such a everlastin' kettle of fish! Thar's the pint. A sensible man won't go and put his leg in a steel-trap which is set to catch a b'ar! Sartinly not. A sensible man won't put his arm into revolv'in' machinery, or his head in front of a cannon which is about to be shot off! Sartinly not.

But he'll go and marry such a critter as that 'ar', which is worse!"

"Don't worry yourself," said Mr. Geseign. "Married men — are creachaws — hardened — to criticism — and lost—to feeling!"

The invitations to dinners and parties increased daily. Society was in a perfect buzz of conversation over Lord Geseign. Fathers and mothers gave dinners to Lord Geseign in the vain hope that he would take a fancy to their daughters, and at those dinners the ogling of the daughters was wasted on Mr. Geseign, and the fathers and mothers found that the money invested in the dinners was a poor investment; and the mothers blamed and bullyragged their daughters in secret. Many were the schemes worked out, the wires laid and the traps set by match-making mammas in good society, bad society and indifferent society to catch Mr. Thomas Geseign. Still dudes and fops and snobs in ever-increasing numbers fluttered around the lord.

It was strange that plots so skillfully laid by such experienced hands did not result successfully for those who laid them,—laid them with the industry of badgers. Mr. Geseign was now considered "such a handsome man," "so intellectual!" Some mischievous person spread the report that Mr. Geseign had written a good deal. Mr. Geseign waked up one morning famous, and found that all the members of good society were not only familiar with what he had written, but with a great many of his works which he had not written. Wherever he went he heard so much about his works which he did not know himself that he lived in a constant state

of astonishment. He was surprised to find what an industrious individual he must have been. The typical ant was robbed of his glory. He could now account for the fact that men can be great writers without having ever written anything.

A grand ball was to be given one evening at the residence of Mr. Webee, of the noted land-grabbing firm of Webee, Adam, Hogg & Co. The preparation for this ball had been going on for weeks, and it was known that it would be a grand affair. Amongst the élite who were to be present, it was whispered that both members of the great money-brokering firm of Face & Dues were to be there. Mr. Calico H. Sudds, a millionaire who had been educated in a laundry institution, was to grace the party by his presence. The members of the great firm of Kittenhouse, Nightowls & Tomsir, who put up such a vast quantity of sausages annually, were to be there; and the lovely daughters of Mr. Kittenhouse were to be present. The daughters of both members of the great undertaking firm of Stiff & Boneyard were to be there, and it was whispered that the young ladies would be tastily dressed in white, the emblem of purity.

Everybody was so glad that Mr. Boneyard was to be there, because he had always such a humorous smile on his features and was so funny; and, besides, his great and eloquent speech upon the subject of corpses at the last annual convention of undertakers had made him unusually prominent. Strange to say, that stout old creature, Mrs. Stiff, who had not been to a party for fifteen years, was to be there.



This fact, which so astonished all persons who were élite, is explained when it is stated that she had matrimonial schemes and wires laid for Mr. Geseign; and she now intended to step into the ring of good society to do battle with her toughened sinews for her eldest daughter. And the great and world-renowned Polish fiddler, Squeakysquawkow, was to be there; and it was rumored that he would play just one little piece, for which it was whispered in a lower tone Mr. Webee would come down to the tune of seven hundred dollars. It was said that this last-named music oppressed the gentleman so much that it gave him the stomach-ache to think of it. The great Mrs. Yard, of the firm of Yard & Furlong, was to be there, and it was whispered by good society in a low tone and with a satirical smile that she was going to show that hideously long neck of hers by wearing an extremely low-necked blue silk. And then Messrs. Berup & Carrier, the rich owners of one of the horse-car lines, with their wives and daughters, were to be present. Amongst the most noted firms to be represented and advertised at the ball were Sweitzer & Beer Schooner, Kraut, Key & Dowel, Siloe & Fass, Divine & Blackleg and Heffer & Bullock, the great cattle men.

Amongst the distinguished persons to be present were Professor Davy Mud, in the public service; W. L. Sheep, president of a college, and J. K. Teagarden, a gentleman lately involved in a prominent and high-toned scandal in good society. Amongst the persons who had distinguished themselves in the grocery line were Messrs. Soap & Tartar. One of the persons who

had become noted in the career of a merchant was that portly personage, James Overdue; and a person who will go down in the annals of San Francisco embalmed in glory as a pawnbroker and skinflint was Nehemiah Pinch, one of the wealthiest men on the coast. Perhaps of all the persons to be present those whose names will sound most familiar to the general public were Amos Smith and William Jones, men not only well known themselves, but of families so noted that they are found as far back as the Conqueror, and of such extended membership that their cognomens are in every directory.

As the date of the ball approached, society reporters gave less time to informing the general public that Mrs. Smith was visiting her friend Mrs. Jones at San Rafael, and that Judge Veneer had gone to the springs. The price of swallow-tail coats rose so high that the amount **cannot** appear safely on these pages. Even those which were rented for the occasion brought astonishing figures; and when a friend loaned one to another he felt that he had placed him under lasting obligations. The drivers of hacks, who had contracted for the use of their vehicles weeks before at low rates, broke ruthlessly through their agreements on the day of the ball, and rented them for four or five times the money. Messenger boys were in constant demand by the ladies of good society, and were sent on errands that made them open even their hardened little eyes.

On the evening of the ball, gentlemen who had already dressed stood in their swallow-tails, with red roses in their buttonholes, at their front doors, waiting

impatiently during that extra hour after their wives have announced themselves as "ready—coming in a minute," and during which extra hour they put on the extra touches. As a natural consequence, the many husbands who thus stood impatiently at their front doors were unanimously angry. Had a bird's-eye view been taken of the brilliantly lighted city of San Francisco that evening, hacks might have been seen rumbling over the roads from all points of the compass, and stopping at one central point. Beautiful ladies in white, slightly touched with powder and slightly touched with paint, dressed in their best wigs, and in light dresses of all colors, with their fans in their hands, might have been seen by any impertinent fellow who had the audacity to glance through the hack windows. The stout lady in a white dress and closely laced corsets, with her light complexion, blue eyes, yellow wig, bare arms and bare shoulders, was in one of the hacks. And in another was that interesting little piece of vanity, the thin, jealous, black-eyed lady, in the blue silk dress and newspapers. And then in that immense carriage, with the white gentleman in front, in brass buttons, and the black gentleman beside him, also in brass buttons, was that stout, middle-aged mamma, with the brow of a warrior, and a moustache on her upper lip; with a slim gosling girl on her right, a slim gosling girl on her left, and a slim gosling girl in front—her daughters, for whom the matrimonial trains were laid, for whom the matrimonial war was to be waged, and for whom the matrimonial prisoner must be taken, married and tortured. There she sat in her glory.

In yet another hack, sitting there in his swallow-tail coat, as the guest of another, was that wretched fool and insignificant creature, a poor man. See how the creature, with his head erect, as he sits on the purple cushions of his rich and renowned friend, Kittenhouse, of the sausage firm, attempts to look as if he might have been rich. What a melancholy picture he presents amidst such wealth. How awkward, how out of place, how absurd. It is not in him. He is not rich. Then why should he have the audacity to look rich? The look is not genuine, and everybody sees it,—or will see it, and note the pitiable figure he cuts. Everybody knows the genuine rich look of the genuine rich man. There is a certain air about it which, like the air of true gentility, which denotes blood, can be recognized at once by all.

The lights burning at the foot of the steps showed the white canvas leading up to the doorway of the mansion. And as carriage after carriage arrived, the lady in her dancing slippers, clinging to the arm of her cavalier in swallow-tail and white tie, proceeded to walk up the steps to the house. Nothing was seen before long in front of the edifice but a mass of black carriages with pink-cheeked ladies in them, and drivers in uniforms buttoned to the chin, looming up above the hacks. When the horses became restive, and backed carriages into other carriages, and scraped the paint off, the drivers did not blaspheme aloud; they were too well-bred, and, therefore, did so in silence on a more extensive scale. And when the vehicles became all tangled in an apparently inextricable manner, as their

whole attention was given to business, each driver postponed his swearing until the next day.

A perfect stream of ladies and gentlemen was going up and down the stairs leading to the dressing-rooms. Mr. Webee, being a shrewd individual, had stationed a negro servant in a swallow-tail at the door of the first parlor. He himself was standing in the doorway between the first and second parlors. Mrs. Webee was on his right, and Miss Webee on his left. When a guest, on coming down from the dressing-room, met the dark person at the door of the first parlor, because of his color, he did not make the embarrassing mistake of taking him for Mr. Webee himself. The servant asked the guest's name, and then shouted it aloud to Mr. Webee, so that Mr. Webee, Mrs. Webee and Miss Webee would all three understand which of their friends was about to speak to them. In the course of time most of the guests had shaken hands with their hosts and the dancing had commenced. The musicians were seated in a bay-window, and as the windows were open the sweet music of the harp and violin floated out upon the night air.

Late in the evening the presence of Lord Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh was announced by the servant in a tone which was heard above all the music. Mr. Geseign was dressed in a most striking manner, and his costume was the handsomest in the house. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were both soon seized by the matrimonial mothers, who at once commenced work upon them. Later, Mr. Oldbiegh was moving about and talking good-naturedly to every one; and he was seen on a

number of occasions during the evening conversing with the white waiters, who were dressed in swallow-tails and whom he evidently took for persons of the élite who had achieved fame in the business world. That lady was there who always seizes a man's arm when the ball opens, goes through the whole family history and releases him generally when the party is over. She finally got hold of Mr. Oldbiegh, and clung to him closer than a brother. However, before she had seized upon him, Mr. Geseign had taken care to describe to him some of the persons present. Referring to the matter as an ill omen and one that boded no good to the country, Mr. Geseign pointed out a corpulent dude he had seen walking arm in arm with a judge of the Supreme Court that morning. They were standing in an alcove by themselves when Mr. Geseign said:

"Do you see him—the creachaw—with the beard—which is red—and the crown—which is bald? He," said Mr. Geseign, "would sell—his dead mother. He is—a skinflint—and rich. He loves—his fellow—man—as tenderly—as a shark!"

"Darned ef he don't look it!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "He'd squeeze the eagle on the American dollar, as they say, till it squawked!"

"Do you see," said Mr. Geseign, "that mountain—of flesh—in female shape—on the sofa?"

"I do," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "What a critter it are, arter all. Is it a female dood? She's been puffin' away like a steamer goin' up the river against the tide ever since she came up the steps. Is she one of the reg'lar snobs? What a thing it is to be a snob, arter all!"

"She," said Mr. Geseign, "has in regard to me—Lord Thomas Geseign—base designs. She seeks to burden me—for life; I repeat it, with emphasis—for life—with a horror! The horror—Matilda by name—is her daughter! I deny—her claims. I sincerely—protest. Do you perceive—that other mother—and that other—horror? the next on—her left? It is also destined—for me. I †object—and protest. Do your keen eyes—perceive—in the opposite corner—a matronly—mother? Do you perceive—in addition—her horror? It is likewise—for me. I protest—and object. See them all—how they smile;—both mothers—and daughters. They would give me—the horrors! I object—to the horrors!"

"Haw! Haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, while ripples chased each other over the surface of his vest.

"Hush! base minion!" said Mr. Geseign, "or we—are discovered!" A low, rumbling sound was heard under Mr. Oldbiegh's vest, somewhat like theatrical thunder, which gradually passed away. "Do you see it—the creachaw—walking—this way? A curious bird. That thing—is a dude. Its legs—resemble—an ostrich's legs. See the creachaw. Watch its actions. Oh! curious—creachaw! It loves—the ladies. Oh! curious—fascination;—and the ladies—love it. It can live—on woman's smile. It needs—no more. Ah! curious—phenomenon. A delicate—appetite. Strange—phenomenon!"

"It looks as though it might, and didn't need no other grub, haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Base minion!—hush!—or we will—be discovered!"

said Mr. Geseign. "Do you see—the stout angel there—dressed in—black velvet—and a shower—of diamonds? The diamonds—are hired—from the uncle—of the three golden balls! To-morrow—they will be—returned." The rumbling was again heard beneath Mr. Oldbiegh's waistcoat, but he squelched the "haw! haws!" although tears came into his eyes in the struggle. "Woman—you will perceive," said Mr. Geseign, "on examining—this assemblage—loves her sister woman—with bitterest hatred. They bear—toward each other—the friendship—of tarantulas. Listen—to the buzz—of murderous—and bloodthirsty—female tongues. Hear them rattle—and hiss—like the sound—of serpents—in a pit. Listen—to the buzz—like a sawmill—of villainous tales. Curious—creachaws!"

"If a woman falls from grace," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "the others are arter her like a pack of wolves. And the way they tear her to pieces arter she's caught, to hide their own little monkey shines, beats cock fightin'!"

"And yet," said Mr. Geseign, "they sell—their daughters—to rich men—C. O. D. They practise—what they—condemn. Oh! logical—creachaws!"

"That 'ar's the way on it and ther' aren't no mistake," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"What is this ball?" said Mr. Geseign, looking out over the assemblage. "A grand—advertising—medium. A curious—idea—but true. It is also," said Mr. Geseign, "a shop. Here flesh—is sold—to aged hyenas. Here husbands—are bought—by hideous—antiquities. It is also," said Mr. Geseign, "a fish-



pond. Old ladies—come here—to fish.—I have seen a number—of tendah mothers—with daughters—matrimonially—inclined—fishing for me. Their hooks—hang down—through the waters—of scandal—from above. I am—the fish. Their hooks—are baited—with daughters! A scene—for the crayons—of an artist!”

“It’s all a holler mockery!” said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly.

“No,” said Mr. Geseign, “no mockery at—all. While they fish—they’re all—in sober—earnest. Their persistence—is untiring. Their patience—endures. Their energies—admit—of no rest. They are relentless—and cruel. If you—were a mother—you too—would go fishing.”

“Look at that ‘ar’ critter,” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “What a walkin’ pot of paint it is, arter all.”

“And oblivious—to the fact,” said Mr. Geseign.

“Tommy,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly, “the preachers is right, arter all. The world is a holler mockery. Especially the snobs! Darned ef they aren’t!”

“You see the world—now,” said Mr. Geseign, “with the blanket—thrown over it. Lift the blanket—and shriek then—to discover—”

“And all the people who come here pretend to come because they’re friends, and out of friendship; and yet they’ve got to have a nigger to sing out their names, arter all.”

“According—to my true definition,” said Mr. Geseign, “they are friends. A friend—is that monster

—who expects—future favors. They all—do expect. They—therefore—are friends.”

“Howdy, Mr. Oldbiegh, howdy!” said a little man, walking up, whom Mr. Oldbiegh recognized as Mr. Glennon, with his daughter on his arm.

Mr. Oldbiegh introduced Miss Glennon to Mr. Geseign, and while they were talking Mr. Glennon took Mr. Oldbiegh by the sleeve and led him aside.

“Oldbiegh,” said he, “I’ve got something to tell you.” The little man began to get excited at once. “Another villainous spendthrift has been engaging himself in secret to my daughter. A perfect blackleg without a penny. I was kept in the dark by the wretched girl. I had a dose of ague and was as yellow as an orange at the time; but, nevertheless, I found them out. I heard mysterious creakings at the front gate night after night. I knew it couldn’t be the wind, because there was no wind. It couldn’t be the dog, because the dog doesn’t swing on the front gate. I was sick in bed in the back room of the house. I went to the front room and sick as I was I sat there in the rocking-chair by the window, listening to what they said, in nothing but my night cap and night shirt. I did not hear what they said the first night, because they spoke in a low tone. As time passed on they grew bolder and spoke louder. I waited patiently to hear his name. I heard it. I at once determined to blacken it. The next night he came again. Some time near daylight Maud quit swinging on the gate and went into the room directly under the one in which I sat. The young swindler came back and stood at the window and spoke

disrespectfully of me. In the corner at my right was a gun, loaded with peas and red pepper for cats. The young swindler started off and when he had gotten half way to the gate he spoke disrespectfully of my bald head. An irresistible impulse seized me, Oldbiegh, and I up with the gun and let him have the peas and red pepper. You should have been there to hear the blackleg shriek, Oldbiegh," said the little man, excitedly. "It would have done your heart good to hear him. It was the most genuine shriek I ever heard. The pepper did it. I attribute it all to the pepper; though the peas may have stung. And the best part of it was the neighbors rushing out of their houses recognized him. I immediately began to shout 'burglars' and the young man ran. Maud, of course, fainted. The young man won't explain the matter, Maud won't, and I wouldn't if I was tortured; so the young fellow has got the reputation of being a burglar. Hurrah, Oldbiegh! Hurrah! I hardly think he'll court my daughter again in secret. At any rate, he'll have to do so standing up, for I'm sure he won't be able to sit down for six months!"

After the little man's excitement had somewhat subsided, he proceeded to point out many of the guests to Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Do you see that tall, gawky fellow?" said he, pointing to a man who was dancing with a handsome lady near him.

"Yes," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"He looks as though he might be as mean a man as old Joe Squeerly,—don't you think so, Oldbiegh?"

"Never know'd him," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Don't you think now," said Mr. Glennon, "that he's got an unusually wicked eye?"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "it might be and then again it mightent. It's ruther hard to say."

"Don't you think, Oldbiegh, that green stuff is in execrable taste? By the way, how'd that lawsuit come out?"

"What suit is that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The one in which you got a widow into trouble. Oh! fye! fye! Oldbiegh!"

Mr. Oldbiegh's face assumed a very solemn expression at once.

"I'd a thought," said he, in a slow and dignified tone, "that that 'ar' two-forty widdy was over and done for. I'd a thought it. But now I see if a man once has trouble with one on 'em it sticks to him, like leprosy, to the grave. Death alone will let him loose."

"Speaking of lawsuits," said Mr. Glennon, "wherever I've been in all my life, I've always been in lawsuits. It's wholly unaccountable. I can't account for it at all. By the way," said he, in an excited tone, "balls are nuisances—perfect nuisances; and especially to a person who lives in Oakland. By the way, Oldbiegh, how did you like Oakland?"

"Very much; how do you like it?"

"I don't like it," said the little man; "it's the most unsociable town on the Pacific Coast. After the first month or two I was there the people quit calling on me altogether. It's wholly unaccountable."

At this moment the hostess came up and told Mr.

Oldbiegh that she wanted to introduce him to a charming lady, one of the most charming ladies in "our circle;" a lady who was a leader in good society and had such a "distanagy" air.

"What's that she's got?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "She's got a mustang? They're mean critters."

"Such a distanagy—such a refined and distinguished air," said the lady. "Perfectly distanagy, you know."

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, for the moment forgetting himself, and then suddenly choking and turning purple in the face. The lady looked at him with astonishment.

"What were you pleased to remark?" she asked, sarcastically.

"I was only larfin'," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "at one of them 'ar' ideas which come to a man so sudden."

"Oh!" said the lady. "Well, as I was saying, she has a distanagy expression and looks like a perfect queen."

"She aren't got four lead-colored pups, are she?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Why, you surprise me!" said the hostess. "You know her, Mr. Oldbiegh?"

"I do," said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly.

At this moment they reached the sofa on which Mrs. Glover was sitting in all her glory.

"Why, my dear Oldbiegh, how d'you do?"

"Howdydo, mum?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Don't you know, Oldbiegh, I hardly expected to get here at all. I had such trouble in getting Nita to go to sleep, poor child."

"How many children have you got, mum?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Oh! you silly man! I have none," said Mrs. Glover. "Nita is one of my pets."

"Dorgs?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Dogs," said the lady, "yes,—if you must call them by that coarse name. Don't you know, Oldbiegh, the little pets worried me nearly to death last Sunday. Before going to church I tucked them away snugly in their little bed in the nursery. You know I've got one of those stupid creatures, a new cook. Well, I was in church on my knees, when who should come bouncing down the aisle but my four little pets. The sexton tried to stop them, but with a yelp, they bounced by him. The new cook had let them out. What was I to do, you will ask. I put them all under my dress and tried to keep them there; but being in a playful condition they commenced gnawing at my stocking and growling. What was I to do, Oldbiegh?" said the lady, pausing.

"Bobbed ef I know!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a bow.

"I had to let them out, and they went bouncing through the spaces in the chancel rail, and at last commenced tugging at the minister's white surplice. I know they were fearfully irreverent, and I was nearly crazy with anguish. I perspired so, Oldbiegh, that not a dry stitch was left on me. You know how people will laugh at the slightest thing in church. Well, everybody was laughing, and I was so embarrassed at the naughty behavior of my pets that I turned all

colors of the rainbow. Parley vous Franz say? Because if you do I want to tell you the rest in French."

"I'm sorry, but I never have done it," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "but ef I continue to be a snob, it may come easy yet."

"Oldbiegh," said Mrs. Glover, "I've taken quite a fancy to you. By the way, you must excuse my husband's actions on board the yacht; but you men will persist, you know, in making such fools of yourselves! I know what you are. All about you, Oldbiegh. Fye! fye!" and the lady shook her finger playfully at Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well, mum," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in his most solemn tone, "it do seem, arter all, as ef everybody has to go and get informed of what took place between me and her; and as if that 'ar' critter is goin' to haunt me to my grave and arterwards, as a widdy; but whatever you hear about me and that 'ar' two-forty widdy, it aren't no use to believe a word of it, for it aren't so; and I'll be eternally bobbed ef I'm ever seen within forty yards of a critter of that kind again, unless I've got the whole police force along to protect me, nohow! A woman of that kind is worse than a grizzly bar, and a cinnamon bar aren't nowhar' to her!"

After delivering this address in an earnest manner, Mr. Oldbiegh drew his red-bordered silk handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket and wiped his perspiring brow. The lady gazed upon the agonized features of Mr. Oldbiegh during the address with a look of deep astonishment. After he had finished she said:

"What widow, Mr. Oldbiegh? Which one do you refer to?"

"You aren't heard of no new ones—are you?"

"No," said the lady; "now I remember; the other one didn't apply to you. How do you spell her name, Oldbiegh? It's a queer name, and I don't believe I could spell it."

"I've resolved," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "never to mention the name of that 'ar' critter again;—not if my right hand is cut off!" The lady did not question him again.

Several ladies of the younger class were around Mr. Geseign, for he had at last succeeded in escaping from the matrimonial mothers.

"I like," said Mr. Geseign, talking to a young lady who was a blonde, "a—blonde. I am fond of blondes;—quite so. A blonde is affectionate—and passionate. Delightful—idea. A blonde—is seldom jealous—comparatively—speaking. She is—quick—to forgive. Oh! gentle—creachaw! A brunette—is less—affectionate—less passionately—fond—comparatively—speaking. However—she possesses—the quality—of jealousy. Intensely so. Her memory—being good—she never—forgets. She will follow—you up. Quite so. Oh! fascinating—creachaw!" The little blonde looked up passionately at Mr. Geseign, by way of response to his remarks in favor of the blonde species.

A while later he was talking to a brunette, with dark, languishing eyes.

"I," said Mr. Geseign, "am a shy—young man. But a brunette—always inspires—my faltering heart—



with confidence. A curious—phenomenon? Exactly so,—but true. I have gazed—intensely so—on the glory of the stars—in the poetical days—of my youth. I have noted—the exquisite contour—of the moon—in those days. I have sent—the ship of fancy—to sail the seas—of limitless—space—in search—of the beautiful. My boyish dreams—were redolent—with glory—when that ship—had returned. But a change—came over me. I met—a brunette. Oh! charming—creachaw! My dreams—disappeared—abashed by the real! She was beautiful;—what words—can describe her—that enchanting—brunette? She—was a queen,—nay, more. A queen—was a scullion—compared—to my charmer. Her eyes—had in them—a sweet—soft expression. When she stepped—on the flowers—with broken backs—they arose—and gazed—after her—entranced—by her beauty. She was a—brunette!—enough—they forgave her!” The brunette gazed at Mr. Geseign with one of those deep, languishing looks with which brunettes often gaze upon persons who are considered to be wealthy lords.

At this point the writer comes dancing to the front of the stage, and stands there on one leg and bows profoundly to the reader. Lest there should be a misunderstanding, he desires to say to his dear, sweet lady readers that he loves them all intensely, blondes and brunettes; and if there is any other name for any other kind, he loves them also intensely. With this remark he retires with that dignity which the rules of composition require a writer to maintain.

There was a grand “collation” in the dining-room,

set out on several tables ; and after the ladies and gentlemen had had their suppers, the music of the harp and violin was heard again, and the party returned to the parlors and other rooms whose floors were covered with canvas, and commenced to do those many things called dancing.

Mrs. Cludger was there, and talked about "M'Lud" as if she had known him for years. He was "of such a gooh'd farmily in hold Hingland, you know. Such blood, so blue, don't you know!"

We must not forget to make a distinct record of the fact that Mr. Judson C. Muggs, dressed in a white tie, a brown velvet coat and bear's oil, arrived late in the evening. The lady who took charge of Mr. Oldbiegh released him just as the guests were all leaving. As soon as he got away from her, he went to Mr. Geseign, who was standing in the alcove, which has been before described, with his arms folded. He was standing alone. One foot was slightly forward, and he had inclined his head backward. This position gave to his face that haughty and aristocratic expression which is only seen on the faces of persons having the true blood. As he was standing in this attitude Mr. Oldbiegh came up to him. They were both engaged in deep thought for some moments, when Mr. Geseign broke the silence, and spoke as follows :

"There—he is."

Mr. Oldbiegh looked in the direction indicated by Mr. Geseign's glance, and saw a tall individual who wore a high collar. It seemed to be constantly sawing the cheeks on either side of his face.

"Who is he?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"An F. F. V.," said Mr. Geseign.

"One of them 'ar' secret skull and cross-bones societies?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"No," said Mr. Geseign. "F. F. V. First Family—of Virginia. A blood—of American growth. His ancestah—marked his cross—on the Declaration;—or listened to Patrick Henry—or flew kites—with Franklin. Like the English—aristocracy—if they are not blood—they are nothing. They owe all—to blood;—brains—are beneath them;—and they keep them—concealed. A curious—animal!"

"It **are** a curious animal," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The First Family—of Virginia," said Mr. Geseign, "is a curious—fellow! Look!"

"What is it?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Do you perceive—that round-shouldered—lanky gawk?"

"I do," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"That," said Mr. Geseign, "is the First Family—of Boston. All blood. His ancestahs—made of brown bread—and beans. One of his—blooded fathers—a tinker—by profession—came over in the—only and genuine—'Mayflower!' Oh! wonderful—creachaw! He was sick—all the way. Seasick—quite so. But he bore up—against it—and with other—old families—of tinkers—he carolled his cheerful note—on the top—of Plymouth Rock. Oh! a curious creachaw—is a blood!"

At a late hour Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign got into their hack and drove back toward the Palace

Hotel. At the suggestion of Mr. Geseign, they went into an oyster saloon on Dupont street, and had an "oyster cocktail," and then went on to their hotel and retired to rest.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### TWO THRILLING TALES.

IT now becomes our sad duty to record the fact that, within a short period after the events related in the last chapter, Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign had their first serious disagreement. The melancholy occurrence happened in the following manner: Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were standing in the office of the hotel when an English lord, who was travelling through California for the purpose of studying the characteristics of the desperadoes and other wild animals whom he believed to form the chief population of that State, approached Mr. Geseign to make a critical examination of that person. Putting his eye-glass in his eye and discovering the fact that Mr. Geseign wore no pistols about his waist and no bowie-knives in his boots, he was surprised. But the reader can imagine his astonishment when he was informed that Mr. Geseign was an English lord who actually resided in the State. As all the English aristocracy are perfectly familiar with other English families of high standing and with their pedigrees back to the time of the flood, he proceeded to ask Mr. Geseign certain questions bearing upon the

subject, and, although Mr. Geseign answered with extreme shrewdness, the real lord was convinced that Mr. Geseign was an impostor, as were a number of other persons present, and even Mr. Oldbiegh's faith in his friend was sorely shaken. A few more questions by the English lord in relation to the history of some of the oldest families in England, together with Mr. Geseign's answers to them, satisfied Mr. Oldbiegh that his friend was a fraud. While wounded to the heart, he felt called upon to make a solemn statement of this belief, which he did; and he told Mr. Geseign then and there that they could no longer be companions if he continued to pretend he was that which he was not. Seeing the way the wind blew, the English lord screwed his eyeglass more tightly into his eye, and proceeded to denounce Mr. Geseign as a fraud and an impostor. Mr. Geseign's ire was aroused, and, with a perfect deluge of wit, invective and sarcasm, he ridiculed his opponent until the ever increasing crowd was in a roar of laughter at the expense of his lordship. The assemblage fairly screamed with merriment as Mr. Geseign grew more eloquent and humorous, and before long Mr. Oldbiegh was seen with a beaming countenance moving about the outskirts of the crowd, and was heard shouting, "Whop 'em up! Tommy, whop 'em up!" A few moments later, with a lofty wave of his hand, Mr. Oldbiegh obtained silence.

"Tommy," said he, "I'm about to ask you a question, and it may be on the answer to that 'ar' question depends our friendship; and it may be," said Mr. Oldbiegh, while his bosom heaved with emotion, "that I'm

never to have a friend again! It's certain I'll never have a friend in regard to whom there'll be nothing he aren't up to and nothing he don't know; a friend who knows the roughs better than a rough, who knows the snobs better than a snob; a friend who could preach a sermon better than a preacher; a friend who knows it all, and seems to have knowed it since he was a little baby boy! I say it may be I'm to lose such a friend, and the only friend, perhaps, I'm to ever have, but whatever comes, even though it was hanging, Tommy, answer the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a lofty wave of his hand. "I'll take your word for it now, whichever way you answer, but answer like a white man. Are you one of the aristocracy?"

There was a dead silence. It was, indeed, a trying moment. Strong men in the crowd faltered in that moment. Every sound was distinct. The waiters talking in the restaurant. Ladies talking on an upper floor. A dog barking on the street. All was heard with awful distinctness. The clerk, with his elbows on the counter, was as rigid as a statue. The members of the little company had a grim look on their faces.

At last Mr. Geseign broke the silence, as a noble expression came over his handsome features. His words seemed more than human in their significance.

"I," said Mr. Geseign, "belong—to the grand aristocracy—of intellect!"

"It's enough!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, taking Mr. Geseign into his arms. "He's a lord arter all! That's what they've always made lords for; so he's a lord!"

The next morning Mr. Geseign was the first to awake. He arose at once to a sitting posture, rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and yawned twice. He called to Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh also arose to a sitting posture in his bed. His hair was in the same disturbed state which has been described in a preceding chapter. The beds of the two gentlemen were parallel to each other, so, as they sat up in their night shirts, they were facing in the same direction. Mr. Geseign turned his head and looked toward Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Oh! horrors!" said he, as he held up his hands. "What a fright!"

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, whose large blue eyes were filled with good humor instantly. "Say, Tommy," said he, "are we got to stay abed till eleven o'clock to-day? If so, up with the nigger and up with the caffay!"

"Your commands—are obeyed," said Mr. Geseign, getting out of bed and ringing the bell. The boy appeared in a few moments. Mr. Geseign looked at him sternly. "Bring us—base creachaw—the corpse—of a fly—on toast!" The boy stared at him in astonishment. "Hold!" said Mr. Geseign. "My imperial mind—is changed. Bring us—coffee!"

The boy went away and soon returned with coffee. Mr. Oldbiegh drank his at a swallow, got up and filled his pipe with tobacco from the green box and then got back into bed and began to smoke.

"I say!" said Mr. Geseign.

"What?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You—my kind and generous—friend," said Mr. Geseign, "are quite—a society—belle!"

"How'd you find it out?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I interpreted—the meaning," said Mr. Geseign, "hidden in the enraptured—blushes—of enraptured females—when you—were present!"

"I aren't a baby in a pinafore, Tommy, so you carn't fool me! Ef you saw any blushes when I was present, they was artificial pizen paint, put on with a tooth brush! I've heard of the doin's of the critters, how they dye their hair and paint their faces and black their eyebrows 'till they aren't human; so ef you see them blushin' for me they warn't blushin' arter all, but it was paint and powder what deceived you, Tommy!"

"You," said Mr. Geseign, "are a cynical—old terror!"

"So I are, Tommy! so I are—haw! haw! And it's come from observation. Especially of the snobs!"

"If you were married," said Mr. Geseign, "you would be—the most—disgustingly—jealous—old boy—in the town!"

"So I would, Tommy, to be sure. And with good reason, too, ef what I see at these here parties and yachting races is so. I should think that every darned galoot of a husband would wish he was a monk in a nunnery instead of a married man!"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Geseign. "Have you noticed—some gaudy ladies—so sweetly gentle—I could name them—in good society?"

"I are. I know who you mean," said Mr. Oldbiegh.



"Have you visited—an institution—called the 'Hurricane'—at night?"

"A restaurant?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"A—er—restaurant," said Mr. Geseign.

"I are," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Have you been—in Harvey's Parlors?"

"Up over a saloon, where they have boys playin' on harps and where there's rooms in which veiled females, who look like widdyrs, and gentlemen is eating oysters?"

"Yes," said Mr. Geseign.

"I are, and I've seen preachers there," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The females," said Mr. Geseign, "come there with their uncles—sweet creachaws! I have known—the veiled creachaw—to meet the ghost—of her dear departed—at that place—eating oysters—with other—veiled creachaws. Quite so. I assure you."

"What monkey tricks some of them married women does play on their husberns, arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "treating 'em as contemptuously in public as if they was their little Chinees boys, instead of being their husberns, which they seem to have forgot, arter all. And the way them married women do squeeze a man's hand and look up into his face with such a dieaway expression arter all; and some of 'em has a grip of their fins which is astonishing!"

"Hush!—base creachaw!" said Mr. Geseign. "Such secrets—are never told—in good—society. A man of sense—whose hand is squeezed—by those sweet charm—ers—the ladies—bears in his bosom—mysterious secrets

—which the day of judgment—alone—shall call forth. Even then—if he can prevent it—they will not—be told. I carry secrets—in my bosom—but hush—base creachaw! I would be burned—at the stake—and they should not—be told. No—nevah. So—base creachaw!—hold your peace!”

“But I aren’t mentioned no names,” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“If a lady—has clapsed your hand—if you have the instincts—of a gentleman—hold your peace—base creachaw!”

“Haw! haw!” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Speaking—of the charmers,” said Mr. Geseign, “reminds me—of an incident—quite dramatic. A plot—for a drama.”

“Out with it,” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Roland—de Hautcœur—loved Genevieve—de Granville. Roland—de Hautcœur—was a shoemaker—in Oakland. Genevieve—a farmer’s—daughter. Brought up—on bird’s songs—the blue clouds—the soft sunlight—the evening stars—green peas—and other—vegetables. A pure child—of nature. An innocent—oh!—blossom. An innocent—and pleasing purity—and ingenuousness—quite touching—quite pathetic.

“She glided—through the weeds—at eventide—to love’s tryst. Roland glided over—the dusty road—from Oakland—to meet—his adored. Sitting—in the twilight—they kept—love’s vigil. Sweet dream. Oh!—proud moment—for Roland. But—poor creachaw—a rival sprung up—like a snake. The rival—was a blood—Roland was not. The rival’s name—was Tom

Smith—of the aristocracy—of New York. An old—Dutch—family. Genevieve—proud creachaw—grew colder—and colder—and more freezing—to Roland. His poor heart—was breaking.

“Tom Smith—came daily. The innocent—young fledgling—the sweet Genevieve—was happy—quite so! —“Roland was dying. His poor heart—was breaking. He washed—in steam baths—and wore electric—belts, poor man’s plasters—and liver pads! Oh! pitiable sight! He made one effort. He appealed—to Genevieve—for only one tryst—at the old—established place. She would not;—but at his urgent—request—she met him—by the hen house—in the back yard. Unpoetical—and cruel—Genevieve!

“They met.

“Nothing came—of the meeting. It—was a waste—of valuable time. They were parting. ‘Oh! Genevieve—my love’—he cried;—‘oh! soothe my lips—with a kiss. I will then die—in peace!’ ‘Base creachaw!’ she shrieked—in a towering passion. ‘I kiss infants—and women—alone. I thought,’ she said, ‘you were—a gentleman. In all my life—I never kissed—a man! What would—my mother say? Have you—a sister? Did I—in all my life—do anything—to make you think—such things? Am I—then such—a woman? Out from my sight—base creachaw!’ He left. She went back—to the house—an indignant creachaw. As she looked—up to the stars—her bosom—so full—poured forth its feelings—into space.

“In the garden—she met the blooded—Smith. ‘Sweet creachaw!’—he said—imprinting a kiss—on her

marble—brow, another—on her ruby lips—‘you—have been—worried!’ ‘Insulted,’—she said. ‘Poor creachaw!’ he said. He kissed her—intensely—and furiously—and in a prolonged—manner. ‘Do you kiss—other women—this way?’ she said. ‘They would die—for you—if you did!’

“At this moment—a knotted club—in the hand of Roland—descended rapidly—on the head—of Smith. Smith fell—to the ground. Genevieve fainted—and shrieked. Roland is now—a shoemaker in China—and—a woman hater. Queer tale—but founded—on facts.”

“Are you got any more stories, Tommy?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

Mr. Geseign arose and going to his valise took out a manuscript, which he handed to Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh read the document without much trouble, as it was written in a plain hand. The following is what he read. The name of the author was heavily underscored:

#### “A SKETCH BY THOMAS GESEIGN.

“I used to live at a beautiful town with the affecting name of ‘Blood Gulch.’ The town had at that time a population of about two thousand white people, a number of small boys and a number of Chinamen, and across the river was an Indian settlement of bucks, squaws and Indian dogs.

“There was an old school-house on the green slope of a hill in the eastern portion of the town, and there the children of the city spent many hours and months of alternate happiness and misery in the cruel occupa-

tion of shooting their young ideas. I can see now the inside of the old school-house in which we were daily imprisoned for the purpose of being taught:—I say I can see it as clearly as if I were sitting at the old desk which I carved so energetically during the long hours of the day with my jack-knife. I can see myself slipping the jack-knife aforesaid into my boot as I catch the gray eyes of the teacher gazing under his gray eyebrows at me. I can see myself sitting without a blush on my cheeks, apparently engaged in profound study, as he continues to gaze. But let him gaze! I was hardened and smiled in my sleeve. I can see the sunlight falling through the great square windows on the head of Thomas Geseign, who is peeping at a gopher imprisoned in his desk; or now posting a notice on the back of the head of the boy in front that the premises are uninhabited and ‘To let.’ I can see the pretty girls, in their neat pinafores, deeply engaged in study,—how foolish I thought them,—while the boys with roguish look, are ‘passing it;’ or deeply engaged in catching flies in the palms of their hands, pulling their legs off and plucking their eyes out, or shooting putty balls through tin tubes, or circulating caricatures from desk to desk.

“Again I see them ranged in line for recitation, the boys forming the first half of the line, the girls the last half. I hear the boys blundering through incorrect answers; I hear other boys whispering more incorrect answers; and I see the disgusted teacher pass the question to one of the girls, who immediately makes a correct response. I see the teacher look with pity at

the last boy, but the boy is hardened and has no feeling. He is sent to his seat and proceeds at once to play with the gopher, or dissect more flies. I see the blackboards around the room where we floundered, blundered and were flogged; where we worked so laboriously with such imperfect assistance as we could gain from companions to the right and left of us; and when called upon we gave an explanation for our work as lucid as mud.

"The seasons pass rapidly before my vision once more. Top time is in, marble time is in, base ball is in. I see the companions of long ago gathered in the playground again. And amongst the many happy young faces assembled there I see some that have since become wrinkled with care, and some that are dead. There was the laughing Jenny, the grave Mary; rollicking Joe; and the wonderful boy, evidently destined for future greatness as a man, who whipped all the other boys in the school. The old town hall; the church with the tombstones to the right, marking the place where those who had been struck by the dark archer were sleeping the soundest sleep that they had ever slept. The graveyard!—the only place where women stop talking! The city of the dead! They circulate no scandals in that city. They toil not, neither do they spin. Happy creatures! Quite so! A delightful sleep is the sleep of death, undisturbed by the after effects of a bad dinner, by business, or by matrimonial cares. I see all these.

"The old familiar streets—I see them again, as I saw them in the delightful town of 'Blood Gulch,' when a

boy. How the shadows keep crowding in! There comes the ghost of old Tommy Squires, and he climbs upon the top of the cask in the warm sunlight in front of the corner grocery. As I live, he pulls out the shade of the same old plug of tobacco, gnaws a piece off with his ghostly teeth, spurts tobacco juice on the sidewalk and tells his wonderful experiences in the North West and continues his daily work of whittling the barrel away with his jack-knife. See how the phantoms crowd in! There come the four remaining inveterate bummers, and there comes the fat boy with the chronic cold in the head!

“There was an old brick store, with a large green iron door which hung open all day and was shut at night. My distinct memory informs me that this store was in the centre of the town. I remember that the floor of the store was somewhat lower than the street, that the inside of the place always seemed very cool, and that as a boy there was a connection in my mind between the coolness of the store and the boy with the cold in his head, who seemed to be employed to keep watering the floor to the end of his days with a green watering-pot. This store was the largest in town, was a dry-goods store and was owned by Janion & Jurlice. Mr. Jurlice was a stout little man with gray side-whiskers, and wore green goggles. He was the great man of ‘Blood Gulch,’ and his family constituted the élite amongst the élite of the town. Every Sunday Mr. Jurlice in blue kids and broadcloth, Mrs. Jurlice in brown velvet and small diamonds and their eight daughters in a variety of silks made quite a rustling

sound as they leaned forward to pray in the largest and most costly pew in the church. Among the eight daughters was quite a delightful sprinkling of pretty girls; one was quite intensely so, and while I sat with the bad boys on the last seat and drew caricatures of the parson in his white robes my heart went pitty-pat for this charming creature, with a light complexion, in golden locks and a blue silk.

"Oh! reader, do you think that you have discovered the hero now, and the heroine? Do you quietly titter to the effect that I, Thomas Geseign, am the hero, and the creature in blue silk the heroine; and that we will both expose our astonishing feats together? Oh! reader, I will skillfully stimulate your interest by asking you metaphorically whether you will have it now or wait till you get it? I think you will wait.

"Well, to proceed: In the choir was the eldest son of Mr. Jurlice. His name was Harold. He was a good boy, though he smoked and swore; and although his voice was changing he poured forth his youthful warble quite sweetly in the choir. He was a good fellow; warm-hearted and good-natured;—a little quick and hasty and becoming more and more conceited as he approached twenty-one, and the fuzz on his chin had started. I say he was a good fellow,—at least, so he seemed to be until one day his father discovered him to be a villain. Poor fellow! From the day it turned out he was a villain he had a hard row to hoe. Alas! how little can we trust human features as an index of character, since the features are no index at all. A man in tatters and rags is a villain;—



you can see it in his face. A man in broadcloth is what? A shining light. You can see it—in his features. Alas! too true! So it was with my friend. So it was with my friend till his father discovered that, because he was in love with and about to engage himself to a poor girl, he was a villain. In my humble opinion, prior to that time he was a jolly good fellow. About this period the whole family moved to San Francisco, the father opened a larger store still in his own name, and the family had the largest and costliest pew in the most aristocratic church in town. Mr. Jurlice wanted Harold to sing in the choir, but Harold, who had become a wilder and wilder young man as he approached twenty-one, and who was sowing his wild oats in the rashest manner, at that time, refused point blank. The father scolded him severely for his refusal. Harold being quick-tempered, they had quite a spat about the matter. It was but the precursor of many other disagreeable spats, which succeeded in rapid succession, in which Harold hinted loudly of his approaching majority, which his stern parent did not seem to consider much of an event after all. Harold was working in the store, and being in a bad humor with him, his father humiliated the proud spirit of his son by constantly condemning him in the presence of the other employés. About this time he ceased to go to church, and his father sent the preacher to argue with him. This humiliated the proud-spirited boy still more, and he and the meek, white-faced minister had quite a spat on the subject. Harold's father grew harsher in his manner toward his son every day, wore a contemptuous

expression on his face when in his presence and gave him harder work to perform. The young man lost money in gambling which he had borrowed from a friend of his father. The friend called upon his father for the money and Mr. Jurlice paid it. That night when he and Mrs. Jurlice in their night caps talked the matter over in bed, Mr. Jurlice was quite wolfish as he related the incident. 'I shall disown the whelp!' he said. However, at the solicitation of his wife he postponed proceedings until a future day. Things were going from bad to worse and the younger children, perceiving how the wind blew, proceeded to crow over their elder brother at the dinner-table. His proud spirit caused him to reply in terms quite sarcastic, whereupon such a scene always took place between the haughty young man and his father that his eldest sister would faint away. About this time the young lady with whom Harold was in love came to town, and Harold and she became engaged to be married. Her father, who was a sea captain, coming back from a long voyage, she related the matter to him. He went to Mr. Jurlice and asked him the nature of his son's expectations. 'I never heard him express himself on the subject:—his expectations may be very great,' said Mr. Jurlice, 'but if you think that after he marries your daughter he will get the rust off a nickel from me, you are woefully mistaken! The young vagabond hasn't a cent; and although he is my son, I must say that he is not a fit person to marry your, or any other man's daughter, for he is going rapidly to the dogs!' The sea captain suddenly left the office. The kind

father,—Mr. Jurlice—related the interview to his son whom he had discovered to be a villain. The son flew to see Amelia, the young lady who had agreed to become his helpmate, and who, in imagination, had already seen herself assisting to spend his monthly income on furs and seal-skin cloaks. Her father had told her all, and she thought that under the circumstances the engagement ought to be broken off. Harold, being deeply in love with the fascinating creature, was stunned, and immediately went off and got on a violent bender, during which he refused to be soothed by any other liquor than Jersey lightning. Poor boy! Picture his feelings. And he was a good-hearted fellow, after all, though he was a villain.

“I knew him well, for we were chums for years when we were boys; and I never knew his generous spirit to go halves on any occasion. He was a handsome fellow, too, and his only fault was being a little conceited.

“He did not appear at the office the next day, or the next, or the next; and when he did he was informed that his services were no longer needed. As soon as his father’s remarks were ended, the young man cursed the old gentleman’s bald head and ugly features in all the choice vocabulary of an escaped jail-bird, using with particular emphasis the oaths so popular in that day. In this you will say, gentle reader, he was wrong. Correct;—quite so. But I must remind you that he was both jilted and tipsy.

“His father at once disowned him, and told him never to intrude his presence upon him again. The

young man with a bitter heart walked away. The habit of drink became fixed upon him. He grew totally demoralized. He became such a shabby animal that his brothers and sisters no longer knew him when they passed him on the street; but he knew them in his tatters and rags, and he smiled grimly and called them hypocrites.

“One beautiful balmy Sunday morning the sweet tones of the bell of the church in which his father, mother, brothers and sisters sat in their grand attire, were pealing out on the soft air. Harold was passing. His shoes had no laces in them and his feet were bruised. His ragged trousers were held up by a bale rope tied around his waist, and he had on a ragged black coat. Some charitable person had given him a clean shirt. It was the only clean thing he had on. His old brown hat was torn behind; his hair was long and his straggling beard reached half way to his waist. He walked into the church, down the carpeted aisle, looking at the pictures of the Saviour and the apostles on the chancel window. He reached his father’s pew, walked in, and with a fiendish smile took a seat by his father’s side. His father looked at the gaunt and hollow face of his son. He spoke to him. The son answered in a guttural whisper. A scene ensued, and the meek and lowly sexton, who drew a salary of one hundred and thirty dollars a month, hustled him out of the church. Mr. Jurlice followed the sexton to the outer steps. The minister was coming up the steps, and as he came up he was drawing his yellow kid gloves from his fingers. Both he and Mr. Jurlice expostulated with

the wretched creature on account of his audacious act. Harold replied fiercely and walked away.

"Soon after this, the father died, leaving a piece of land, which was supposed to constitute half of his estates, to the poor. It turned out that, by the time the whole estate had gone through the probate court, the probate court had eaten up the other half. Mrs. Jurlice, who had long been in the habit of tippling secretly from the decanter in her wealthy home, now took to drinking heavily.

"One night, her son, who was wandering in the Park in his raggedness by moonlight, found her lying on a bench insensible. He stood over her, looking at her earnestly. It was a cold night, and the dress she wore was thin. He took off his ragged coat, laid it over her, and walked away.

"A woman who drinks has but one road to travel, and she travels that rapidly. Harold's mother followed that road. She sunk as low as the lowest. One night she was standing on the corner of the street. Her son hobbled by. She did not recognize him, but beckoned to him. Through the thick paint he recognized her face, and hobbled on without stopping.

"The brother next in age was now drawing a large salary as an accountant. He was quite a dandy, and in his gaudy clothing, as he often passed his brother, the villain, he would sometimes gaze upon his rags through his gold-rimmed eye-glass. Harold would call him a hypocrite, and they would pass on. Of course, the former friends of the family never recognized the degraded creature. The persons who had drunk his

father's wines never assisted the miserable, dying creature. For awhile he kept the rough accounts of an Italian fisherman, who gave him half a loaf of bread a day for his services. One morning he was found lying on the steps of the store which had been occupied by his father. The steps were covered with frost, and his fingers seemed to be frozen. He was dead. Quite so."

"Say, Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking up at Mr. Geseign, who was nibbling a piece of toast, "that 'ar' is the best story ever wrote by you. It's so nach-eral to life, arter all. Say, are you got any more stories?"

"Have you ever—been in—Sacramento?" said Mr. Geseign, as he took another dilapidated MS. from his valise, which seemed to be filled with similar waste paper.

"I have," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Here," said Mr. Geseign, handing the MS. to Mr. Oldbiegh, "is a story—I wrote—when in Sacramento. I thought—I would send it—to the *Record Union*. A second thought warned me—that if—it were published—the ferocious populace—would take my scalp. It was therefore—not published."

Mr. Oldbiegh read as follows:

"SAC'TO, CAL., June 7, 1868.

"I am a State official in the capitol building. I am employed in curing myself of chills, and in resisting the fiendish attacks of book-agents and persons taking up collections for church fairs, dances and paupers.

My constitution and my purse are dreadfully in need of a change of climate. I am married; am of a cynical and bilious temperament; have blue eyes and light hair, and my name is Hopeful C. Crane. I am at the present moment suffering from chills imported by some scoundrel from the polar regions, and my brain has, during the past few weeks, been burning with fever from the other place. I am perfectly yellow—as yellow as a sunflower; my cheeks are gaunt and sunken, and my stomach will not bear the lightest food. I have been sitting with a lime in my mouth all day, as that seems to be the only thing which gives me relief. When the reader finds this document, laid away in a drawer somewhere, I will be dead. I feel this. I am certain of it. Quite so. If anybody finds this paper and reads it, he will be reading the words of one who is then a corpse. I knew I was going to die from the first day I heard the minute-bell which rings incessantly in this city, from the first time I saw the unending line of funerals—unending it seemed to me—moving solemnly along L street. My acquaintances in the Controller's office used to look out in the direction of L street and try to cheer me by remarking that the scenery from the window was the best in Sacramento, that it was a beautiful sight and a pleasant prospect. It may have been cheerful to them;—it may be cheerful to gaze constantly on a landscape in the centre of which appears hearse after hearse, corpse after corpse;—it may be a pretty sight to see the waving white plumes and the waving black plumes; the rosewood coffins and the black coffins and the slick white coffins;

the everlasting anchor of white flowers, the circle and the cross; it may be beautiful scenery; I don't know. It's a matter of taste, I suppose. I soon noticed that the people,—ever recognizing the fact that they might be suddenly called to take part in the scenery,—old and young, all danced a wild dance, night after night, to keep away gloomy forebodings.

“During the course of several years that I had the chills, they took possession of me; they clung closer than a brother. I used to see them in my sleep, for they had now taken physical shape to my diseased imagination. Hideous white and green slimy, crawling creatures. I used to sit at the window, and even in the daytime, when the water was playing on the lawn, I could see the outlines of their slimy, disgusting shapes; and I could see, too, that they would dance up and down like the people at our parties, on the green lawn, in the sunlit spray of the falling water, with hideous grins on their faces, to the music of the bell that was ever tolling somebody's death. For a long time the cause of the deaths of the numerous people, who ever passed along L street, each taking a quiet drive in a hearse, was a mystery to me. I inquired eagerly of every person I knew, but they would not tell me. They did not know, but when I suggested chills, they smiled sarcastically at my ignorance. I kept turning it over and over in my mind, and at last I discovered that I was right;—they all died of chills!

“When I walked the street with my yellow, sunken face, my friends used to stop me and remark that it was such a pleasant day, and that the climate was so



perfect, because they never had chills here and the evenings were so delightful. Between the moments when my teeth were chattering, I would stop, smile a sickly smile, and while gazing upon the beautiful prospect of a hearse or so, conveying a babe born in chill time to the cemetery, I would remark that the climate was delicious. And now, for the first time, the impression took hold of me that all the Sacramento people were mad! This I discovered by a process of reasoning peculiar to myself and absolutely perfect—without an error.

“I used to see the chills climbing up the walls of the capitol now and trying to reach our window, for we had moved up three flights of stairs. Though nobody knew it, I was the secret cause of this. A friend of mine told me one day that he perceived that I was in trouble, and suggested marriage as a remedy. I asked him if marriage was a remedy for chills. He laughed at the idea of my having chills, but said that he thought it was.

“I have always had a horror of marriage, and it took all the energy I had left to accomplish the feat. I was married and bought a beautiful cottage in which to spend the honeymoon. My hideous slimy tormentors actually crawled all over the walls and roof of my house and glided across the window sills into the dwelling and took observations of us during the honeymoon; when my first child was born, one crawled into its crib and lay alongside of it! When I looked at it, I saw that the green slimy thing was eyeing me from the crib!

“They began to interfere with my dreams. I

dreamed night after night that I was sleeping in marshes, or on the side of ponds covered with slime. They also interfered with my married life. I grew terribly jealous of them! After my day's work I used to come home and find my wife with her teeth chattering. They owned her, too, now. I would sit down beside her and we would chatter together.

"Last year at a time when my system had become so exhausted by the terrible disease that I had to live in a constant state of intemperance—for a man if he once becomes sober when so affected is likely to die—I say at this time my seventh child was born; and chilly, shaking as I was, nearly mad as I was from disease, I was compelled to tramp the room night after night in my stocking feet with this little animal in my arms; and to my chilled mind it looked green; but disagreeable as a child seems to a married man who walks in his stocking feet, the chills were worse!

"Last week my wife, myself and my seven children sat on the veranda in a row. Our teeth all chattered in unison together. The combined sound waked the chickens in a neighboring yard and set them to crowing!

"But my weary brain grows desperate, and I can write no more. My hour is at hand. To-night I shall go to the top of the capitol dome to escape the chills. I expect to see them crawling up the outside of the dome after me. But I shall escape them. I will have left Sacramento. I will be dead. \* \* \* \*

"The MS. here is blurred and blotted with large tears, and cannot be made out any further. I have inquired, but have been unable to obtain any informa-

**tion** in regard to the writer of this curious autobiography, which I, Thomas Geseign, discovered under a loose brick in the capitol dome."

"You don't feel no inspiration, arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh, with astonishment.

"I feel—no inspiration," said Mr. Geseign. "I pretend to be—neither—a fool—nor a genius. I write—as a business—from a base desire—for bread. When I write—I feel no inspiration—I have no moods—and I don't let my hair—grow long."

"Why don't you keep on a writin'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The story," said Mr. Geseign, "is a long one—and mournful—to relate. It affects—those tendah feelings—which authors—seem to have—to describe—how I worked—and did not loaf—when a boy. The hard kicks—I've received."

"Describe them anyhow," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "the kicks is over, so it aren't any use to whine about them arterwards."

"Well," said Mr. Geseign, "here she goes. A quaint creachaw—was I—at eighteen. My—fancies—were quite—utterly so so. My ideas—quite strange. My conceit—quite gigantic. In this curious—condition—I sought fortune—and fame—in the city. I wore a ragged coat—the tails whereof—and breast pockets whereof—were stuffed—and padded—with poems. The ethereal gushings—of an unsophisticated—creachaw. My heart—was surcharged—with hope. Silly creachaw—I had forgotten—to bring along—the indispen-

sable—cash! The first night—I dropped—a poetical exuberance—in a newspaper—box. The next night—it was published. You should have perceived me—by gaslight—reading my poem—with greedy eyes—on the bulletin board! You should have perceived—the fiendish grin—of delight—on my features.

“The next morning—being in need—of a breakfast—I concluded to sell—for a few hundred dollars—a poem to a hungry—newspaper. The stern editah—said he needed—no poem—from a man. The ladies—ran them mad—with that rot. Besides—their errand boy—filled the office—of poet. I replied—by way—of a clincher—that my poem was superior—to ‘Paradise—Lost.’ Quite so. ‘It don’t matter,’ said he—the cruel editah—‘We would not crowd—our locals—for any “Paradise Lost”—or Paradise found—or Paradise at all;—unless the author—would cut down—his poem—to fifteen lines!’ I was embarrassed—chagrined—and rebuffed—and went—hungry.”

“Aren’t you got any of them poems left?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“What were left—I cremated;—whistling—as they burned—a dead march—over their ashes.”

“What did you do next?” asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

“I came down—to the earth—and wrote—like a white man—for grub,” said Mr. Geseign.

After breakfast, Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh commenced examining the cards of invitation and letters which had arrived.

“Well,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, after having read eight or ten letters, “what a crowd of critters are arter me

to be my housekeeper, arter all. And they all are got the handwritin' of widdyers, darned ef they aren't!"

"How pleasing—it is," said Mr. Geseign, looking up from a letter he was reading and rolling his eyes piously, "to find—so many friends—in this cold—and cheerless world!"

Mr. Oldbiegh, however, was too deeply engaged in reading an article in the newspaper to hear Mr. Geseign's remark. The article was headed "A Strange Coincidence" and went on to relate that on Friday morning, at the hour of seven, Mrs. Oldwhistle, wife of the scientific gentleman of that name, had died; and that at the very same hour of the day, Mr. Oldwhistle of Oakland had died. Being an old bachelor, he had left all his property to his scientific brother.

"So the little varmin has growed rich, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, "and what a sight of mischief the critter will be up to now!"

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A COUPLE OF SCHEMERS.

ABOUT six months after the incident related in the last chapter, a young lady for whom Mr. Oldbiegh had a great liking was in an immense amount of trouble because of a love affair and had called upon Mr. Oldbiegh for assistance. The young lady's name

was Miss Jennie Cranmer. She had beautiful dark-blue eyes, sweet rosy lips and rosy cheeks and a lovely form. She was brimming over with fun and good humor, under ordinary circumstances, and many a hearty laugh had she and Mr. Oldbiegh had together. At the present time, however, because of the gloomy outlook in connection with her love affair, she was extremely melancholy; and Mr. Oldbiegh noticed, with a sensation of sadness in the bottom of his large heart, that the face of the rosy Jennie had grown thin and pale.

Yes, she had called upon Mr. Oldbiegh for assistance. As the tone of voice in which she related her grievances to Mr. Oldbiegh was very affecting, Mr. Oldbiegh was greatly affected. She then used that most powerful of all woman's weapons—a tear. She rolled a great big tear down her rosy cheeks, while she was imploring his assistance. All the chivalry in Mr. Oldbiegh's warm heart was instantly aroused. The young lady then rolled a tear of gratitude down her other cheek, and Mr. Oldbiegh at once declared himself ready to travel through thick and thin for her sake "and no man couldn't stop him, nohow!"

The details of the young lady's mournful dilemma may be thus described. She was living with an old man and an old woman, who had always pretended to be her father and mother. She had, however, lately discovered, by reading some letters and documents which she had found hidden away in the garret, in the house in which she lived, that these persons were not her parents after all, but that she was merely their

adopted child. This she had long suspected, but now it was conclusively proved to be a fact. Her mother had died when she was born; and a year after her father had died and had left her in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Cranmer, and had left five thousand dollars with them which they were to give the daughter when she came of age. At the date on which she called on Mr. Oldbiegh for his assistance she was sixteen years old, and she and a young man with boyish manners, by the name of Henry Thompson, were desperately in love with each other—so desperately in love that they felt they should die of despondency unless they were united. When the young lady informed Mr. Oldbiegh of this in a melancholy tone of voice, his feeling nature was touched; and in order to conceal his feelings, Mr. Oldbiegh had blown his nose thrice upon his red-bordered handkerchief. The young lady then informed him that her step parents had firmly resolved to marry her to a “rich old bear.” This last statement also affected Mr. Oldbiegh considerably. When he had last seen the young lady, he had promised to try and think of some scheme to prevent this terrible catastrophe.

One afternoon Mr. Oldbiegh was out for a walk by himself, as Mr. Geseign had gone to the races. Mr. Oldbiegh was walking with a dignified tread by the front fence of the romantic old building in which he knew Miss Cranmer resided with her step parents. There was an expression of deep study on his face. Mr. Oldbiegh suddenly stopped, and the expression of study gave way to one of astonishment and then to one of disgust. Yes, there could be no mistake—it was

Mr. Oldwhistle! The expression of astonishment on Mr. Oldbiegh's face grew deeper still. The little scientist had placed his hand on the latch of the gate and opened it, and as he entered he laughed in Mr. Oldbiegh's face! A thought flashed through Mr. Oldbiegh's brain with wonderful rapidity. Could it be possible that this little man, who had become a widower, was the person whom the young lady had designated as a "bear" and for whom her step parents intended her? If so, the fate for which they predestined her was cruel indeed! The unnatural crime which they were about to commit was hideous beyond calculation.

"To marry her," soliloquized Mr. Oldbiegh, "to marry one of the prettiest critters the sun ever shone onto to a yaller dog! to a piece of yaller soap, to that 'ar' little varmin, arter all! I'll be eternally bobbed!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, "ef that 'ar' darned varmin warn't born to be up to mischief! Ef ther's any dirty work to be done, he's thar' to do it! I never see such a critter; he's always up to dirty work. Ef ther's dirty work going on anywhere, the yaller dog gets onto it and he's thar' in no time at all, darned ef he aren't! Well, ef it's so, arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, as a solemn expression came over his face, "afore I'll let that 'ar' piece of yaller soap get hold of her I'll kidnap her, darned ef I don't, and adopt her for my own daughter!"

All these thoughts flashed through Mr. Oldbiegh's brain "in less time than it takes to tell it."

With the last resolve becoming more firmly fixed in



his breast at every step, Mr. Oldbiegh walked back to his room at the Palace. Mr. Geseign had not yet returned. Mr. Oldbiegh picked up the innumerable letters of invitation which were awaiting him, looked at them abstractedly and gloomily, and then replaced them on the table without opening them. One letter more bulky than the rest he took up and noticing its bulk tore the envelope open, glanced at the bottom of the sheet and, seeing it was signed by Miss Jennie Cranmer, proceeded to read the epistle, which was couched in the following words:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28, 188—.

MR. JUNIUS OLDBIEGH: You dear, good old thing! ["What a sweet critter it are, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a pleasant smile.] Oh! I've got such a lot to tell you! I don't know how I shall ever tell it. I do believe I was born for more trouble than any other young lady that ever lived. I seem to be in trouble all the time; and if it wasn't for you, dear, dear Mr. Oldbiegh, I don't know what I should do! ["What a critter it are, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, with another pleasant smile.] Oh! dear Mr. Oldbiegh, if you only knew how lonesome I feel! You know how it is yourself to be with a cruel step-mother and a cruel step-father! ["A course I do! What a thing it is, arter all. It's awful!" murmured Mr. Oldbiegh to himself. "Bless her heart, the poor, sweet little critter!"] And then, oh! Mr. Oldbiegh, never to have a kind word said to you! And then, oh! to be so deeply in love as I am amidst so much

unkindness! You have heard how step parents are always unkind, and I can assure you mine are harsh and cruel; and your kindness is the only relief I have, you dear good old pet! ["What a sweet critter it are, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh to himself again, as he smiled sweetly.] And then, will you believe it, dear Mr. Oldbiegh, they now refuse to let me go outside of the yard, since that ugly old bear has been coming to see me; and my Henry writes me that he tried to scale the fence, but not only had sharp spikes been lately put into the top railing, but my step-father had gotten a bran new bull dog, which he found on guard inside the fence! Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do, thus prisoned and confined? Oh! dear! dear! Mr. Oldbiegh, please send me some word of hope or I shall surely die, you sweet, dear, good old thing! ["What a sweet critter it are, arter all!" repeated Mr. Oldbiegh to himself, with a gentle but melancholy smile on his features.] And then that little bear is so horrid, and his horrid name is horrid; and he persists in putting his horrid paws around my waist! Old-whistle is his name. Did you ever hear such a horrid name? ["So it are the varmin, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a dark look on his countenance. "I'd a thought it;—it couldn't be no other man!"] Now, dear Mr. Oldbiegh, what am I to do? What am I to do? You see, this cruel little bear comes every day to torment me; and he's so disgusting. He's got such a disagreeable smile, and I just hate him! I could kill him! I know I could! He's the very exact opposite of what you are, you dear, good old pet! ["Haw!

haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, his visage beaming with good-nature, "what a sweet critter she are, arter all!"] Now, Mr. Oldbiegh, I have written to my Henry to call on you and to listen to whatever you say, and to be governed in all respects by your sage counsels. If he doesn't do just what you tell him to, I shall never look him in the face again. I never shall! Now, Mr. Oldbiegh, you dear old thing, I could just kiss you as if you were my father; I know I could, you good old kitten, you!

JENNIE.

"Haw! haw! What a sweet critter she are, arter all!"

Mr. Oldbiegh fell into deep thought, and the sweet smile had not ceased to play on his features when there was a timid knock at the door. Mr. Oldbiegh roused himself from his revery and called out, "Come in." A sheepish, white-headed young man, apparently about eighteen years of age, entered the room. A silly smile played about the corners of his mouth. As soon as he got inside, he stood on one foot, fingered the rim of his gray hat with his hands, and continued to smile in a silly manner without speaking.

"Don't be afeared," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a kindly tone. "There ain't no occasion for it; so take a seat like a white man."

The young man took a seat awkwardly and began to gaze around the ceiling, while the silly smile continued to play on his features. Every little while he would steal a glance at Mr. Oldbiegh, and the smile on his features would suddenly broaden; then he would look

away. In the meantime he continued to drag the rim of his hat through his fingers. During all this while Mr. Oldbiegh's face wore a solemn expression. It seemed at last as if the young man never would speak, so Mr. Oldbiegh said :

"What's the word?"

"Sir?" said the young man, looking more sheepish.

"What are you arter?"

"Sir?" said the young man, with a frightened stare.

"Who sent you here?"

"I don't like to tell," said the young man, with his head on one side, while the smile assumed a bashful appearance.

"What did you come arter?"

"I don't know," said the young man, as he put his finger in his mouth.

"Well, how'd you get here?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Oh! I just walked in. She told me to," and the silly smile now spread all over his features.

"Who's she?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh. "Is she your ma?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, what are she then?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"She's a girl," replied the other, while the silly smile deepened around the corners of his mouth.

"Then, what's her name?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You won't tell anybody if I tell you!"

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "a gentleman never repeats what is said about a woman;—let alone a gentleman, a man won't do it!"

"It's Jennie Cranmer!" said he.

"What's your handle?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Sir?" said the young man.

"What's your handle—your name, arter all?"

"My name is Henry Thompson," said the young man, in a bashful tone.

Mr. Oldbiegh gazed upon this bold cavalier long and seriously. In his mind he ran over the contents of the young lady's letter. He remembered the statement in it that the young man had been daunted by the spikes of the fence and a single bull dog. As he gazed on the face of the young man it was easily explained.

"Now," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what I'm to give you is fatherly advice. In the first place, I'd say it is always wrong in love affairs to be too rash and reckless with very young critters. It's hardly necessary to inform you in regard to that matter, because I don't think your disposition is to be reckless, arter all; but as I'm advising you I've got to lay down all the pints. Another thing is a man may obey all the rules and yet get off at Milpitas. You see, if the critter you're arter making love to is young, you want to go soft and slow. Treat her as a sort of goddess. You want to sigh to her, you want to flatter her, and you want to sue to her low and soft, with a sort of everlastin' dieaway look on your face. That is, if she's a young critter. But on the other hand, if she's arter bein' a widdyer, all you got to do is keep your mouth shut and she'll do all the love making, and entice you for kisses and so on, for widdyers dote on kisses! I never see such critters; they never get enough! In fact," said Mr. Old-

biegh, "that's what most women care for more than anything else!" Mr. Oldbiegh stopped.

"Thank you, sir," said the young man, sheepishly. "I shall remember all you say. She told me to."

"Now," said Mr. Oldbiegh, going on profoundly, without noticing the young man's interruption, "furthermore, you're about to go into the state of matrimony. Now, in the course of time it's arter bein' possible you may have children." The young man looked frightened and smiled a silly smile. "I don't say you will," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "it's barely possible you may. You are both innocent young critters and what is more touching, arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "than two such young critters battlin' with the waves of life and havin' twelve or fourteen young children to support?" The young man smiled another silly smile, while he worked hard at the brim of his hat. "It's a matter to be thought of beforehand," continued Mr. Oldbiegh. "Think of the young mother, broken in health. Think of her. You must. Think of yourself pacing the floor o' nights with aching back, with the heads of one or two crying babies hanging over your shoulders till three o'clock in the morning; and then worn out and tired out you go to your daily work;—and bein' out of sorts, you perhaps get discharged for bein' impudent to your employer. All this is to be thought of beforehand. Then," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "you've got to adopt rules and regulations for bringin' them up. You'll acknowledge," said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking hard at the white-headed youth, "you aren't had no experience. Well, I'm here to give you advice. There are two theories.

The one is that when a child don't act right the idea is to whop him up till he does act right. The other is to treat 'em with kindness and never lay the weight of your hand on 'em. By all means I'm for the last rule. Ef thar's whoppin' to be done, take a man your size; but don't hit a little critter what can't fight back; for to fight back is the privilege born to Americans. Is there anything else you'd like me to advise you about?"

"No, I thank you," said the white-headed young man, with his usual smile.

As the young gentleman continued to sit in his chair and twirl his hat, Mr. Oldbiegh again said:

"Well, sir, is there anything I can be arter doin' for you?"

"She said in the letter to me," said Mr. Thompson, "you was to help her to get away and was to take us off somewhere to get married." Mr. Oldbiegh looked unusually solemn for some moments. "And it must be done to-night," said the young man, "for to-morrow her step-mother is going to take her to the church to get married to Mr. Oldwhistle; and she says she knows she won't be able to resist them unless she escapes to-night."

Mr. Oldbiegh's brow darkened. "I'd ruther see her dead afore me first," he said; "and as fer her marryin' Oldwhistle, it can't be did nohow, and ther' aren't nothin' I won't do to prevent it. It's worse than Chinee sacrifice. What's the hour and what's the plan?"

The young man explained that the young lady would appear at the back gate of her house, in a disguised

state, at half-past eleven that night. After making this explanation the young man took his departure.

During the whole of the evening Mr. Geseign noticed that Mr. Oldbiegh was in an unusual state of mind; he was gloomy. At eleven o'clock Mr. Oldbiegh got up, put on his immense woolly overcoat, with the great pockets in it, tied a comforter around his throat, slapped on his slouch hat and left the room without saying a word. Mr. Geseign watched all these proceedings with deep interest. During the evening he had seen Mr. Oldbiegh pick up a letter from the marble top of the table on several occasions, and he had noticed that whenever Mr. Oldbiegh read the letter a sweet smile had overspread his features. Mr. Oldbiegh had left this letter lying open on the table. Mr. Geseign picked it up and read it through. It was the letter from Miss Cranmer. When Mr. Geseign took in all of the surrounding circumstances, he suspected the truth.

A few nights before Mr. Geseign had taken Mr. Oldbiegh through the worst portions of the city, and during their pilgrimage they had both worn false whiskers. For the purpose of disguising himself Mr. Geseign now put these on, threw on an overcoat and followed Mr. Oldbiegh. He kept far enough behind him not to be observed by Mr. Oldbiegh.

There was a lane behind the young lady's house, filled with tall weeds. Mr. Oldbiegh turned into this lane, and near the back gate of the house, seated on a block of wood, with his face between his hands, he found the would-be husband. The night was a beautiful one; the moon was shining and its soft rays fell on



the soft white head of the youth, and nothing broke the "tranquil silence" but now and then the bark of some dog whose sleep had been disturbed.

"Have you arranged to have the coach ready?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Yes," was the reply; "it is waiting down at the corner."

"And are you sure she will get dressed and be ready on time?" This question was answered by the opening of a gate and the appearance of a woman apparently accompanied by a boy. This apparent boy came up to Mr. Oldbiegh and said:

"I've dressed in a man's clothing to make it more romantic!"

Mr. Oldbiegh had drawn his hat well over his eyes on noticing the companion of Miss Cranmer.

"Who's your companion?" he asked.

"That's something which I think you know better than I do," said the young lady, in a knowing tone; "but I won't tell you anyhow."

"But I must know," said Mr. Oldbiegh, looking at the heavily veiled lady.

"But I won't tell you. There!" said the young lady.

Mr. Oldbiegh was bewildered. There was, however, no time to lose, so they went down to the corner, where the carriage was waiting for them. The veiled figure got in first, the young lady next, and then the young man got in. Mr. Oldbiegh was about to get in also, when a mysterious man tapped him on the shoulder. This person then whispered in his ear the word "Tommy." At that grateful sound Mr. Oldbiegh felt

a burden of care taken from his bosom. Mr. Geseign got into the carriage after Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh explained that he was a friend of his who was going along. The lady who was so heavily veiled seemed at once greatly disconcerted. The presence of Mr. Geseign appeared to have broken in upon some well-laid scheme which she had prepared. She moved about nervously every little while.

It had been arranged that they were to drive to a hotel and have the ceremony performed in one of the parlors. They reached a hotel, got out, and went into one of the parlors. The doors were shut and the gas was turned up. Its light fell in a full blaze on the veiled lady. Mr. Oldbiegh gazed through the veil and, recognizing her powdered countenance, fell back into one of the chairs and a paleness overspread his features. Yes, those closed-up eyes and that powdered face proved her to be his tormentor, the "two-forty widdyler!"

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, in a weak voice, "ring for a glass of brandy! Ring for a big one and no water! What a critter it are!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, after he had somewhat revived. "It's always a-turnin' up; and when it does turn up it's always in the resemblance of a disagreeable nightmare! What are you arter now?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, sternly, to the veiled figure.

"Oh! Mr. Oldbiegh, don't scold her," said Miss Jennie, "for she's my step-mother's cousin; she's my friend and I'm sure she hasn't come for any bad purpose. There, be quiet now; do!"

"What are you arter?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, sternly.

"I s'pose you came here to marry me without my knowin' it!"

"Oh! Mr. Oldbiegh!" said Kate Brumlin, the widow, bursting into tears and throwing her arms around Mr. Oldbiegh's neck, while she sobbed on his shoulder, "if you only knew how I have suffered!"

"Tommy! Tommy!" shouted Mr. Oldbiegh, in a state of great excitement, "take her away or she'll get me sent to jail again!"

Mr. Geseign walked forward and tapped Miss Brumlin on the shoulder.

"Miss Catherine," said he, "I—am Thomas Geseign;—gaze on—my appalling—features!" and Mr. Geseign pulled the false whiskers from his face. "I—am no—suckah! Do you take my—meaning? Kind—and generous friend," said Mr. Geseign, turning to Mr. Oldbiegh, "let me describe—this harrowing—scene. Kate Brumlin—you know. This gushing—young creachaw—is Katie's accomplice! They both—are—schemers! This white-headed—young booby,—the unpleasant child—of rich parents, is—their game.—In his own name—he has money. Their scheme—is to marry him—for his wealth;—get his wealth—and abandon—the helpless—creachaw. He is what they call—generically—a suckah. You—they would use—as their tool! Perhaps marry—you also! You now—have escaped—rash creachaw!"

To describe the touching epithets uttered by the two females for Mr. Geseign's benefit is beyond the power of our steel pen. They uttered them as if they had learned them by rote; and the opprobrious

language and descriptive terms which they applied to the white-headed young man fairly dazzled his innocent understanding.

Nothing further is known in connection with the adventure, except that Mr. Oldbiegh drank seven glasses of brandy before going to bed that night, and was in the act of calling for the eighth when he fell asleep on his bed without having undressed.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A SNOB FUNERAL.

THE next morning, Mr. Geseign, being the first to awake, arose to a sitting posture at once. He had, unconsciously to Mr. Oldbiegh, undressed him the night before and put him to bed. He was about to wake Mr. Oldbiegh, but noticing a gentle smile on his features, he concluded he was engaged at that moment in dreaming a pleasant dream. Mr. Geseign, therefore, refrained from waking him. "A picture—of innocence," thought Mr. Geseign, as he listened to his snoring, gazed upon the round features and heaving breast of Mr. Oldbiegh and watched the fly crawling over his nose. Suddenly the smile on Mr. Oldbiegh's features grew deeper and he murmured something in his sleep. Mr. Geseign listened.

"Whop 'em up!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Geseign

listened again. "Whopped the doods!" murmured Mr. Oldbiegh, sweetly.

"Noble—old boy!" said Mr. Geseign to himself; "evidently dreaming—that he is engaged—in the noble sport—of racing—with a childish—dude. Oh! proud—occupation! Perhaps—in this blissful dream—he imagines himself—astride—of a bicycle—ringing a bell—with a dude-like—smile. A curious—creachaw—is a dream!"

Mr. Oldbiegh threw out one arm. He then rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, yawned, awakened, stretched himself, arose to a sitting posture and spat on the floor. He did not seem to recall the fact that he had gone to bed with his clothes on.

"What critters women are, Tommy!" were his first and memorable words, "and what a lot of villainy even women can be up to!"

"Quite so," said Mr. Geseign. "Women—and the future state—are the two—great conundrums!"

"Who'd a ever thought that that 'ar' little critter could be up to so deep a game? Why, Tommy, I s'posed that 'ar' little critter had been brought up on cows' milk and buttercups and didn't know nothin' outside of a flower garden nohow; and yet what a deep game she played, arter all; and the way she'd took in that 'ar' great North American booby from Washoe; and the way she did swar! It was worse than even a sailor, Tommy! It's my belief that women in general and young girls and female babies and all know as much as a widdy; and even if they are as gentle as a lamb and coo like a dove and are as shy as a doe, that

ther' aren't nothin' that none of 'em don't know no-how. It's my belief that arter a woman is twelve months old she's up to all the games, bobbed ef she aren't!"

Having delivered himself of these remarks in an energetic manner, Mr. Oldbiegh resumed his silence, whereupon Mr. Geseign shook his locks and spoke as follows:

"As an example—to illustrate the truth—of your remarks—I will relate—an incident. A certain—young creachaw—of haughty appearance—and proud spirit—was struggling—desperately—with the waves—of misfortune—so to speak. He was a mere—child—in age. Nineteen—was the number—of his years. Yet he—was proud in spirit—as he struggled—with his fate. He discovered—a young creachaw—a fair flower—beautiful—quite so—in the city—unprotected. She was an orphan. In the lodging house—where he lived he got her—or rather procured her—a room. What he made—he shared—with the flower. For awhile—these innocent—young creachaws—were happy. Immensely so. She called him her—'brother.' He called her his—'sister.' Oh! beautiful picture—of two—young hearts! But times—grew hard. Want—and beggary—and destitution—stared him impudently—in—the face—and seemed to wink—their hideous eyes—at the creachaw. Times—grew fiercely—harder. Things and matters—began—to pinch. She noted—with sorrow—his mournful—sad brow. He noted—with sorrow—her emaciated—visage. Oh! poor—young hearts! He would—not beg;—no—nevah!

with his proud—spirit—he would die—first. One day—an—idea—struck him. He would not beg—he would borrow! Oh! brilliant—idea! He—borrowed. The money—he placed—in her hands. The flower—ran off—with another young fellow—and spent—the proceeds. Oh! cruel—conclusion! The arts—of woman. By Thomas Geseign!”

“Well, Tommy, I don’t know; a man might do that, but I ruther think a woman wouldn’t, arter all; unless it was a two-forty widdy. If the women heard you tell that ‘ar’ story, they’d call you a wretch.”

“And love me,” said Mr. Geseign.

“I don’t believe,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “that ‘ar’ story is true to nature, though it is made up by you, darned ef I do!”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Geseign, “I accept—your apology. So don’t—mention it—further.”

“What’s all that ‘ar’?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“Oh! don’t mention it,” said Mr. Geseign. “Nay—nevah—but live—learn—eschew evil—and seek wisdom. Go learn—from the sluggard!”

“It may be,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “that I’m to get many hard knocks from women in time to come. It may be, Tommy,” said Mr. Oldbiegh, “but I aren’t entirely lost faith in the critters yet; not entirely. I aren’t so hardened as a married man, arter all! Darned ef I do!”

“Oh!—beautiful—sentiment!” said Mr. Geseign. “Exquisite—fancy. Poetical—dream. Quite so. Charming—idea. Do you know?” said Mr. Geseign.

“What’s that ‘ar’?” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You should move—to the oldest—of the United States," said Mr. Geseign.

"What State is that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"The state—of matrimony—and long—may she wave!" said Mr. Geseign.

"Haw! haw! you make me larf!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "I don't know but it are a pleasant state, arter all. A man arter he's married don't get into trouble with adventuresome females and widdyrs no more!"

"As might—have been remarked," said Mr. Geseign, "by that intellectual—creachaw—Solomon—by name—or by any other—Benedict—marriage—is a lottery. All men—acknowledge it—six months—after marriage. Six months later—they will swear—to the truth—of the assertion;—and six months later still—they will swear anyhow. But the tickets—are costly. Quite so. Whether you draw—a prize—or a blank—the cost—is your freedom;—and you—in either case—are sold."

"What a critter you are, Tommy; I think you are a villain, arter all. Are you ever agoing to get married?"

"When I do," said Mr. Geseign, "my dulcinea—shall be as ancient—as the hills—possessing no charms—for that mysterious—individual—called another! Such a creachaw—has no smiles—for him—for another! She's your own—all your own—your particular blessing! When I marry—pigs will have wings—and bushy tails!"

"All this," said Mr. Oldbiegh, solemnly, "comes of bein' a lord and livin' among the snobs. Say, Tommy,



do you suppose that 'ar' little gal was to be married to the little varmin, arter all?"

"No," said Mr. Geseign—"a part—of the varnished tale—to blind you."

"Then do you s'pose, arter all, her parents was into the game?"

"Of course," said Mr. Geseign; "they too—are schemers,—infamous schemers!"

"Do you s'pose they are her real parents?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Quite so," said Mr. Geseign.

"And do you s'pose," said Mr. Oldbiegh, getting red in the face, "the yaller dog was in the plot?"

"I hardly—think so," said Mr. Geseign.

"How'd he come to larf in my face as he was goin' into that gate that day then?"

"Merely—an effervescence—of his morbid—feelings," said Mr. Geseign. "Or possibly—being your enemy—he may have permitted—the use—of his name."

"Aren't ther' any way to prosecute the critter for libel, or something?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"None," said Mr. Geseign.

There was a long period of silence, during which the sound of wagons and cars on the street grew loud and distinct.

"Say!—oh! say!" said Mr. Geseign.

"What's up now?" asked Mr. Oldbiegh.

"I forgot," said Mr. Geseign, "to inform you—that our presence—is anxiously expected—at the funeral—of one of—the élite."

"One of the reg'lar snob funerals?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "I s'pose all the snobs in town are to turn out to see the poor critter off?"

"All the wealth—aristocracy—and beauty—will be there,—and the reporters," said Mr. Geseign; "and I am privately—informed—that the near relatives—of the lamented—departed dust—will be greatly disappointed—if we do not give countenance—to the proceeding—by our presence."

"Say!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what a critter a dead man is, arter all; and what a monkey show a funeral is! Darned ef it aren't. You see other men die, and you feel as if you couldn't possibly die yourself nohow. You go to bed arter philosophizin' in this way, feelin' as well as a man could be, and the next morning when you are about to get up as usual, you find yourself a grinnin' corpse! What a thing it is! What a thing it is to die!"

Mr. Oldbiegh got up and Mr. Geseign followed suit. Mr. Oldbiegh immediately began to parade the room in search of his clothing. As Mr. Geseign had undressed him, his clothes were not in their usual place. He first looked under the foot of his bed for his socks, as it was his custom to throw them there upon retiring. He had not yet remembered that Mr. Geseign had put him to bed, so he did not call upon him for information. Although Mr. Geseign saw his dilemma, he said nothing. The first thing Mr. Oldbiegh found was his collar, and for fear he might lose it again, he put it on. After skirmishing around the room for some time further, he found his socks, and put them on also. Ar-

rayed in his collar and socks he proceeded to hunt for his shirt, which Mr. Geseign had hung up in a closet. Mr. Oldbiegh did not think of looking in the closet, as it was his usual custom to hang up his shirt on the floor at the foot of the bed. He next found his black cravat and placed it where he could put his hand on it. He next got a clean shirt out of the bureau drawer and put it on. He next found his white vest and put that on. Thus arrayed, he proceeded to hunt for his coat and pantaloons, which Mr. Geseign had also hung up in the closet. After charging around the room for awhile, he thought of the closet and his troubles were over.

At the suggestion of Mr. Geseign, they both dressed in deep black and wore black gloves. After they were dressed they went to the dining-room of the hotel.

"Bring us," said Mr. Geseign to the black waiter in a white jacket, "broiled trout and—a porter house steak—well done."

"Rarh fer me," said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Caffay," said Mr. Geseign.

"I ruther think I'll try coffee again, arter all," said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Though I don't see much difference, I ruther think it's the best of the two!" The waiter bowed and retired. "Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I'm gettin' just a little tired of bein' a snob and of snob business."

"In the mad whirl—of society—all things pall—on the taste;—and the older they grow—the more—they pall. It is—appalling. Oh! hideous—pun! Shoot me—my friend—for a monstah!"

At half-past one, Pitser Coop, who had on a clean collar for the occasion, and who had polished up the buttons on his uniform, drove into the circular space in the centre of the Palace Hotel, and the black footman who sat by his side got down and assisted Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh into the carriage. Mr. Geseign leaned heavily on the arm of the footman as he entered.

"Drive—for the house—of Mrs. Roguenhanger," said Mr. Geseign.

"Large house on Geary street, my Lord?" said the driver, as he carefully closed the door of the carriage. Mr. Geseign nodded affirmatively. The driver got upon the seat and away they drove.

They arrived at the house of mourning, and a gentleman walking on tip-toe came to the door and silently took the hand of Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh. They were going to take a seat in a front room, when a gentleman with an intensely melancholy face came forward and, hooking his arm in that of Mr. Geseign, said that he must come in the back room with him, and must try to console the widow. The speaker told Mr. Geseign that he was the only person who could console her, and he earnestly pressed him to make the attempt.

He was taken by his conductor into an immense back parlor, which had been darkened for the occasion. The scene that presented itself to Mr. Geseign was, indeed, a striking one. In the middle of the room was a rosewood casket, and in the casket,—the central figure of the whole scene, and the cause of all the commotion,—the figure whose machinery of life, cogs,

cranks, and balance-wheels were at rest. The figure's chest had ceased to rise and fall. The muscles of the body were relaxed and unstrung forever. The mouth, partly open, was fixed and rigid. The eyes were motionless. The tongue could not taste. The heart had stopped. The lungs were as lifeless as the black marble of the neighboring mantel. This rigid figure could not even move its little finger. It was more helpless than an idiot. The stiff lips could not even utter the murmuring coo of an infant. Time moved on, but the figure had stopped, was stranded in the past, and the world and everybody in the world were rushing on and away from the figure;—everybody, but a few human buzzards, who had paused for a few moments to pick the corpse.

Standing together in a dark corner were three lawyers in black. On each of their melancholy faces could be seen written the hope that they would be employed to put the estate of the silent figure through the probate court. They looked alternately from the clock on the mantel, which had also run down, and whose black hands rested silently at eleven, the hour at which the deceased had expired;—they looked alternately from the still clock to the still figure in the rosewood box.

The widow came in. They all gazed at her to attract her mournful attention. She leaned over the coffin and began to weep. One of the lawyers, who was bolder than the rest, went forward and laid his hand on her shoulder and told her not to give way. The lawyers in the dark corner, with hatred in their hearts, looked sourly upon him. Mr. Geseign saw this

when he entered. The pictures in oil colors, on the wall, of the dead ancestors of the silent figure seemed to have taken on their countenances the melancholy expression of the persons present. The red hanging curtains inside the bay-window looked dark and gloomy. Four doctors dressed in deep black were standing by themselves, and were inwardly denouncing a fifth for a quack, who stood by the black piano. This fifth doctor was a man who had arrived in San Francisco, with twenty-five hundred dollars, a year before. He had spent fifteen hundred for a team. He had employed an Indian, with long hair for a coachman. He attracted attention wherever he drove, and he drove incessantly. In one year he had an enormous practice. He had been employed by the still figure in the casket, and there the still figure was. Hence all this commotion. This doctor, to judge by the expression on his face, was evidently trying to fix on the size of the fee which he would ask of the widow whose tears were falling, like drops of rain, over the corpse of the man to whom her mother had married her for money, and whom she had hated with the bitterest hatred, because of her awful slavery ever since.

A large number of melancholy looking men were standing around the walls or moving on tip-toe over the carpeted floor. There was a stout gentleman, in gray whiskers, grieving in the corner, whose estate was closely mixed up with that of the deceased, and who was, therefore, in both a melancholy and anxious state of mind. There was a person who had obtained a piece of land in an illegal manner from the deceased;

and he kept looking at the deceased as if he thought that there might yet be a possibility of his coming to life again. There were persons there who were thinking behind their melancholy visages of the wrongs which had been done to them by the deceased; and there were persons there who incessantly moved to and fro, in order to attract attention to themselves and thereby indirectly advertise their business.

The audacious lawyer, who was still trying to soothe the feelings of the widow, and several ladies showed the rest of the company on what familiar terms they had always been with the family by assisting in the attempts to console. Messrs. Stiff & Boneyard, the élite undertakers, were having a whispered conversation, in a corner by themselves, as to the fee they were to charge.

The ladies were nearly all weeping profusely. The minister of the most élite church in town was present and now attempted to assist the lawyer in consoling the widow. He was a bachelor, and as he told her that all things are done for the best, and that all falling sparrows are noted in their fall, he wondered if he could make it for the best in regard to himself, that through the bonds of matrimony he could reach his bony fingers for that beautiful estate; and a pure, holy and beautiful smile overspread his features, as he attempted to console the widow. He soon left, and went to his study to read his sermon over once more before it was preached.

At last the time came to start for the cemetery. The lawyer, who was fairly ravenous in his desire to obtain control of the estate, jumped into his hack and ordered

the driver to take his position second in line, after the hearse. The driver drove rapidly toward the head of the column and attempted to take the position the lawyer had ordered him to assume. But the driver of the hack that was to carry the minister was there already, and with an oath he drove up closer behind the first hack, which was to carry the widow. The procession was beginning to move and the driver of the hack carrying the lawyer, thinking that he was left out altogether, and seeing no other opening, drove in between the first carriage and the hearse. So the order in which they came was as follows: The still figure, in the casket, on its journey to the grave, came first; the energetic lawyer in his journey after the estate, came after the corpse. Then came the widow. The minister, in his journey after the widow, came next. The undertakers came after the minister. A wealthy relative came next. Several carriages, bearing other rich acquaintances, came next. A hack with the curtains drawn down, containing a gentleman with a flask at his lips, came next. The three disappointed lawyers, with some slight hope still in their minds, came next. The disappointed doctors came next, and finally the poorer relatives brought up the rear of the column.

At the graveyard the minister stood at the head of the grave and the forward lawyer came in at the foot. The élite undertakers were, of course, in their element. All the other persons having designs upon the estate of the silent figure in the rosewood casket ranged themselves around the grave like a flock of buzzards.



When the service was over and the top of the grave had been smoothed into a slick condition and some artificial flowers placed on it, the guests got into their carriages and drove rapidly away.

The horses of the carriage in which were Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign were soon ahead of the rest, even the energetic lawyer, and the undertakers, who had another case that day.

"What a holler mockery a funeral is, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "and what a queer idea it is for a man to be dead;—that is to be entirely dead."

"It's the biggest conundrum—of all the jokes," said Mr. Geseign.

"It's the only joke," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "that aren't got some sort of a explanation to it; but ther' aren't no explanation to it thar. Solomon, smart as people say he was, couldn't have come within a thousand miles of the answer to that 'ar' conundrum,—the grand and gloomy conundrum. And what a critter Death is! He goes silently sneakin' about like a darned chicken thief, when suddenly he picks you off your roost and thar' you are! Whar' do you s'pose a man goes when he's dead, Tommy?"

"Ask me—an easy one. If I were you—and you—were me," said Mr. Geseign, "I would go—to a red pepper—climate. Quite so!"

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "what a barbyrous idea Hades is, arter all, Tommy."

"After—you get there;—intensely barbarous," said Mr. Geseign.

When they arrived at the Palace, Mr. Oldbiegh found

a little French gentlemen waiting for him in one of the parlors.

"Monsieur Montaigne," said the gentleman, rising and extending his hand to Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Glad to know yer, Mountain," said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a friendly smile, as he drew off his gloves. "What can I be arter doin' fer yer?"

"Well, Monsieur Olbee," said the little man, "I seenk you can do much, a grand pile, you being a great capitaleeste of beesnez."

Mr. Oldbiegh did not comprehend the gentleman at first, and as he surveyed his face in a questioning manner he noticed that he appeared to have large, handsome eyes. And with these large eyes he gazed through a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses at Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well, my little pard," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "I don't know as I understand you exactly. Say it over again."

"Well," said the little man, taking off his glasses, which astonished Mr. Oldbiegh greatly; for when the glasses were off the gentleman's large, handsome eyes suddenly decreased to the size of ugly little beads.

"What a critter a Frenchman are!" thought Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Well," said the other, "Mr. Olbee, I suppose you like for to be marry?"

"What's that 'ar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a look of deep astonishment on his face.

"I suppose you like for to be marry wiz a female?"

"Go to a marriage, arter all?" said Mr. Oldbiegh

"Yes," said the other.

"Whose goin' to get married?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"You," said the Frenchman.

"Darned ef I do!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "Who's the critter?"

"What have you say;—I not understand him?" said Monsieur Montaigne.

"Who's the critter that's arter me now?"

"Ze creetaw? Who is ze creetaw?" said the Frenchman.

"Yes," said Mr. Oldbiegh; "you've hit it thar'."

"I have hit ze creetaw?" said the Frenchman, puzzled. "I don't dreenk, Monsieur Olbee! When have I hit ze creetaw?"

"Thar' you go again!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "What a critter you are, arter all!"

"I am ze creetaw now?" said the Frenchman, more puzzled.

"Haw! haw!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, "you are both critters!"

"We bos are creetaw?" said the little man, scratching his head.

"Sartinly! A course you are; and you both better get married. Especially ef she's a widdy, haw! haw!"

"Sare?" said the Frenchman, sternly.

"I say," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "ef she's a widdy!"

The Frenchman smiled and put on his glasses, whereupon his bead-like eyes became at once greatly enlarged.

"What a critter a Frenchman is, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with astonishment.

"We," said the Frenchman, "or, razer, I suld say,

I am ze agent for tree handsome weedow, who would prafair greatly to be marry."

"Stop thar'!" said Mr. Oldbiegh. "I aren't the man."

"Oh! but, my friend," said the Frenchman, "you are ze ver' man to make one exqueesite figure for a matrimony. You are a handsome man for a matrimony! You are a fine man for a matrimony! A splendid man for a matrimony! And zese French weedow are charming as a rose; so much to make your mouth water like a melon; and as beautiful as ze light of day!"

"Darned ef I do; not with a widow nohow!"

"Oh! but, my friend, her face is like ze velvet on ze lip of ze rose and her eye is like ze violet!"

"No," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "bobbed ef I do!"

"Well, but, my friend, she has eyes more brilliant zan a star; she is witty as Molière; her mouth like a ruby and her teeth like a pearl; and her love is soft and tender as one infant child!"

"No, it carn't be did!" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"But, my friend," said the Frenchman, earnestly, "sink of yourself in her arm for simply the short space of one moment! Oh! mon Dieu! To sink of it make me tremble! Sink of ze exqueesite eye, soft and tender as violet, all for you! Sink of ze extensive, passionate kiss, all for you, of ze ruby lip, so long as five minute before he come to a stop, all for you! Oh! mon Dieu! how I tremble to sink!"

"Well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, scratching his head, "it do seem pretty good to a man,—but then she's a wid-dyer! Darned ef I do!"

"Oh! but, my friend," said the little man, more earnestly still, and his large eyes seemed to dilate and grow larger as he spoke, "sink of ze upheavals of her chests, and ze flash of her beautiful eye when she hear you tread! Sink how when you come forward, she falls in your arms with expiring, profound passion, to shake her whole system. Sink of such awful passions, all for you! Oh! mon Dieu! I tremble to sink! Sink of ze blissful moment! sink of ze hours of sweet agony love! Oh! Monsieur Olbee, how I tremble to sink!"

"What a critter it must be, arter all!" said Mr. Oldbiegh, with a beautiful smile.

At this moment Mr. Geseign came into the room and took a seat near Mr. Oldbiegh, unobserved by him.

"Zis lady," said the Frenchman, "is one grand beauty! She walk like a fairy. I die of passion to sink. Her grand eye, how it throb wiz passion, more beautiful as a tweenkle of a star! Her cheek has a lovely hue of a sunset cloud. Her locks of gold and her passion of love one grand fire, so intense. Sink of one life of bliss in a moment! Oh! mon Dieu! how I tremble to sink!"

Mr. Oldbiegh wore an undecided look.

"What a critter she are!—"

Just at this moment Mr. Geseign quietly seized hold of him, and without saying a word led him away.

The Frenchman took off his spectacles and watched their retreating forms.

"Tommy," said Mr. Oldbiegh, on reaching their room, "ring the nigger up and send down for four

bottles of soda water, so's I can drink 'em and let my feelin's escape ! ”

While Mr. Oldbiegh was drinking these bottles of soda water Mr. Geseign gazed upon him sorrowfully.

“ Oh ! pitiable—spectacle ! ” said he, and he turned and walked to the window and gazed out.

The next morning, after Mr. Geseign had gone out, three loud knocks were heard at the door. Mr. Oldbiegh did not have time to answer before Captain Grunyon walked in. A hearty smile was on his long features, and an extensive smile at once crept over the features of Mr. Oldbiegh. The two old friends fell into each other's arms, and embraced long and tenderly.

“ I'm so monstrously glad to see you, you old reprobate,” said the Captain, “ that I could drink a quart of ‘ Jersey lightning ’ without the trembling of an eyelash for the purpose of celebrating this occasion ! Why, yes, certainly, blast it ! ”

“ How's all the folks ? ”

“ So exceedingly well,” said the Captain, “ that I believe my wife could actually dance a tight rope for twenty-four hours without feeling it ; and as for the children, they're so healthy from their life in the open air that they're as muscular as fighting cocks, and as limber as acrobats ! ”

“ How's Jack, arter all ? ” said Mr. Oldbiegh.

“ I'm sorry to say it,” said the Captain, “ but Jack is sowing his wild oats with a rashness that is astonishing. He's sowing them broadcast. The vicious young cub can drink more beer than a sour krout Dutchman ; and

I'm afraid that this lean weed of mine is blooming out into a complete fop. I'd rather see him go plumb to the deuce like a man, than turn to a dude. I'd rather see him peering through the bars of a jail. He spends an hour every day at the glass, combing his wool; the part is in the middle by a mathematical calculation, and he wears a little cane. One encouraging sign, that cheers me up, is that on several evenings of late he has come home in a coupé, with his head hanging out of the window. Another favorable point is the fact that he goes to see a 'young fellow' of his acquaintance every night. You will recognize the fact, Oldbiegh, that this 'young fellow' does not wear a coat and vest and pants! It's a giddy thing in petticoats."

"Oh! well," said Mr. Oldbiegh, "boys will be boys; and he aren't the kind to be a dood."

"One monstrously funny thing happened," said the Captain, "in connection with his love-making. You know Jack is quick-tempered like his father. Well, he and another young cock called on the girl the same night, and proceeded to sit each other out. Jack being the gentleman of the two, had some compassion on the girl, and left at quarter past one. The other left at two. Jack's rival went about town telling the joke on him, and Jack resolved to cowhide the dog, and swore he'd lash his dog skin off him. Now it happened that the dog was a blacksmith and had cultivated his muscle. Jack, being a gentleman, was all pluck, and started in to lash the fellow, who was double his size. His opponent, however, got the whip away from him and lashed Jack unmercifully. Jack, being a gentleman, however,

in the end overcame the brute force of the hound with strategy, and left him in the care of four doctors. This gave a serious aspect to the affair, but, by some accident, the young fellow recovered."

Mr. Oldbiegh and his visitor walked down to the parlor on the New Montgomery street side of the hotel to wait for a friend of the Captain, Jarnigan by name. They took seats at the window, and proceeded to keep a lookout for him. They had hardly taken their seats before the Captain slapped his leg and said: "Look!"

"Where?" said Mr. Oldbiegh.

"Do you see the gin-mill over the way?"

"That saloon over thar'?" said Mr. Oldbiegh. The Captain nodded affirmatively.

"Well," said the Captain, "do you see that strange freak of nature over there?—see him?—that little creature, with his mouth watering for a whisky straight, parading backwards and forwards in front of the saloon, with a dignified tread for so small an animal?"

Mr. Oldbiegh looked and saw a little man about four feet eight inches high, quite stout about the waist, with a large head, and in a large coat with long tails. This little man would walk down the street with his head in the air until he got opposite to the door of the saloon, would look suspiciously at the door, and would then move on. After going forty or fifty feet, he would suddenly stop as if he had forgotten something, walk back and again look suspiciously at the door and then move on.

"Now," said the Captain, as the little man stopped at the door of the saloon the second time, "that's Jar-



nigan. A dollar against a half he dodges in this time! No! he's escaped;—there he goes! Oldbiegh, three to one he goes in this time! No, he's missed it again! The plug-ugly fiend! There he goes! He'll hit it this time and get his drink! Four to one he does!" The Captain was getting greatly excited. The little man stopped long in front of the door, and looked around in all directions suspiciously. "Six to one," said the Captain, "he'll make it this time!" The Captain was right. The little man shot suddenly through the door of the saloon. He remained in many moments. "Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "three to one the fiendish little cowboy is dodging about inside, attempting to get out!" The Captain had hardly made the remark when the little man shot suddenly out through the door of the saloon. "That's Jarnigan," said the Captain. "You should see him on the top of his large horse, Oldbiegh. As he sits there, with an immense quid of tobacco in his distended left cheek, he looks for all the world like a topsided clothespin astraddle the ridge of a house! Here he comes!"

The little man walked with a slow and dignified tread into the room.

"Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "Jarnigan. Jarnigan, Oldbiegh." Mr. Oldbiegh looked down at the little man and the little man looked up at Mr. Oldbiegh. Mr. Oldbiegh reached his large hand down to the little man and the little man reached his hand up to Mr. Oldbiegh. "Jarnigan," said the Captain, "you were in a saloon this morning drinking like a famished ostrich!"

"I was on the street," said the little man.

"Hear him!" said the Captain. "Circumlocution. He's a lawyer. Though we saw him go into a saloon, yet if we were to cross-question him for a million of years he wouldn't make the slightest admission. It would take a regular legal dentist to haul an admission out of the little legal rogue; and when the admission was pulled out, it would prove to be worthless. It's my belief that when he's cross-questioned on the Day of Judgment as to his vicious acts, he'll make no admissions and escape while many a better man will go below! Isn't it so, Jarnigan?"

"I can't say," said Mr. Jarnigan, solemnly.

"Hear him!" said the Captain; "he don't admit it, but sails off again into circumlocution. The miniature monstrosity! Now, Oldbiegh," said the Captain, "I've brought my friend Jarnigan along to go on a midnight howler with us; we'll have a regular hurricane, for there's more villainy wrapped up in that little skin of his than you can imagine. If you were trying to get it out of him, it would be like pulling ribbons out of a conjurer's hat. The more you would pull, the more you would grow astonished at the amount of villainy you would continue to pull out of him! You see he looks as innocent and as solemn as an owl, but that's one of his tricks!"

Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Jarnigan were on intimate terms in a short time. The Captain and the little man had been old friends for years.

Before eleven o'clock the next day the three companions, who were still together, had passed through

such an experience that any one of them was in an excellent condition to stand in the middle of the street and shriek without any apparent cause on the slightest provocation. Strange to say, by 'four o'clock in the afternoon they were in a less intense state.

The Captain now suddenly took a notion into his head that they were in a good condition to have their photographs taken in a group. As the others consented, they went to one of the best photographers and sat for their pictures. The operator put them in three chairs together. Then taking Mr. Oldbiegh's head between the palms of his hands he fixed it in position and told him to look steadily at the photograph of a baby pinned on the opposite wall. He had hardly left him when the head of Mr. Oldbiegh dropped forward and his chin rested on his shirt-bosom. The operator attempted to fix the Captain, who was the central figure, in position.

"No, sir!" said he. "I'm not to be photographed for a dude! No dramatic positions for me. I was born natural and there's nothing artificial about me but my wooden leg, and I'm not ashamed of that, for I got it in the Forty-fourth Tennessee, sir!"

"But, sir," said the photographer, "in order to have the correct perspective, in order to make you look natural in the picture, I must ask you to keep the position in which I place you."

"No, sir," said the Captain; "I don't propose to be photographed with the slimy look of a fool on my face!"

The argument between the Captain and the photographer was long, for the Captain when he was drunk

showed that disgusting dogmatism, egotism and self-importance which most army officers show when they are sober ; and on the part of the Captain it was loud. The photographer at last gave way. The Captain's point-blank assertions and flat contradictions, and his assumption of the whole argument—a method which he had learned to apply with much skill in the army—triumphed over all reason.

The artist now proceeded to take the photograph. During the process Mr. Oldbiegh's chin sunk down on his chest again. The photographer went into a little dark closet and came out with the negative, which he showed to the Captain. The Captain, who was the central figure, as has been stated, appeared with his head thrown back and his forehead was deeply wrinkled. A stern and rigid look was in his eyes. His head being thrown back the observer looked up into his nostrils, which appeared to be fearfully distended ; and his ears had assumed double their ordinary proportions.

Mr. Oldbiegh, with his chin on his chest, and a silly look on his face, was to the right ; and Mr. Jarnigan, with his head down and his feet dangling in the air, was to the left.

The Captain looked long and solemnly at the picture, and then remarked that it was an immensely fine likeness, being perfectly true to nature and the only natural likeness he had ever seen.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

**A** GAIN gloomy thoughts fill the mind of the melancholy scribe; again his sickly visage becomes elongated by sorrow; and if the now wretched scribe advocated weeping for men as well as women as did the great novelist, Bulwer, his features would be moistened by a shower of tears! However, as he considers weeping a practice that should be rigidly confined to the other sex, to small boys and to crocodiles, he does not weep a tear; but he wears, nevertheless, a hideously melancholy appearance at the present moment.

Alas! for poor human nature! Oh! ah! alas! Even the greatest of human beings have had their weak points. Solomon was fond of his sickly little wife. Jonah had a weakness for whales, and told a fish story. Some of the greatest statesmen have had the weakness to become jealous of their wives. The great Montezuma had the weakness to be superstitious. Cortez had the weakness to be a rake, and Napoleon with all his mighty intellect had the disgusting habit of pinching the ears of his friends. This made them smile, but they smiled a very disagreeable smile. And now, we have to relate the fact that that wonderful being, as Mr. Oldbiegh thought him, Thomas Geseign, was obstinate and hard-headed to an intense degree; and this peculiarity of Mr. Geseign's nature caused the melancholy event which we are about to relate.

Mr. Oldbiegh was standing in his shirt and stocking feet one morning before the looking-glass. Although he had just discovered the fact that there were no buttons on his shirt, a good-humored smile was still playing on his features, when Mr. Geseign, who was standing in deshabelle before a looking-glass in the next room, made some remark which showed his ignorance on a question of mining. Mr. Oldbiegh attempted to correct him, but Mr. Geseign stubbornly maintained that his view of the matter was correct. Mr. Oldbiegh's brow became overclouded for the first time in many days.

"You know, Tommy," said he, "I'd give up to you about anything else whatever; but on mining, being an old miner, who came to the mines in the days of '49, it earn't be did for no man, nohow. You might as well go and tell a shoemaker how to drive his pegs, and how to bore with his awl, as to tell a reg'lar 'Forty-niner about mining! It aren't to be done by no man on no account, nohow!"

It pains the scribe to relate the fact that Mr. Geseign now maintained with still greater obstinacy that he was right and that Mr. Oldbiegh was wrong; and that he actually gave expression to a sneer against not only 'Forty-niners but also against the few individuals of 'Forty-eight, asserting that they were "worn out old rags," and founding this assertion upon the plausible theory that a man is at his best between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. It was beyond the powers of human endurance to stand this, and Mr. Oldbiegh got angry with Mr. Geseign. Of course, Mr. Oldbiegh was so little in the habit of getting angry with anyone

that it was very clumsily done; nevertheless, he did get angry and high words passed between the two friends.

As soon as Mr. Geseign could get on his pantaloons he left the room. In a moment Mr. Oldbiegh had lost all his anger, and his bosom was filled with sadness, for he cast the whole blame for what had occurred upon himself. He hurried down stairs, but Mr. Geseign was gone. He inquired for him, but no one had seen his friend. For weeks Mr. Oldbiegh continued to hunt for Mr. Geseign, but could find no trace of him.

During the whole of this time Mr. Oldbiegh never was seen to smile. He seldom spoke to anyone, and his features were covered with gloom. He did not seem to be himself, and he lost his appetite and lived almost exclusively on chicken broth. He did not express his grief, but mourned inwardly.

His only relief seemed to be in going to the theaters and watching the ballet girls, whom he told an acquaintance he considered to be "sweet critters, arter-all!" This appeared to be the sole amusement of which he did not tire.

One evening some rich acquaintances invited him to share their box at the California Theater. In the middle of the performance he happened to look up at the gallery. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Mr. Geseign sitting there composedly amidst a crowd of newsboys, eating peanuts. Mr. Oldbiegh became greatly excited and rushed from the box. Mr. Geseign saw him coming and rapidly disappeared from the gallery, upsetting a number of urchins in his flight.

It is needless to say that when Mr. Oldbiegh reached the gallery, he found Mr. Geseign gone and another person in his place. With a sad heart Mr. Oldbiegh returned to his friends.

Mr. Oldbiegh now employed a detective to hunt for Mr. Geseign. Every day or 'two the detective brought in a new clue and presented his bill for the same. During this period Mr. Oldbiegh could have been seen almost daily reading the theatrical posters on the fences and walls; and he attended those theaters at which could be seen the ballet girls, who appeared more charming on each occasion he saw them. In the course of time his taste became vitiated, and he could often be found sitting, gloomy and companionless, in some dive, watching the actresses, whom he informed a friend he considered to be, like the ballet girls, sweet critters, arter all! In these places he had his pockets picked three times and on one occasion the watch that he prized so much was taken from him. Strange to say, it was mysteriously returned to him the next day. The same thing happened to him on several occasions afterwards. Mr. Oldbiegh was astounded.

One evening Mr. Oldbiegh met a woman of fine appearance and handsomely dressed on the street. She was in great tribulation. Mr. Oldbiegh saw she was trying to conduct a drunken man along the sidewalk but, being obstinate, she could do nothing with him. She turned to Mr. Oldbiegh, who had stopped, and telling him that the man was her brother, begged him to see him safely to some hotel. Mr. Oldbiegh did so, and the next day the man, who during his



drunkenness had had his pockets picked by somebody, had him arrested for robbing him. Through some mysterious agency the charges were dismissed, and the man apologized for his action. Some one was evidently watching over Mr. Oldbiegh.

Need we suggest to the reader the name of Mr. Geseign? If the reader concludes that Mr. Geseign was the unknown friend and then desires an explanation for all Mr. Geseign's conduct, we shall have to leave him to come to his own conclusion. We can only say that the workings of the human mind and the mainsprings of human conduct are sometimes strange in the extreme. It may have been that the entire trouble was but a scheme on the part of Mr. Geseign to prove to Mr. Oldbiegh that he was indispensable to him, or it may have been that the whole proceeding was one of sentiment and feeling on the part of Mr. Geseign.—Quien Sabe?

On one occasion a ball was given to the Governor of the State at the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco. Mr. Oldbiegh was invited to go with a company of the élite, who intended to form a select set by themselves, apart from what they termed the "riff-raff," "rabble," or "dangerous element;" and it was expected that the Governor would associate with the less dangerous élite during the evening.

It was a rainy, windy night, and on his way to the Pavilion, Mr. Oldbiegh had rolled his pantaloons half way up to the tops of his boots. As the music for the grand march was playing when he went into the dressing-room, he forgot to unroll one leg of his panta-

loons. Rushing out to the main floor of the building, he took his lady on his arm, assumed the position next behind the Governor, and, with a smile on his broad features, and one of the legs of his pantaloons rolled almost up to his knee, he commenced the march. The building was brilliantly lighted. Gay ladies, festive gentlemen and many mammas, all smiling, talking, fluttering, blushing, and waving their fans, were in the galleries. Forming the first part of the long line of persons, participating in the grand march, was the choice set of the élite. Next came a class of poor but respectable persons; and forming the remaining two thirds of the line was a mixture of "fellers" and their "girls," and "girls" with their "fellers." The "fellers" wore "Mazeppas," high-heeled boots and spring-pants. The "girls" wore their hair banged on their foreheads, their toes were turned in, and their dresses bulged out from their knees.

The band in blue uniforms, brass buttons and gold lace, with their brass instruments, were sitting on the south side of the building on a raised platform. The Governor's staff, in uniforms more dazzling than the sun itself, were also at the front of the column; and by the stern expressions on their noble faces, it was evident that they intended to lead that column on to victory or die on the field of glory.

After the first dance, Mr. Oldbiegh and the Governor were sitting side by side, Mr. Oldbiegh unconsciously occupying a chair intended for one of the many renowned Generals present. While gazing at the far end of the building, Mr. Oldbiegh saw that a door opened

through that end of the edifice into a bar-room. Suddenly a sound like that of soldiers marching to battle sent a thrill through the audience; and an officer in epaulets of enormous size, whose sword dragged on the floor after him, came marching backwards through the door of the bar-room, carrying an open book of infantry tactics in his hand, from the pages of which he constantly read the orders, which he gave in a harsh and unkind voice to a company of soldiers, who now came marching after him out of the bar-room, two abreast. They wore high fur caps, had leather straps under their chins, and every man in the company had a wicked, ferocious and desperate look.

They were formed in line before the Governor, who arose and gave them a military salute. Mr. Oldbiegh thereupon arose also, smiled, and gave them a lofty salute. As their bloodthirsty appetites seemed now to be satisfied, they retired to the bar-room above mentioned, at the far end of the building, and, after taking a cocktail, disbanded. The danger being apparently over, the dancing now continued through the rest of the evening, and the dancers were not again molested.

The élite danced in a set at one end of the room. What will be the reader's surprise when we say that late in the evening Mr. Oldbiegh saw Mr. Geseign "pivoting" with Becky, the pretty maid of the Golden Chariot, at the far end of the apartment! Mr. Oldbiegh immediately hurried to that end of the room, but before he got there Mr. Geseign had disappeared.

A few days after this the detective whom Mr. Oldbiegh had employed found a handkerchief belonging

to Mr. Geseign. After being paid for this clue, he told Mr. Oldbiegh that he was sure he would now soon discover Mr. Geseign's whereabouts.

Somewhat later Mr. Geseign was discovered in a young ladies' boarding school. He had been employed to keep the books of the establishment. Before describing the affecting meeting between Mr. Geseign and Mr. Oldbiegh, we shall describe the institution as Mr. Geseign saw it.

Mr. Geseign had been keeping the accounts of the boarding school for a week. During that week he had gained a thorough insight into the workings of the mysterious establishment. He then came to the conclusion that the opportunities boarders have to gain knowledge in a boarding school are quite extensive. He saw clearly that as this institution was similar to a penitentiary in many respects, the young ladies naturally acquired much of that valuable information which is otherwise to be had only by a course of study in a State's prison. Mr. Geseign realized the fact that when young girls are just becoming old enough to recognize many of the frivolous acts performed by their parents, those parents sometimes send them to jail in a boarding school for four years to have them out of the way; also that other parents placed them in this sad confinement because it was the fashion in good society to do so; that still others did it through ignorance of the vicious knowledge which young females sometimes acquire at such institutions; and that most persons send them there because most persons have not acquired the delightful art of thinking for themselves;—

and because of all these interesting reasons, they send young girls, when they are most in need of a home, a mother's care, a father's counsel, and a brother's expression of universal knowledge,—they send them to be confined for years with a gang of strangers, in an artificial society, composed of servants, of other girls like themselves, and often of narrow-minded and ancient maids who have become soured, embittered, and tyrannical because of the failure of the many schemes which they have laid to procure a husband and helpmeet. The young females have none of that association with the other sex which is so beneficial to both;—unless it be with the male cousin or brother of the principal, who always resides at such institutions; but no one will be so rash as to claim that this association is beneficial.

Amidst the bitterness of soured minds, the hysterical giddiness of similar girls, the intellectual conversation of the servants and the cousin or brother, they thus learn the household duties which they are afterwards to perform. No persons will refuse their sincerest sympathy to the wretched husband, for whose benefit they will practice the household duties, a knowledge of which they have thus obtained.

One cold, foggy morning the brick building in which Mr. Geseign was employed wore a black and chilly aspect. A crowd of pretty, pale-faced girls were seen gazing out of one of the windows. They looked like caged canary birds or sickly house plants. Either comparison will serve the purpose. The green shutters on the other windows were closed. Though it was yet

early in the morning, though it was winter, though no fires were ever lighted in any of the rooms but the study-room and the room in which visitors were received on Saturday—and then only during the visiting hours, from two to four P. M.—the young ladies were gathered in this cold apartment, gazing sadly out on the wet green grass in front of the house, and waving their handkerchiefs languidly at times to some of the persons who passed by the desolate building.

In a damp and chilly room on the other side of the edifice, in which a fire was already prepared to be lighted, but to which they touched no match, were seven maiden ladies. This was the reception-room and the match would be touched to the fire at two o'clock; the visitors would come and notice how comfortable the daughters must be, and as a teacher would be present in the room, the daughters would remark that they were very comfortable indeed; the visitors would leave the fire and the fire would be extinguished at four o'clock. The seven maiden ladies, who governed the institution and taught therein, were covered with shawls and were rubbing their hands together. One, a tall, raw-boned woman, with a wrinkled hatchet face, was the principal. Her name was Miss Isabel. She had a soured look and a tyrannical expression about her face. The others all had soured expressions, and while none of them were under thirty-five years of age, they all dressed like giddy girls of sixteen.

Miss Isabel had attempted to capture six men, but had made a complete failure in each case. The next lady had had a desperate contest with three parsons

and a lawyer, but they had all escaped. The others had had similar experiences; and it was a noticeable fact that with each lady the last attempt had been made on a parson. From a scientific point of view these statistics may prove of value. The minds of the ladies had grown narrower and more embittered with each failure.

Suddenly one of the scholars came across the hall with a tripping step, and announced the fact that a Chinaman was coming up the front walk.

"Don't move in that undignified manner, Miss Burton!" said several of the seven females.

"You need not have informed us that the Chinaman was coming," said Miss Isabel; "we knew he was coming, so please retire, and wait, until you are called upon next time!"

"She is too girlish!" said Miss Blume. "We must put an end to that!"

"Certainly," said the six remaining teachers.

The door bell now rang and the Chinaman entered. The seven teachers had formed in line and the Chinaman in his queue, blue frock and white-soled Chinese slippers stood before them.

"Your name?" said Miss Isabel.

"Your name?" echoed a stout lady at the other end of the line.

"Him Sing;—shabbee?"

"Him Sing Shabby!" said Miss Isabel, in a dignified tone.

"No shabbee!" said the Chinaman.

"No shabby what?" said Miss Isabel.

"No, shabbee, not my name ;—shabbee?"

"Shabby what?" said Miss Isabel.

"Him Sing," said the Chinaman, "alle same sing hymn turn loun—shabbee? All-e same go churchee, sing hymn, turn loun ;—shabbee? My name Him Sing!" said the Chinaman, with a sweet Mongolian smile.

"Well, Him," said Miss Isabel, "you see we have a number of young girls here?"

"Littee gearl, welly nicee!" said the Chinaman.

"Now, Him, can you watch the conduct of the young ladies without letting them know what you are doing, and report their conduct to me?—in order to keep up the discipline, you know."

"Me heap shabbee," said the Chinaman. "Me heap shabbee catchim seclit. Me tellim you. Me Chlistian Chinaman ;—welly sly ;—shabbee? Me sing 'Sweet Bye and Bye'—shabbee? Me shabbee clead ; me talkee clead in churchee ;—me heap believe clead ;—shabbee? Me play on my knee ;—heap play,—loll up my eyes ;—you shabbee play?"

"Now, Him," said Miss Isabel, "our cook, whose name is Hi Fun, is also a Chinaman. He will explain the details to you. All I desire to say is that letters which the young ladies write home are examined first to see if there are any complaints in them about food, etc. The young ladies sometimes try to send out letters secretly. Now, you are to watch them. The young ladies have tried to climb over the back fence and escape. You are to look out for this also. The young ladies are not allowed to go out of the school-house but



one afternoon in the week, and to church on Sunday, on both of which occasions they march in a column and we go with them."

"Me go churchee. Me heap like slermon. Welly nice for me,—shabbee?"

"Yes," said Miss Isabel, "but don't interrupt me. The visiting hours are on Saturday afternoon. You are to tend the door and keep the fire burning. At four o'clock you are to be ready with your gong and if we want to get rid of the visitors you are to sound it; otherwise you are not to sound it till I tell you."

"Hadn't we better explain the reason why, so that he can sound the gong more understandingly?" asked one of the other teachers.

"It is immaterial, Miss Hattie," said the principal; "but at your suggestion I will tell him that we punish some of the young ladies, whose friends come long distances and but seldom, by sounding the gong sooner for them than others, as this is a greater method of punishment than the common one of corporeal chastisement, and it is doubly effective as it serves also as a discourtesy to the girl's friend or relative. She naturally feels this keenly, if she is sensitive in her disposition. Further, you are to admit no visitor except on Saturday. Further, there are certain pests in the shape of young men who come and serenade behind the back fence. You are to shoo them away!"

"Me heap shabbee," said the Chinaman.

"Sometimes," said the principal, "the girls receive jams, turkeys and hams from their friends. You are to intercept these!"

“Me heap shabbee. Me heap fly. Young gearl too muchee eat. By-me-by, too fat. Me catchee hamjam, tlerky. Me give my cousin, Chinee wash-house. Heap likee tlerky, hamjam. Chinaman no get fat. He eat him ;—you shabbee ?”

“No,” said Miss Isabel, “we’ll reserve them.”

“Me shabbee. You likee tlerky. Tlerky welly nicee for young lady !”

The seven teachers rolled up their enraptured eyes at this compliment. He was now dismissed from the presence of the seven rigid females.

This Chinaman proved to be an excellent acquisition, for in the course of a week for every delinquency reported by any of the other authorities he had reported three ; and as he learned rapidly what were considered offenses on the part of the young ladies, being “welly fly,” he manufactured offenses out of the whole cloth and the young ladies were punished for these fancies of his Chinese imagination. Heretofore the young ladies had succeeded in bribing the white servants with such trifles as sticks of candy, ten-cent pieces, chicken wings, locks of hair, etc., but Him Sing did not seem to have an itching palm for these bribes, for he would only gaze upon the face of the young lady with a wild look in his almond eyes and remark, “Welly fly ;—shabbee ?” and pass on.

One morning there was quite a flutter of commotion amongst the young ladies at the breakfast table, and none of the pretty creatures would eat the rolls which had been placed beside their plates. One of the number had passed by the kitchen and had seen the

Chinese cook sprinkling the rolls in the oven by blowing water over them from his mouth. She had reported this fact to her companions. Him Sing carried the matter to the principal.

"Young lady;—you shabbee him?" said the Chinaman.

"Yes," said the principal, sternly.

"He no eat loll. Me askee him wha' for he no eat loll. He say Hi Fun spit on loll;—he no eat him. Me tell him eat all—e same. Hi Fun heap shabbee make—e loll. Blow on him; make him blown. He no eat him. He no eat hash;—no likee hash!"

"Why don't they eat hash?"

"Him say too muchee Hi Fun hair in hash! Wha' for? Hi Fun hair all—e same young lady hair. Welly good hair!"

Him Sing was also faithful in attending the door bell and in keeping away visitors on other than visiting days. On those days he stood with a wicked grin, gong in hand, behind the stairway and smiled sadly at the young ladies whenever they discovered him in his concealed position. While he remained in the institution vast quantities of tea, coffee, sugar and eggs disappeared monthly, but there was never any evidence against him. He went almost nightly, with a brass-rimmed bible in his hand, to meet the members of a Chinese bible class, and on these evenings Mr. Geseign often found the members of the class busily engaged in playing "tan" in a Chinese wash-house.

Mr. Geseign was standing in the hallway one Tuesday afternoon, when there was a ring at the door. Him

went to the door. A gentleman standing there said :  
“Is Miss —— in?”

“No shabbee,” said the Chinaman. “Boarder gearl no hab fadder;—shabbee?”

“Say that I’ve called. There’s my card.”

“Me no takin’ ticket. Ticket no good;—shabbee?”

“But I want to see her.”

“Come salmsdy. You shabbee salmsdy? Vistindy;—shabbee?”

“Say to the principal that I’m the Governor of the State!” said the gentleman.

“Wha’ for you Gov’nor? What you callim him? Me heap no shabbee.”

Upon receiving this cruel blow, the Governor departed.

A few moments later the principal came gliding down the hallway with a sort of a dignified stage stride. She had a captured letter in her hand, which a weeping young lady, who was by her side, had written to her mother, complaining of many small acts of tyranny which the principal had practised upon her. The reader will understand the cause of this tyranny, when we say that both principal and scholar—were women, and that while the principal was a withered antiquity, the scholar was young and beautiful.

But we must hurry these harrowing scenes to a close. The detective at last discovered Mr. Geseign’s whereabouts; and the detective and Mr. Oldbiegh were seen one morning standing on the lawn like a couple of apparitions.

Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign met on the lawn in

front of the school-house, and the young ladies watched the meeting from all the windows of the seminary. Mr. Oldbiegh reached forward with one arm and took Mr. Geseign to his bosom. Mr. Geseign then straightened out his left arm and circled it around Mr. Oldbiegh. They were both so affected for many moments that they could not speak. Mr. Oldbiegh attempted to do so several times, but choked in the attempt. At last he broke the silence and said:

“Tommy, are you forgiven me, arter all?”

“Oh! kind—and generous friend,—have my fatal—impulses—been forgiven?” said Mr. Geseign.

“Why, Tommy, ther’ warn’t nothin’ to be forgiven. It was all my fault.”

“Mine!—mine!—I shriek to exclaim! I was the hideous—offendah! I was the wretched—creachaw! Oh! villainy!—oh! hypocrisy!—these were my tools!”

“Stop her right thar’!” said Mr. Oldbiegh. “I won’t let no man talk about you like that ‘ar’. Not even yourself. If you done anything wrong it was because you’d become a snob. So the only thing to be done now is to say we don’t part no more on no account nohow. And, Tommy, it’s my belief that all our trouble has come from turning ourselves into a couple of unnatural darned snobs! So I propose that the best thing is to leave the holler-hearted world and go off together to the green mountains and red-wood forests and silver streams! The aren’t no snobs thar’. The grizzly aren’t a snob; and who ever heered of a coyote immitatin’ the arts of a dood? Thar’ in the green fields you smell the breath of the flowers, and you

hear the wind sighin' in the branches, and you fish in the silver streams, and you build your camp-fire at night; and we could sit around the fire and you tell stories and sleep as sound as a rock!

"You don't hear no lies out thar' in the green fields. You don't see the wild rose a critercizin' the dress of the wild violet; and the flowers of the field and the birds of the air don't tell no scandals, arter all! Who ever heerd among the flowers out thar' about the but-tercup bein' 'a man about town?' Or who ever heerd of a Johnny Jumpup bein' an 'F. F. V?'—Nobody, because it couldn't be, nohow! So I propose, Tommy, we go out and build a shanty on the edge of a silver stream that comes down some great cañon; and we'll live thar' and we won't part no more; we'll be a couple of jolly old bachelors, with our pipes and our dogs, and we'll be as happy as fightin' cocks; and thar' won't be a widdyer or a snob in a hundred miles of us; and we won't never part!"

"Nevah!" said Mr. Geseign, in a low, guttural voice.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A D I E U .

"Last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history!"

THE older we grow the more certain are we that we are right on every proposition, and that everybody

else is wrong. We are satisfied for this ample reason that, after their hair-breadth escapes, it would be wrong to marry our heroes in the last chapter.

The older we grow the larger becomes the scope of memory; and the nearer we approach the grave with the gloom of its surroundings, the more melancholy do our first recollections appear, and the earliest scenes of childhood are the saddest of all to recall, because they were the happiest. Those earliest recollections are so nearly vanished, and so nearly dead, that they seem to resemble the shadows of the grave which is at hand. And so, my fiendish reader, if you be a man, and my dear reader, if you be a woman, seem the pages of this melancholy tale to the jaded and weary scribe as he comes panting to the goal. Sadness appears to shroud the whole scene when he recalls the fact that there has not been even one marriage to give a light and humorous aspect to these pages! A couple of bachelors started out as the chief figures in the first few chapters; they remained bachelors through the chapters following; and the curtain is rung down upon them as bachelors, while the females in the audience gaze upon them with looks of disgust.

It is a settled fact that that which might have been is something which is of a melancholy nature. Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign might have been married;—but don't let us make the melancholy reflection.

Throughout the whole book, as we now look back, scene after scene seems to be shrouded in crape; and in regard to the characters of the book, we feel like the undertaker who had been in the habit of taking

his family out every morning for a pleasant drive in his hearse!

We hear Mr. Oldbiegh's laugh in the first chapter—a wretchedly weak cachinnation it seems;—the laugh has a hollow and melancholy sound. It has in it none of the elements of the loud and jolly “haw! haw!” of the married man whose wife delivers a humorous lecture on clubs, keeping him in a wakeful state by applying cold feet to his back until four o'clock in the morning, and who has just terminated the speech with a grand comical peroration. There is nothing of the kind in Mr. Oldbiegh's consumptive cachinnation.

And now that the scribe has cocked his little pistol and fired at a snob or so, and a few dudes, he has a most desperate labor before him. He must dispose of these bachelors. They won't die, and they won't get married;—of the two they would choose to die. They cling to the scribe like leeches! It is a fearful situation for the melancholy scribe.

The question now arises, has he by writing a work whose object was to take the conceit out of persons in the married state incurred the displeasure of the gods who watch over the aforesaid married state to such an extent that they will allow his work in favor of bachelors to have no end, and compel him to keep on writing forever as a punishment? Is Mr. Oldbiegh destined to cling to him for want of a gentler companion? Things and matters are beginning to take a serious aspect. And if Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign and the other persons in the book who are perhaps bachelors on the sly are thus to cling to him like leeches, is the scribe



to be thereby prevented from having a gentle mate? The scribe's hair stands on end at the thought!

But to speak seriously: As Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign come tripping to the front of the stage, hand in hand, to bid farewell to their friends, the audience, nothing in the world could present a more dignified and touching scene. Although Mr. Geseign's belief in his own poetry has often made him appear to the reader like a conceited ass, he rather considered it a credit not to belong to the class called writers; for he informed Mr. Oldbiegh while out walking one day that he regarded them as a mob of cranks of a more disagreeable kind than the gentleman who went "thundering down the ages" at the end of a hemp rope, a short while ago. Nevertheless, if the reader will persist in considering Mr. Geseign a conceited ass, he must remember that he is human; and perhaps, no human being was ever yet described who had not something of the conceited ass about him, if biographers would only tell the truth.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant aspects of his nature, as the scribe knows that his charming young lady readers would like to see Mr. Geseign married (wouldn't you, dears?)—or perhaps marry him themselves—it would have given us pleasure to force him into the matrimonial state, had it been within the limits of possibility. But it was not.

He who tells the most truth will make the greatest number of enemies. But as the scribe happened to have an ancestor who was a contemporary of Washington, he has felt it his bounden duty to try and picture nature in a natural state. As nature when in a natu-

ral state tells harsh truths, he expects condemnation; but as he has been married, he is hardened to criticism;—besides, where the critics light, there is the carrion also. The author is ready to prove by his own oath, and by the oaths of any other married men who will swear to a similar experience to his own, the truth of the facts herein set forth.

Still Mr. Geseign, Mr. Oldbiegh and others cling to the scribe, and bore him to death, and he cannot dispose of them. Oh! that they might one or both of them give dignity to the termination of their history by a run-away match! If Mr. Oldbiegh would only marry the “two-forty widdy, arter all!” If the matrimonially disposed mothers had only gotten their fish-hooks into Mr. Geseign’s gills!

Mr. Oldbiegh and Mr. Geseign, together with the other bachelors, still stand bowing and scraping and shuffling at the front of the stage.

Ah! we have it! We will turn off the gas, and the audience is left in the dark!

THE END

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
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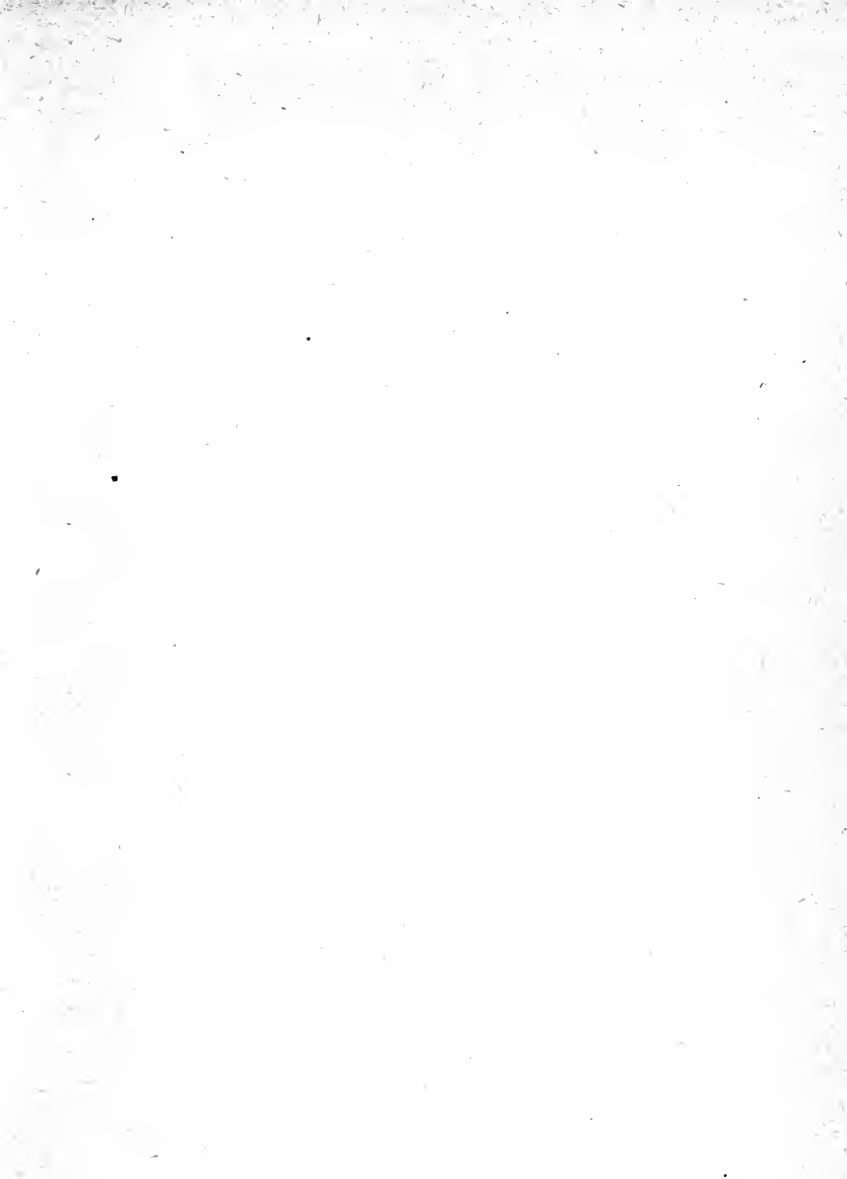
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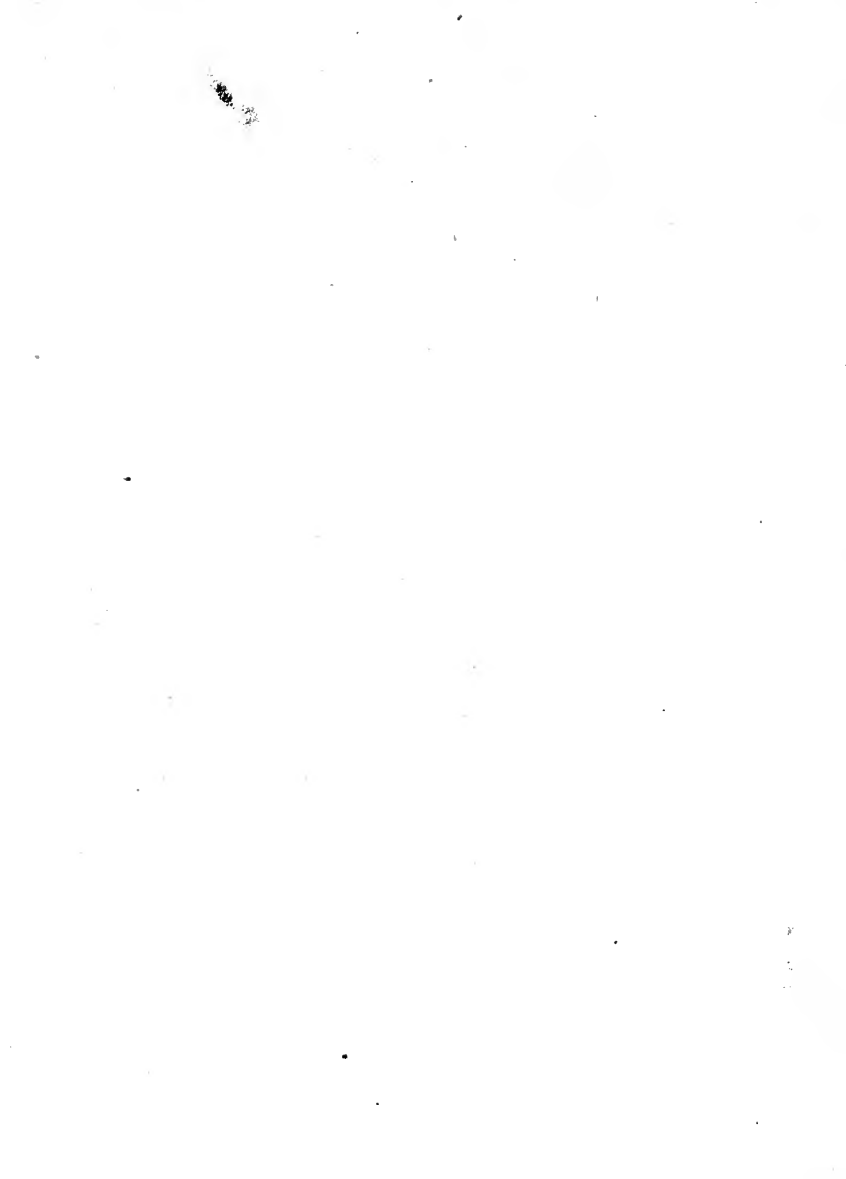
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